

---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google<sup>TM</sup> books

<https://books.google.com>









FORMA  
ec  
1887  
erb  
mey  
Licht  
ANIA  
rk  
T  
T  
T





*Spy and Counter-Spy*

THE DEVELOPMENT OF  
MODERN ESPIONAGE





# *Spy and Counter-Spy*

---

THE DEVELOPMENT OF  
MODERN ESPIONAGE

---

By  
RICHARD WILMER ROWAN



---

NEW YORK  
THE VIKING PRESS

1928

*Copyright 1928 by*  
**THE VIKING PRESS, INC.**  
*Printed in U. S. A.*

VB270  
R6

TO VINU  
ALBORN 1A.0

**To**  
**FREDERICK P. KEPPEL**

73351



## Contents

### PART ONE: ESPIONAGE

I	THE SINISTER FRONT . . . . .	3
II	THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER AND THE SPY . .	19
III	THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN ESPIONAGE SYSTEMS . . . . .	44
IV	THE SPY AND HIS WORK . . . . .	65
V	COMMUNICATION: THE SPY'S MOST HAZARDOUS UNDERTAKING . . . . .	87
VI	WOMEN AS SPIES AND SECRET AGENTS . . .	111

### PART TWO: COUNTER-ESPIONAGE

VII	COUNTER-ESPIONAGE: ORGANIZED SPYING UPON SPIES . . . . .	127
VIII	ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE COUNTER-SPY DURING THE WORLD WAR . . . . .	145
IX	CENSORSHIP AS A MEASURE OF COUNTER-ESPIONAGE . . . . .	170
X	ORGANIZED SECRET POLICE . . . . .	188
XI	PROPAGANDA AS SECRET SERVICE: THE BLUFF BARRAGE . . . . .	210

### PART THREE: CELEBRATED SECRET AGENTS

XII	WILHELM STIEBER, THE GREAT SPY-MASTER . .	231
XIII	SCHULMEISTER, NAPOLEON'S DARING SPY . .	258

## Contents

XIV	TWO WOMEN: MADEMOISELLE LE DOCTEUR AND MATA-HARI . . . . .	271
XV	NOTABLE SECRET AGENTS OF YESTERDAY AND TO- DAY . . . . .	290
	INDEX . . . . .	317

THE  
OF  
ESPIONAGE

*Part One*  
ESPIONAGE



TO THE  
ABORIGINAL

# I

## THE SINISTER FRONT

§ 1. One afternoon of early spring in Vienna in the year 1913 four Austrian staff officers stood at the door of an anteroom listening and waiting with tragic intensity. They were listening for a revolver shot, and when they had heard it their tension diminished. Their gravity of expression did not. The senior, a colonel, opened the door and the others filed in after him; and huddled in an armchair by the window they found the man who had fired the shot. His uniform bore the insignia of the general staff. An army service revolver lay at his feet. He was dead, and by his suicide had averted for one year, precious to the Austro-Hungarian command, a declaration of war against Russia.

This affair detonated through the official circles of Central Europe and was confidentially discussed for a season. The officer who committed suicide was Colonel Redl, attached in an important capacity to the military secret service of the Austro-Hungarian empire. He had been in charge of counter-espionage and had betrayed his country. Colonel Zubowitz, the Russian military attaché, had been bribing him over a period of years, and if Redl were tried by court martial and the evidence in his case published, war with Russia appeared inevitable. Zubowitz was given six hours to get across the frontier. The staff officers waited upon

Redl to see that he thoroughly understood the situation his treachery had provoked. One of them, a crack pistol shot, had been chosen to dispatch the colonel if his own courage ebbed prematurely.

For at least four years Redl had been systematically selling out to Russia in the person of the persuasive Zubowitz. He had sold the new Austrian plans of mobilization, and had supplied drawings intimately revealing the structures of fortresses like Przemysl and Cracow. With almost an excess of perfidy, he had even denounced to the Tsar's secret police those Austro-Hungarian agents that he was personally sending into Russia. Various military departments in Vienna were anxiously scrutinized. But because Redl had carried out his own death sentence, many excuses were soon being found for him. With all the blandness of accomplished statecraft the episode began to be hushed up.

Redl has been credited by the half-informed with dying to save his country from defeat; and this—apart from his treason—seems the literal truth, since Austria-Hungary, minus its secrets, was hopelessly exposed and unready, and had to expend millions forthwith in altering plans too well known to the Russians. Immense gambling debts, those paramount demands of honour, were said to have caused Redl's receptiveness to the dishonourable transactions proposed from the Tsar's embassy. His partisans suggested that, as war was unlikely, he had only sold Russia what he knew must be worthless before there was occasion to use it. And by August 1914, they had nearly whispered him into a saintly shroud. It was from out of this gilded fog of double-dealing and guile and bribery that the peoples of

Europe patriotically rushed to arms. A Russian army invested Przemyśl, but captured the fortress only after a prolonged siege, on March 17th, 1915. Evidently the Austrian general staff had done all that it could in the year allowed to insulate the empire against Redl's treason.

Now if the Russian military attaché had not been able to corrupt an Austrian officer, the job he had in mind would have been turned over to spies. By great cunning and perseverance they might have stolen or discovered all that Redl had to sell. In times of peace espionage is a sort of economical substitute for armed hostilities. But in war the spy is the prince of deadly weapons, the only ancient weapon still in use. }

We are accustomed to such progressive improvements in modern conflict that the winning innovations of one great battle are discarded as defective and obsolete by the next. Yet never, with all the changes in the art of making war, has the spy been substantially improved or altered. That which is now known as the Intelligence Department of an army assembles military information from a variety of sources, but depends for the most part on the daring and resourcefulness of the individual spy or secret agent. Well organized though the system in back of the spy must be, it is the excellence of the spying itself that counts. Information obtained by a shrewd secret agent may be worth to his government ten thousand times his weight in gold.

One beguiling woman spy in the World War was credited by the French with having caused them the loss of sixteen transports and supply ships. This achievement, far more disastrous than the work of any one battleship in

commission during the war, leads to the reflection that spies are not only menacing tools of government, historic and changeless, but also relatively inexpensive. To build and equip a battleship and maintain it in service for the few years it is modern will cost at least one hundred million dollars; whereas the best secret agents—the patriots—will accept infinitely less, being used to rewards altogether disproportionate to the risks they run. And the venal ones, the professional renegades and hired informers, are often paid with ironic exactitude not a penny more than their wretched lives are worth. In 1915 two spies of this type were executed by the French. Both confessed, admitting that they had respectively collected sums equivalent to but \$70 and \$40 for the espionage undertakings which would send them to their death. The astounding Schulmeister, who trapped an army for the First Napoleon and virtually won two battles, received no more than a modest fortune for those pre-eminent intrigues. Indeed, most spies, however dangerous or endangered in their work, are comparatively cheap to employ; and in consequence spies are always numerous.

Governments which are bankrupt are not too poor to engage a few. Moreover, when there is no war the spies are readier to set forth; the risk and the pay are correspondingly less. Yet in times of peace spies and secret agents conduct themselves just as in times of war, and with a good deal more assurance and mobility. In war there are the inevitable barriers: of traffic controlled for military purposes, of censorship, of all the new forms of counter-espionage—the organized spying upon spies—and likewise

some measure of intelligent civilian vigilance, all of which combine to hinder the most resolute spy. But in peace his life is no longer at stake. In peace enemies become neighbours, with public suspiciousness largely relaxed; and his disguises and stratagems, such as pretending to be a commercial traveller—that now nearly superannuated ruse of espionage—are much more difficult to discredit. In all probability, as a side-line, he will have some few legitimate business errands. And after the strain and rack of war, this sort of job is a real holiday for any professional secret agent. ✓

(Thus, it is of curious note that espionage does not subside simply because hostilities are past. Nations of only potential antagonism, who are happily far off from a state of war, and who may even have been devoted allies in a recently concluded struggle, will spy upon each other with all the vigour of inveterate foes. The regiments of the secret service are sometimes reduced, but never demobilized. No treaty of peace has ever sent them home rejoicing. The Treaty of Versailles had yet to be drafted and the Teutonic bail bond fixed when all the triumphant Allies set straightway to work, spying upon one another as if that were the only known way to safeguard a victor's share of the spoils. ✦

Espionage is not only a pastime of consuls, attachés, and minor diplomatists; it is also in its subtly organized performance an unlawful act of invasion. Yet governments devoted to maintaining peace and order indulge in almost incessant adventures with spies. If, then, there is no truce on the sinister front but only a hidden continuity in inter-

national espionage, it means that most of us live and work, endeavouring to prosper and keep to certain standards of private integrity, while unofficially but at public expense there is being fought underground a constant skirmish of resource and intrigue, a duel of spy and counter-spy, generally recognized as both natural and illegal.

In a period of four months ending March 1st, 1928, seventeen persons were convicted of espionage in Great Britain, France, Sweden, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. The Soviet legation in Stockholm, after a police investigation, confessed that two of its officials had "acted incorrectly" and jeopardized Swedish friendship. The Russian military attaché, Lieutenant Oras, and one secretary of legation were recalled. In the other cases of conviction or confession of guilt, the spies were either expelled or imprisoned. But today or tomorrow, if a former intelligence officer, or any reserve officer favourably known to the Intelligence Department of the service to which he is affiliated, happens to be going abroad and will trouble to notify that Department, stating what countries he expects to visit, he will presently receive instructions. In a plain envelope, typewritten upon plain paper, he will find merely a list of those secret matters, relating—according to his own service branch—either to the army or navy of the foreign states he is visiting, about which the Intelligence Department would like to get additional information. The method of this, of course, may vary—Intelligence ostensibly may never have heard of it, or in some instances the instructions may be personally conveyed—but in all first- or second-class powers today the practice is ordinary routine. As for

its being wholly voluntary, that alone depends on the militarism of the country initiating the espionage. The reservist traveller may or may not be obliged to add stealth to his luggage. What he is invited to do may not even represent very objectionable espionage, and be intended in the main to supplement the observations of the military and naval attachés, who have been called "the accredited spies." ||

§ 2. Not a great while ago, an exceedingly important naval invention was offered to a European power. The tidy sum of one million pounds was named by the inventor as the price for exclusive rights. A statesman who would have had to add this million to his budget, and then find the money, argued against paying anything at all. With genial cynicism he recommended: "Let some other government buy it. We can afford to wait a little. Our agents will soon steal it, and then we can improve upon it for almost nothing." This international realist is anything but a criminal type, and today is at the head of one of the world's largest banking institutions. But his attitude—it was before 1914—toward the excellent prospects of government espionage in times of peace seems noteworthy. The spy does cheapen everything, including, of course, himself and his masters; and, rather like the stool-pigeon and squealer so necessary to the metropolitan police of America, the spy has the ironic importance of serving national administrations and their foreign policies by linking them to the methods and morality of the underworld.



Governments, democratic or otherwise, are founded upon law and its observance. But if certain officials of government have a great yearning for the secrets of armies and navies in foreign parts, what is the result? Modern warfare requires an integral espionage service and, hence, another branch conducting counter-espionage. Every nation liable to combat must have spies to oppose the secret service operatives of its neighbours, must have a corps of trained and experienced agents to match the espionage of other nations. And how easy then for the officials to provide the training. They send for the secrets they want and keep the espionage service thoroughly up to date. And what then? The spies under orders set out to break the laws of other lands, if in war venturing with their lives, in peace risking exposure and imprisonment—and repudiation. For in back of them there is nothing. Governments cannot join in a law-breaking enterprise. They would strictly prosecute alien spies, and they have to punish their own by ignoring their plight if they are detected. Even in the case of a clumsy attaché or consul, where they cannot entirely repudiate the culprit, there is a convention which permits them to scold him publicly for his spying. A spokesman of the government solemnly announces that the zeal of the agent while abroad has caused him to exceed his instructions. This is the uniform apology, and its meaning is never mistaken: henceforth, neighbour, depend upon it, we shall send against you only our best men, who will spare everybody much embarrassment by not getting caught!

On the other hand, it may be fairly argued that an army or navy staff, in peace no less than in war, is entitled to

learn all it can about every possible adversary. Blindness is an affliction, not an inoculation against horrible examples. And there is the experts' opinion that bad intelligence causes war, and probably helped to cause the last one. Certain it is that the chancelleries of Vienna and Berlin were belligerently stimulated by the sort of information they had obtained in the winter and early spring of 1914 from traitors and spies within the Russian Ministry of War. The Tsar's army appeared to be in a sadly disorganized state. Why not then press the ultimatum upon Serbia without mitigation or mercy?

All this was tragic error. Russia contrived to mobilize the armies of Rennenkampf and Samsonoff with such speed as to astonish her own allies. And German general officers have since testified that their espionage service also erred badly in understating the potential resistance of the Belgians. Great Britain, too, was said by the spies to be helplessly mired in the grave problems of labour and rebellion in Ireland. But there again the uncalculated stimulant of a supreme national crisis, when war actually came, upset the intelligence derived by the most patiently trained and widely distributed espionage service in the world.

/       /       /

§ 3. In embarking upon a detailed exposition of the spy's relations, activities, and military importance, it should perhaps be stated in advance and as a novelty that the risks of spying are not excessive, in comparison with the danger of death inflicted upon combat troops in modern warfare.

Moreover, the laws of war require the execution of persons convicted of espionage entirely apart from ethical considerations. The spy in war is shot, but not because his performance is deemed morally reprehensible. Military jurists simply argue that, since the achievements of the spy are so dangerous, the work of spying must be made dangerous, too. It is assumed that the threatening death penalty renders it more difficult for an opponent to recruit men or women of ability for espionage assignments. But as it turns out, the deterrent influences very few persons having the uncommon qualifications imperative to success in espionage, for such are adventurers of the rarest brand. Officers of this desired type are, as a rule, extraordinarily able in all projects of war; so that the gentlemen more often restrained by the death penalty are their field commanders, who decline to throw away a valued subordinate upon an extra-divisional enterprise of very hazardous nature.

In arriving at even the sketchy statistics which compare the spy's danger with the soldier's in a modern conflict of nations, there is one obstacle which may only be overcome by guessing at the number of actual and vulnerable spies under orders between 1914 and 1918. It has to be a broad guess, since nowhere do records exist giving even a pretended accuracy in this branch for any of the combatants. Many intelligence officers were permitted to hire their own sub-agents, and so simply reported them in bulk, according to the sums expended upon them. Frederick the Great has been variously quoted as declaring that he had when in the field one cook and a hundred spies. Well, as to that, Frederick had need of but one cook as he was frugal and often

ailing; but surrounded by foes of great power and persistence he needed more than the hundred spies and undoubtedly he had them. Stieber, another great Prussian spy-master, assured von Roon and Moltke that he had 36,000 spies around and behind the armies of MacMahon and Bazaine at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. Perhaps avoiding the extremes of his two great precedents, Major Steinhauer counted upon 8000 German spies of diversified abilities in northern France and Belgium when the first Big Bertha fired upon Liège. The Teutonic allies must have commanded at the least three times this many agents in enemy territories during the war, and perhaps another thousand were dispatched from Berlin, Vienna, and Constantinople on special missions. Omitting to count the whole Belgian nation and many Serbs, Roumanians, and Poles in occupied regions, as well as Czechs, Croatians, Italians, Alsatians, Hebrews, and Arabs belonging to resurgent minorities somewhere between Metz and Mecca, we may agree that fifteen thousand persons among those groups or communities oppressed within the Central Powers were authentic spies for the Entente allies. Not less than 5000 trained spies and secret agents were in the field for all the Allies, or 20,000 in all. Adding the Teutonic 25,000, and we have a roughly determined grand total of 45,000 spies made liable by their operations to the death penalty during the World War.

Officers and agents of the counter-espionage service are likewise endangered, since a trapped spy knows what punishment awaits him. But during the late War several police and military services combined in counter-espionage, and

so the active counter-spies were very numerous and the casualties among them—for all the good work that they did—so few as to make any fatal percentage for the whole corps a remote decimal.

During invasions, too, many civilians were shot as spies when they had been doing no more than glower at the conquerors, or when their offence was instinctive resistance to the unaccustomed degradations of the noncombatant. Yet a great many of the civil populace of Belgium and the occupied departments of France were convicted of espionage and were not executed, but given long terms of imprisonment. The French and British between them admit applying the extreme penalty in about a hundred cases of spying. Other belligerents had vast potential spy systems behind their lines and tried to suppress them by executing ring-leaders. But for all fronts and interior zones there were not more than a thousand violent deaths or executions of actual spies and secret agents—a maximum in four years of 1000 out of a possible 45,000—which is 2.22 per cent.

On all fronts during the war, troops available for combat numbered approximately 45,000,000. Of these 8,500,000 perished on the field or died of wounds—which is 18.88 per cent. Death as well as glory seems to slight the spy.

‘ ‘ ‘

§4. We know well what was gained by the armies in battle, for the meticulous daily communiqués counted every rod over which they struggled and poured out their lives.

That was the great belligerency, the generals' war, with its strategic attrition priced in massacre, mutilation, and disease. But what about the underground skirmishing, the contest of the spies hand to hand? Even a two per cent loss of effectives should explain the sacrifice in terms of result.

The accomplishments of an espionage service are chiefly the total success of a few very fortunate or notably proficient spies. All the rest submit minor scraps of information which are pieced together and make an occasional intelligence bull's-eye. They also keep the hostile counter-espionage busy and become a kind of smoke screen for the few geniuses at work on their side. To save one adept from detection a much greater toll than two in a hundred of the others would be paid by any secret service chief. What the best of the spies accomplished in the World War, and what they tried and failed to accomplish, will speak for itself as their various operations are related in the chapters which follow. What they might have done but for the substantially modern institution of counter-spying is beyond imaginative estimate.

On this score of counter-espionage in its prophylactic wizardry we shall find the spies badly beaten by the closing months of the great European duel, so that the counter-spies virtually took the offensive. Brigadier-General G. K. Cockerill, formerly Director of Special Intelligence at the British War Office, with pardonable pride has enumerated the aggressive and gainful triumphs of his associates in that department. Besides arresting hostile spies, preventing the leakage of naval and military information, upsetting plots of incendiarism and destruction of war-sustaining

industrial plants, and putting a check upon news of shipping departures from British ports, the counter-spies contributed in a very large degree to the satisfactory working of the blockade. They furnished the evidence used in the prize court in almost every case of contraband, the realized values of prize cargoes, excluding ships, being over £30,000,000. They stopped enemy remittances to the value of another £70,000,000, and completely destroyed all overseas communications of the enemy so far as they were vulnerable. Operating with rather whimsical thrift, one sub-department of this prospering secret service closed many channels of Teutonic propaganda, but kept others open for the purpose of distributing British propaganda in enemy covers on which the postage had been paid in Berlin. Furthermore, they detected and checked the extensive German speculation in raw materials, an important and calculable saving to the British Empire of not less than £100,000,000.

Here is as impressive an example of efficient superiority as that of the German military machine when it thundered through Belgium and on to fight the war in a rich industrial area of France. And here, too, it would seem is the answer to all questions about expenditure for espionage and secret intelligence agencies. If General Cockerill and his energetic staff saved Britain a billion dollars, there is good cause to believe that the modern spy service in this era of all-powerful commerce will more than pay its way. Indeed, if Germany and Great Britain had fought it out alone, with no allies, and with the initial British naval superiority maintained, might not the fleet and the counter-spies have been strong enough? With a smaller navy the

Germans would have had to try to sweep British warships out of the North Sea and invade England before Kitchen-er's volunteers were in arms; or else, spared from invasion by their sea power, the British could have conducted a strictly naval war with the battle fleet then in commission. They could have lost ship for ship, yet kept ahead in fighting units, maintaining the blockade, ruining German trade and merchant marine, taking German colonies—and a billion in cash, saved or collected by virtue of Special Intelligence.

§ 5. All the archives of secret service are closely held; and much that is explosively precious is never written down at all and is allowed to perish—if it only will—when a new intelligence staff takes charge. Such published works as there are on the subject turn out to be vainglorious memoirs (“—only the bravest of the brave were permitted to serve with us in this perilous profession!”), or dubious revelations and exposures, or again, semi-fictional and melodramatic narratives disclosing a vaguely exciting conflict and the exploits of an individual agent of secret service in some recent war. The spy has always enjoyed a remarkably curtailed publicity in his rôle of tireless underground toiler while the guns and armies rest.

After one has come to know more about this business of secret service intrigue and propaganda, this blended science of intelligence, espionage, and counter-espionage, it may then be well to ask if spies, the deadly instruments



in war, are a harmless agency of peace? Do they quietly protect; or do some of them indirectly create fresh conflicts? Or perhaps some serve those gentlemen who are mistakenly interested in promoting big things, such as another devastating encounter among nations? . . . It is at least a problem deserving serious inquiry, as worthy of investigation and public thought as any disarmament question that conferences and leagues are always attempting to answer. —

It frequently has been said that disarmament itself promotes espionage, since governments which are honestly scrapping war vessels and dismantling fortifications cannot help wondering whether the others do likewise or are merely permitting them to set the world a good example. When the League of Nations principle of anti-war boycott and aggressor-nation responsibility was first being enunciated in Paris, a cynic weary of secret service intrigues observed: “—always the more work for the spies!”

## II

### THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER AND THE SPY

§ 1. The work of the officer attached to the Intelligence Department of the army or navy, whether in war or peace, is strictly aggressive; its object is the learning of all that can be learned about other armies or navies, and espionage is inevitably connected with its success. But since to many the words "spy" and "spying" have an ugly signification, naval and military men prefer an agreeably general term to cover duties which have to be done and which they know to be immensely important. The pacifist may urge against espionage because he aspires to abolish all national conflicts. But so long as there is a navy afloat or an army in barracks anywhere, that government which neglects Intelligence, which disregards the gathering of information about its neighbours' forces, on the ground that it is dishonourable, is guilty of folly which will not promote peace and may invite war. Imperial Germany's cult of espionage will always be cited in proof of the evil attaching to zealously efficient military intelligence. But soldiers retort that Germany fought against odds for three years, something which the official statements of the Allies did not seem to emphasize—against numerical odds in guns and men, on the Western front varying gradually from seven to four to

eleven to eight, until the Russian breakdown released a million men for concentration in the West and the combined armies on the whole front from the Channel to the Adriatic came to have a nearly equal strength.

Intelligence officers, who in peace are the barometers of preparedness abroad and its calibrating instruments at home, will never forget the German example. To any but professional soldiers there seems much that was wasteful or ridiculous in the patient Teutonic method. It was the German practice before the World War to compile practically encyclopædic information about every other country on earth. Chiefly under the direction of the naval and military attachés there were gathered all the facts, the very substance of a conqueror's dream, about harbours and principal cities, and the hills from which artillery would command them; about bridges and railroad lines, roads and valleys and ditches and canals; all facilities, all obstructions, and, to be sure, reports upon fortifications, naval bases, drydocks, and arsenals. Once possessed of this intelligence it had to be kept up to date. Attachés' work was never done. If new gun velocities were blessing the army at home, every page of the foreign data on file was revised in keeping with this improved artillery range. A more distant hill might now be marked as the dominating eminence related to Harbin or Newark, Smyrna, Newcastle, or Toulouse. An arsenal might have become obsolete and must so be noted on the margin. Other army staffs, either admiring the German mechanism or finding it threatening, were supposed to reproduce this morgue of menace as nearly as possible at their own headquarters. Yet most of them were

actually allowed to spend but very limited sums on Intelligence in years of peace. Since the World War, however, all the great powers have continued to have plans prepared looking to a naval and military campaign against each other. The gathering of intelligence by espionage goes steadily on.

It is the duty of the Chief of Intelligence to be ready with facts about the enemy before they are required, and he has no authority that carries beyond his submitting them persuasively to a superior. In assembling his invaluable information he reads the reports of many spies and secret agents, and endeavours by checking them off against each other, and by submitting them to the tests of ordinary common sense and experience, to determine the quantities of truth, error, and falsehood he shall extract from each.

The reluctance to buy information, which is a modern characteristic of the best intelligence departments, is not due to thrift but to a desire for accuracy. British, French, Italians, and Americans have separately learned a uniform lesson: to be sure of what you get, go for it yourself. If things of marketable value are at stake, such as the aniline dye secrets of Germany, which British spies had obtained by 1915, there is nothing to be gained proportionate to the risks in having them pass from hand to hand. Switzerland during the World War was said to offer all comers the advantages of a kind of espionage bourse, a cellar market of secret intelligence to which professional spies brought whatever they had learned about the country employing them which might be sold to another combatant. Thus, the spy going into Germany or Austria to report or

on any errand designed by German and Austrian Intelligence would on the way pick up anything he could that might be esteemed—at the market price—by another hireling having relations with some confidential representative of one of the Allies. It is a credible story.

In dealing with an informer, according to the old manual of the German imperial military intelligence, it is well to arrange a long night journey to the rendezvous, as the informer will be more communicative when tired out and hungry. In order to “warm him up” and start a rush of information from the head, the intelligence officer shall himself be permitted to volunteer information of an unimportant nature. But he must get the facts and not trust any informer’s opinions; for, if stupid, an opinion of his would be worthless and, if shrewd, he would be unlikely to give an honest opinion. Altogether, it is a risky and unsatisfactory method of acquiring information.

The subordinates of the Chief of Intelligence question prisoners of war, and whatever these men have to tell is very carefully studied, as are statements of civilians during an invasion, and even the epidemic rumours of his own combat forces come in for grave attention. In an attack the belongings of the enemy captured or slain are methodically searched for items which may throw light upon matters hitherto uncertain or altogether unknown. A mere postcard found on a dead Prussian gunner warned of the Germans’ great Chemin des Dames attack in the last week of May 1918, though it hardly warned in time for the French to prepare such a check as Nivelle had received there the year before when his mighty assault was anticipated by the

German strategists. Two prisoners taken at Dixmude in October of 1914 served to reveal that the German General Staff had formed reserve regiments numbering from two hundred and one through two hundred and seventy, and thus created on the Western front six new corps or a body of more than two hundred thousand men to thrust against the weak left flank of the Allied line.

Another example of the value of intelligence secured from prisoners or their possessions helped a German general, von Arnim, who seems to have been one who could act promptly. He was to make an attack in Flanders in April 1918 and was aiming it at Portuguese troops then in the line, because their stubbornness and zeal in battle were not yet believed to be on a par with that of the other Allies. Among prisoners taken in a trench raid was one with a letter he had been writing that alluded to his expectations of early relief. It was learned by questioning him and others captured that the Portuguese were to be withdrawn from the line in four days. So von Arnim speeded up his preparations, put over the attack before the troops of Portugal had gone back into reserve, and broke through them with an ease that repaid him for his haste.

Though seldom requiring planes or balloons of its own, Intelligence benefits if it can from anything discerned and reported by pilots or artillery observers, and also shares in the sport of receiving such sightseers on the opposing side. At Loos the Germans used an empty train to indicate for enemy observation that more and more reinforcements were rolling up. Yet this was not a stratagem to stand much repetition. In a conflict that developed so many expert gun-

ners any train doing tricks for balloon observers to see would be picked off three times out of four by long-range shelling. In point of using heavy guns, after the battle of Jutland it began to be feared by the Intelligence of the Allies that the great rifles of the German battle fleet would be landed and presently begin to add their weight of metal to the turmoil of the Western front. Spies were warned to be on the look-out for this move; but it was never to be, probably out of consideration for navy morale; though the German sailors were the first to rebel when the imperial decline set in, and the effectiveness in France of American naval guns mounted on railway trucks shows how much trouble might have been caused by the ordnance of an entire fleet.

Keeping on the track of hostile artillery, both as to the number of cannon and their location, their calibres and munition supplies, is always on the schedule of the alert intelligence chief. After the fall of Liège and Namur the German high command was proud of its siege train and allowed foreign correspondents even to take photographs of the 42-centimeter Krupp guns. The French were as justly proud of their 75's, and the German curiosity about those famous field pieces continued long after they had been able to examine some of them captured during the first drive to the Marne. The continual introduction of new weapons in the World War, the remarkable Stokes mortar, the hand-grenade, flame-throwers, depth-bombs, new gases and explosives, kept intelligence officers on both sides busily deciding between the imagination of spies and the genius of inventive adversaries. Before Cambrai the German In-

telligence had several reports from agents in France about the tanks that were building, but technical advisers at headquarters were not disposed to believe such clumsy mechanical brutes would be of use in the field. And one such conservative was said to have shot himself after being informed of the tanks' tremendous debut. It was later in the war an occasion of discomfiture to the British to learn through spies that the Germans were bringing into the line more than three hundred new six-inch howitzers, made in England and sent to Russia for the "Kerensky offensive," and taken by the Austro-German invaders when the Russian Eleventh Army turned about in the autumn of 1917 and practically went home in a body.

An intelligence staff must be ready with spies who are competent and willing to undertake the most difficult emergency service. It was on Sunday, March 24th, 1918, that the German gun of unprecedented range, biggest of all the Big Berthas, began dropping shells into Paris. Bombardment of a city not declared under a state of siege had been forecast by the bombing excursions of planes and Zepelins. But as the German trenches at their nearest were over sixty miles from the French capital, the projectiles that fell indiscriminately upon Paris had a journey from cannon to carnage of more than sixty-five miles. During the first panic the people of the city misunderstood the wonder that Krupps had wrought and supposed that the Germans, who were just that day shattering the British front from Barisis to Gouzeaucourt, had made another stunning advance through the centre of the line and were already in contact with the defences of the capital. Ac-



tually the great gun was more than seventy miles from Paris—about one hundred and twenty kilometres—near Crépy-en-Laonnais on the edge of the St. Gobain forest. Airplanes swarmed out over the district in which it seemed certain to have been lodged and had approximately located its hidden emplacement by nightfall of the 24th. The district was bombed from the air and raked by French batteries in the line; but intelligence cannot begin and end with lucky glimpses or chance hits. Volunteers were called for. Scores wished to undertake the mission. Four of the best men were chosen by lot and put over that night behind the German front between La Fère and Anizy-le-Château. One of the four never returned; but the three others were brought back by planes in a week's time, delivering everything but a slow motion picture of the gun being discharged.

Calibre, rifling, powder, weight of projectile, charge, angle of elevation—every detail of importance to the technical artilleryman was submitted by them to the intelligence staff at Chantilly and there passed on to French ordnance experts. French, British, or American makers might have duplicated the monster. Firing from the line at Pont-à-Mousson, the shells from the Allies' gun would have carried to Mannheim or *Grossen Haupt Quartier* at Kreuznach. But what of it? The effect which the German gun had upon civilian morale in France—which was the only effect for which it could possibly have been intended in the making—after the first Sunday's bombardment proved the opposite of advantageous to its manipulators. Biggest Bertha shocked the French public for a day, and

then blasted from the popular mind any sinister remnants of the propaganda spread by the defeatists, Bolo Pasha and his confederates and dupes, who were, incidentally, just coming up for trial. Essen turned out more than one of the great rifles, whose barrels had to be twenty-one metres in length to achieve such range. Camouflaging them deftly, the German gunners moved them about, so that the most persistent bombing raids and bombardments never entirely put a stop to the shelling of Paris and other distant areas. Intelligence, however, in securing the facts had in one more instance shown great vigour and keenness.

§ 2. The potential value of the spy to intelligence operations is obvious when one considers the lost opportunities of war. In the World War—as in every major conflict there must be many—two outstanding examples of the unfortunate lack or breakdown of military Intelligence will be remembered always. Before the tragic adventure at Gallipoli a powerful Anglo-French Mediterranean fleet under the British admiral, De Robeck, bombarded the fortifications of the Dardanelles with results that failed to be appreciated. Though mounting the best Krupp guns, and in spite of the efforts of von der Goltz Pasha and Liman von Sanders and their staff of German military advisers, in spite also of the general impression that battleships cannot outrange and silence shore batteries when they are properly prepared, the Turkish defences were battered to dust. On the authority of the American

ambassador, Henry Morgenthau, the Allies learned too late that the Turkish government had been so sure of De Robeck's fleet taking Constantinople that they were already moving in panic across to Asia Minor and had the official archives on board a train that would presently depart for Anatolia—when the attacking fleet sailed away and did not return.

Majestic and absolute as the sovereign whose name she bore, the new super-dreadnaught *Queen Elizabeth*, firing across a peninsula, had been dropping fifteen-inch shells upon forts, upon troop transports in the Sea of Marmora, and upon land communication lines to such deadly purpose that the Teutonic spine ingrafted upon the Turks was not enough to keep them from weakening. Perhaps one more terrific burst of shelling and the precious strait would have been opened; which would have meant the opening of the Black Sea and a warm-water route to Russia, letting in the needed munitions and equipment and hospital stores, letting out the badly wanted surplus of the granary of Europe; and it would have meant, too, the saving of that frightful slaughter at Gallipoli, some thousands more of casualties on both sides in Mesopotamia and in Palestine, and at least a million lives on the Russian and Roumanian fronts where inadequate armament after 1915 turned so many battles into massacres. All of this surely, and who can tell how much more, the Allies had to win; but they lost, for the bombarding fleet paused in error, and did not resume the attack until an army was to be landed under fire and spend itself taking new and much stronger Turco-

German works by storm. For want of intelligence disclosing how their success was ninety per cent attained, the Allied naval forces let go of every advantage which might have accrued to them.

A chance with many resemblances to this one was missed by the German army in 1917, the year that saw the high tide of the propaganda onslaught in France which was called defeatism. So reduced in spirit for a time were the troops of that war-wearied country, that Petain counted only a few divisions which he might confidently order to attack; and even the superb defensive morale of the army that a year ago had held Verdun under terrible fire was gravely impaired. The crisis came on a day when certain troops grew mutinous upon going into an exposed sector. They turned and marched back the way they had come, while the force they had been thought to relieve was beyond immediate recall. And so for almost all of that one day a pivotal point in the line was held by a thinly spread handful of artillerymen and sappers, who could make but a loyal pretence of occupying what at normal strength accommodated a division to about every two and a half miles. However, the German Intelligence had no clairvoyants to depend upon, nor any spies near the sector who could discover the local condition and report upon it with necessary rapidity. An attack there that day would have accomplished the cheapest decisive action of the war on the Western front; and there was no attack, for all the while relief was being rushed in to close the gap, the Germans a half mile away were blind to the French infirmity.

On the other hand Intelligence often brilliantly informed itself of coming events, only to have the commanders-in-chief ignore the warnings conveyed to them. It is probable that the French line was insured by scepticism and red tape for a period of at least twenty-four hours, and that any other part of the trench system of the combatants would have been equally safe under similar circumstances. A report from observer or spy calling attention to the strangely vacated appearance of enemy positions would have seemed to require so much verification, that the immediate need to attack would not have been acknowledged in time. General Cox of Headquarters Intelligence of the British Expeditionary Force was a shrewd and well informed officer. In February and early March of 1918 he was also a prophet, but had in support of his predictions a mass of evidential items. He not only gave the exact area in Picardy where Ludendorff would attack, but even mentioned the exact day—March 20th or 21st—when a doomed Fifth Army must meet the avalanche. He and his associates almost as exactly calculated the strength of the forces which Ludendorff and von Hutier would send against Gough's seventeen divisions on a front of more than forty miles. Sixty German divisions they reported marshalling to attack the seventeen, with twenty-three divisions aiming directly at St. Quentin where Gough had four. Yet with a warning so specific as this on record at headquarters, no reinforcements could be sent to Gough from dawn of the 21st, when the attack came out of the fog, until the 24th, and then only three divisions; beside which generalship the

few delinquencies of Intelligence on some other occasions have no standing as comparable blunders.

, , ,

§ 3. The French mobilization in the first three weeks of the war became so badly disorganized that even German Intelligence had to apologize for it. In the opinion of some of the German commanders this condition should have been counted upon, and the attack through Belgium avoided. If Belgian neutrality had been respected for the time being, they said, Great Britain would not have come into the war at once and the German navy then might have been used as an offensive arm against France and Russia. The Germans assumed that since they had been able to get to the Marne in four weeks despite the resistance of the Belgian army and the stubborn fighting of the British regulars, then without either of those forces on their flank they would have done nearly as well attacking the French direct.

The defence of Liège was really the first check sustained by German staff calculations; nothing like it had been foreseen, and naturally Intelligence was blamed for pointing out a door to be chopped down instead of a window left open. The assumption, however, that Toul, Épinal, or Belfort were no stronger than Maubeuge or other French defences on the Belgian frontier ignores a condition which the German secret service must have apprehended. What of the unexpected weakness of Maubeuge, a fortified city that surrendered to the Germans on September 7th, 1914, after

an expeditious siege of only fourteen days? Some time before the war there had been purchased for Frederick Krupp a tract of six hundred acres at the wood of Lanières, about four miles from the outer defences of the fortress. Here a locomotive works was to be established, and none in the vicinity could complain of any such prosperous undertaking. But besides locomotives, substantial concrete emplacements for heavy guns were connected with the factory; and the distance from them to the forts and strong points of Maubeuge had been measured with such mathematical accuracy that, when the attack came, a succession of equally well measured salvos scored direct hits and reduced the defences of the town with stupefying precision. Maubeuge lay along a principal avenue of invasion and immobilized an army corps and a half while it held out; but after the surrender the victorious force of besiegers was released for the covering action on the Aisne, and may be presumed to have counted heavily in the German digging-in process on that line which condemned a rich industrial area of France to four years of occupation. Thus the dividends of the locomotive works!

British intelligence officers at one time during the war were instructed to spare no effort or expense in obtaining plans and specifications of the new type of Fokker plane with which the German air forces were just being equipped. As a result of this order—and while burned or shattered planes were being diligently examined—a discontented German non-commissioned officer, who chanced already to be in touch with a British agent in Belgium, was persuaded to fly over in a brand-new Fokker and land the

machine intact behind the British lines. He cheerfully accepted a downbinder of only ten pounds, and got fifty pounds more upon safe delivery of the plane. Beyond doubt the strongest inducement of all, which the British spy knew how to put forward, came in his understanding that for him the conflict was quietly going to come to an end.

Many deserters tried to insure themselves a like welcome, usually by conveying more or less impeachable tidings of their commanders' plans. Intelligence had to be sceptical, afraid of an enemy ruse and aware that generals do not as a rule confide their intentions to men in the line or to possible deserters. In 1917 several Alsatians deserted and came over to warn a French corps of an impending attack in which they themselves aspired to take no further part. Intelligence officers took charge of these men whose defective allegiance after three years of fighting was not deemed a guarantee of veracity. Didn't the German staff wish an attack expected? But no—this time Intelligence moved too sluggishly. The predicted attack came over to the minute, and French soldiers up in the line—who probably believed in the Alsatians' news—took a bad beating, instead of having ready the sharp surprise that any force, thus warned, could have had prepared.

By the end of the war, after enduring many surprises and engineering a number of like thrills for the enemy, Intelligence on the side of the Allies was wary enough to be on guard against anything from an accident to a divine miracle. The German battle fleet had been demanded and was steaming out to surrender itself to an armada of British, American, and French battleships and cruisers assem-



bled for the unparalleled occasion. Naval Intelligence had conceived the dramatic notion that a group of die-hard German officers would man a submarine and come out to do what damage they could before a depth-bomb found them. Full instructions concerning speed, navigation, and dispersal of the surrendering fleet were sent by wireless; and with a kind of gratitude for German discipline the Allied captains saw the ships appear in correct formation, all the U-boats on the surface, and orderly submission accepted as the easier manner in a trying ceremony. Subsequent scuttling of the prizes by their own crews was a defiant incident that, even though foreseen, could but imperfectly have been guarded against. On the day of the surrender, however, had a turret turned or a U-boat submerged, the German ships, allowed no second chance to strike their flags, would have been sunk with all on board.

/       /       /

§ 4. Before 1914 the "Viktoria Insurance Company of Berlin" had what was called a "special bureau" in Paris on the Avenue de l'Opéra, and all clerks and agents of this branch of the concern were Prussian reserve officers. Almost an entirely new staff appeared every six months in Paris, and no employee went back to Berlin without being granted a vacation which he spent in touring the eastern departments of the Republic. Now each of these uninterested insurance specialists was being trained for the military intelligence department. War came and they were ready; but not the combined observations of them all pre-

vented General von Kluck from out-marching von Bülow and Hausen by two days and crossing the Marne in accord with Joffre's plans rather than von Moltke's.

Perhaps the time has come to place the blame upon expert Intelligence, and say that German generals plunged ahead because they knew the way too well. Years ago a colonel lecturing in the French Staff College attracted professional attention when he derided the "buffalo strategy" of the Prussians in 1870—Stieber's greatest year—and taught that the elder von Moltke, acting on a fixed plan, adopted blindfold, ought to have been beaten and won mainly because of luck.<sup>1</sup> And since this same teacher, Ferdinand Foch, later proved himself a master of manoeuvre with demonstrations taken off the blackboard and put upon a battlefield, it is now less unsafe to criticize other Prussian war-making methods. In point of waste, for example, the German staff was much concerned about the reports they had from England, where a procession of old stone bridges did not seem to the military engineers in Berlin nearly strong enough to bear the weight of traffic of a modern invasion. There was, however, a way around this, even without declaring war upon Britain or offering to reconstruct the bridges free; the engineering corps went to work, after Intelligence had provided all the necessary measurements and data, and constructed pontoons to have ready in place of the stone bridges should the British fleet ever vanish and the way to London be open in war.

But what was neither absurd, overzealous, nor merely wasteful, was the astonishing want of harmony between the

<sup>1</sup> Foch, *Les principes de la Guerre*.

German military and naval intelligence services when the great test of warfare came. Each had been entrusted with a considerable share of the annual sums—never less than twelve million marks—appropriated for secret service; yet each apparently had begrudged the other its place in the confidential budget. What sort of friction had been manifested before August 1914 is not known, but after the crisis arrived, the two branches of Intelligence settled down to a kind of civil war of competition and became more hostile to each other than to the enemy. Anything coming through from a spy with army connections was pronounced worthless and contradictory by naval intelligence officers, whereupon the military men would respond with larger ridicule as soon as they could find a navy victim. Their respective agents and numerous hired informers were quick to perceive this ruinous rivalry and prey upon it, and so long as it did not abate, the counter-espionage and intelligence departments of the Allies discovered many ways to turn it to account. In contrast, throughout the war, there was a fortunate degree of co-operation in effect between the Allies' many branches of Intelligence, which was not always reproduced in the relations of the civil or military politicians of those countries. The secret service specialties of one army were generally placed at the disposal of the whole partnership; and if volunteer contingents came quickly to rank beside the professionals, no little credit for this is due to the experience tactfully conveyed by the latter to newcomers in the field.

One French contribution was the object lesson of a highly organized artillery intelligence corps, some of whose ex-

exploits have already been noted. Everything relating to enemy ordnance was by no means the simple goal of this branch, the *Service Renseignement Artillerie*; and it is true that they even made use of acute civilians, both men and women, who by reason of long residence near to the front could identify the German batteries that they had heard banging away for weeks and months, and through this sound-ranging skill would detect the weight and length of the German fire, as well as instantly recognizing any new heavy guns which came into action in their area. Before the Armistice each of the principal Allies had started to maintain a special service of artillery intelligence patterned after that which they had found in process of development in the French army.

Unfortunately, some few things the experienced combatants taught one another by bad example. To the distress of their own intelligence officers, the British were repeatedly unable to mask an intended attack. As late as June of 1917 not much was being done to delude the German Intelligence from day to day. At Wytschaete on the 6th of that month a sign even appeared above the German trenches, lettered in English: "You can have this — ridge tomorrow." The British captured Wytschaete on the 7th according to headquarters' secret plan. The year before when the terrible battles of the Somme were about to begin, three divisions were sent to another point to deceive the enemy by a feint. In four hours those divisions lost sixty-six per cent of their effectives; so much for feigning to fight a battle in the Flanders of 1916. If the Germans found it at all baffling, they did not show it and gave ground

very deliberately on the Somme. But it cannot be said that Intelligence is often associated with military manœuvres and measures of strategy as remote from intellect as this.

‘       ‘       ‘

§ 5. It was the fashion in Germany to lament that there would never again be such another as Wilhelm Stieber; which was equivalent to saying that the great spy-master's successors, however able, only appeared to be haphazard imitations of the original. Yet in a secluded London office during the war there might have been found—though not often without his consent—a genial little man of unaffected simplicity, a sailor, a rear-admiral, and a director of modern secret service along some lines that even Bismarck's reigning sleuth-hound could never have exploited. Sir Reginald Hall had been noted in the Royal Navy as gunnery expert, a leading authority on high explosives, a navigating officer of exceptional resource, as shown in particular by his masterly salving of a vessel in 1911, and a commander possessing great personal magnetism. He was a fluent linguist and a student of foreign affairs; and by a notable display of departmental judgment he was summoned to the Admiralty in October of 1914 to become the director of Naval Intelligence. A brilliant plotter, but an ardent patriot, without any trace of personal calculation, Hall inspired his men in many a strange and perilous undertaking. His achievements have caused many impartial observers to pronounce his branch of British secret service the most successful in operation anywhere during the

World War. And if this enthusiasm is unjust to other organizations of espionage and counter-espionage, it is at least safe to say that they contrived nothing that excelled the work of Hall and his subordinates. He aimed only to find the most effectual means of winning the war. American naval officers brought into collaboration with him and his staff have since spoken in high praise of the attitude of mutual enterprise and cordiality that invested them with the war secrets cherished by the British Naval Intelligence. Hall, in turn, seemed to find in Admiral Sims and his associates men whose whole-hearted and disinterested devotion to duty was agreeably akin to his own inspired labours.

The greatest feat of the British Naval Intelligence Department was, appropriately enough, performed afloat, by an enlisted man whose individual exploits deserve more than passing recognition. Shipwright E. C. Miller, who was so capable a deep-sea diver that he had become diving instructor in 1914 at the naval training school, about a year later was instructed to descend to a German U-boat recently sunk by shell fire off the Kentish coast and its estimated position marked by a buoy. Miller was to get whatever data he could regarding the structure and condition of the submarine, and to acquaint himself with the design and installation of certain new appliances on board it of which the Admiralty had not had enough information forwarded by their spies at German naval bases. At the risk of dangerously fouling his air line, Miller—after entering through a jagged hole he found the shell had blown into the hull of the U-boat—proceeded to investigate thoroughly the whole of its interior. He flashed his light on

many strange and many gruesome objects, and likewise encountered unpleasant specimens of deep-sea life that had preceded him into the sunken craft as to a feast. But Miller was not just a man-of-war's man doing his duty; he was a great diver and an enterprising one. He forced his way into the officers' quarters aft and in a strong room found a very precious metal box which, on being brought to the surface, was found to contain plans of new mine fields, two code books of the German navy and another secret code used only to communicate with the Imperial High Seas Fleet.

Thus began that mystifying work of the Naval Intelligence Department in London wherein the celebrated "Room 40" played a momentous companion part. Miller's initial success was a surprise, but thereafter his extraordinary skill and daring, and his ability to withstand the pressure of great depths, was turned to all possible account; a special service unit was organized to rush him and his air pumps and other diving equipment to any spot on the British coast where a U-boat was known to have gone down, and in time he came to be as familiar with the internal arrangements and devices of the German submarine raiders as any engineer at Kiel or Cuxhaven. Before November 1918 more than sixty were lying in known graves and all but a few Miller had been able to explore. Their mine fields, secret codes, and special orders the German naval directors were continuously changing, but British Intelligence was never long without knowledge of the latest alterations. Another submarine would come to grief and disappear forever—to all save Miller. He would be hurried to the spot where

the marking buoy had been left by whatever craft was the victor in this case, and would go down at once, weather permitting; and though he might have to use an explosive charge to effect an entrance, in he always went, regardless of hazard and horrors, and then up he came again with one more metal box containing the new codes and plans of the enemy.

On occasions as many as two thousand intercepted enemy messages would reach the Admiralty office within twenty-four hours, and, because of the accumulating library of German codes and ciphers, almost every one that presented itself as a problem was rather quickly solved. The British have claimed it was known to them the day before the battle of Dogger Bank that a German squadron was coming out, and in what strength and direction; and similarly, they now say, the widely disputed battle of Jutland was brought about in consequence of the Germans signalling orders by wireless which were intercepted and deciphered. Yet some very impressive expert opinion rests on the belief that British Naval Intelligence was at fault in the Jutland battle, both in what had been taken from the air and in digesting the reports relayed from spies at Cuxhaven. Garbled intelligence, many have held, confused Jellicoe in this action, stimulating his lethargy or caution, so that he did not support the battle-cruisers of the more reckless Beatty and bring up his own main force smartly enough to cut off the fleet of von Scheer from its base. Since Britain administered no finishing stroke in either engagement, it is almost a direct criticism of the command afloat to announce that Jellicoe and Beatty had accurate advance



warnings of the German strength and destination. However, hundreds of other messages whose meaning was determined in "Room 40"—from cruising submarines, from Zeppelins on a raid, coded fleet orders, and Foreign Office instructions to German envoys in neutral countries—were put to unquestionably advantageous uses. From "Room 40" came the devastating Zimmermann note to Minister von Eckhardt, interception of which is described in one of the notable letters of Ambassador Walter Hines Page who considered it a stroke of diplomatic secret service of unique historical importance.

President Wilson was then still clinging to his conception of neutrality, on the brink of war, but very reluctant to commit himself to a course of action so contrary to every object of his public life. The obliging Zimmermann wished to stir up something in the New World to obviate American intervention abroad. His message to von Eckhardt when made public revealed a conditional offer to Mexico of an alliance against the United States, also including a heavy hint of Japanese partnership and suggesting seizure and annexation of territory in the Southwest. Fantastic in any light, but especially in that later reflecting from the bayonets of Pershing's forty divisions, the gratuitous provocation of the offer was decisive in awakening the American government and a hesitant political following to the necessity of war.

What has generally remained unknown about this event is the inspiration Sir Reginald Hall derived from it. Zimmermann's message had been intercepted by agents of the British Naval Intelligence, and others among Hall's sub-

ordinates had decoded it. But in view of future activities which he had in mind, it seemed to the Chief of Naval Intelligence a desirable thing to mislead the exasperated German officials regarding the manner of the exposure. Hall, therefore, inspired several London newspaper editors, whose articles would reach Germany at once by way of Holland, Denmark, or Switzerland, to attack him as openly as the wartime regulations permitted, on the score of his department's failing to get this momentous message on its way to von Eckhardt when American secret agents in Mexico City had seemed to purloin it with ease.

### III

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN ESPIONAGE SYSTEMS

§ 1. Before war took on its modern amplitude and complexities, with whole nations mobilized and the consequent requirement of vast intelligence mechanisms, military espionage was in the main a specially venturesome form of reconnoissance. One could spy with distinction. A soldier like Marshal Ney would disguise himself and do his own scouting, even after he rose to general's rank. Another great marshal of France, Catinat, was proud of having once assumed a grimy and menial garb and aspect and posed as a charcoal burner to enter into the city of Arras that his army beleaguered. And Alfred of England was no less "the Great" because he visited the Danish encampment by stealth, disguised as a bard, and there sized up the threat against his West Saxon kingdom. In the age of chivalry the use of spies came into some disrepute, and for a time knightly commanders refused to employ them in attacking an adversary. But churchmen and royal politicians were never so fastidious; three centuries of religious and dynastic disturbances in Europe saw a multitude go to the scaffold through the accusations of secret informers. Moreover, in this troubled period, though thieves were frequently hanged for a trivial larceny, the professional spy seems

to have enjoyed a curious form of licence. Robinson, a military spy, convicted in London in 1757, was imprisoned in the Tower for only six months and then liberated. Shortly afterward, a certain Dr. Hensey, tried in June 1758, was unexpectedly sentenced to hang and asked in court if a spy dare be treated as a common felon.<sup>1</sup>

There is no record of Hensey's execution having taken place, but its likelihood caused much excitement in underground circles. The death sentence was accounted an alarming innovation and it scared away many other agents who had been briskly at work in England for Louis XV. It was another monarch, Frederick the Great, at about this time who brought his own genius to bear upon the science of espionage and put an end to it as gay or noble adventure. Frederick had a natural aptitude for war, and this was never more clearly displayed than in his shrewd use of spies. He is generally credited with being the father of organized military espionage; his kingly necessity was the mother of the spy system that he invented. ✓

Primarily Frederick aspired to be a French wit. He esteemed Voltaire highly and flattered him with acid imitations. But the Prussian ruler's comments upon the Pompadour and the Tsarina of Russia, if less witty than Monsieur Arouet's might have been, had the additional impact and importance of royal expression. Spies carried them across Europe. Frederick, already known as a land robber—his theft of Silesia from Maria Theresa having incensed the many friends of that great lady—had now contrived to add bad manners and cynicism to his list of offences.

<sup>1</sup> Colin, *Campagnes de Maréchal Saxe*.

In very influential boudoirs it was debated how to punish the upstart; and soon Frederick turned from philosophy and mordant humour to discover that Russia and France were joining with Austria, and that Saxony and Sweden would follow their lead.

Instead of a wit he had better aspire to be the greatest military commander of his time or he would be extinguished for ever by the prodigious alliance. He surveyed his small, poor kingdom, his well drilled army, and his rich and towering foes. He had once beaten Austria, but to defeat them all now he knew he must outguess them. Therefore, he organized his secret service so that he might nourish his guessing upon wide and substantial intelligence; and this service of his came to be the foremost military innovation of its day, with such measures and methods of making war secretly as are still effective after a century and a half of change in every other branch of armed conflict. Frederick maintained hundreds of spies and himself checked their reports off against one another. It was his custom to divide them into four classes: a) common spies, recruited among poor people glad to earn a small sum or to accommodate a military officer; b) double spies, the unreliable renegades and low informers, of use chiefly in spreading false information to the enemy; c) spies of consequence, courtiers and noblemen, staff officers and kindred plotters, invariably requiring a considerable bribe or bait; and d) persons who are forced to turn spy against their will. And the energetic Prussian king did more than ✓classify, he established rules for obtaining and using every grade of secret agent.

Under his fourth category, he said, a rich burgher must be intimidated with threats to burn down his home, destroy his fortune, injure or slay his wife and children. Frederick was candour itself. When properly moulded by his anxiety, the burgher, a good man of peace and local repute, can be made to serve in this way: he will accompany a trained military spy into the camp of the enemy, his reputation, appearance, and character masking the real spy's activities there—and in spite of the most trying conditions of servitude and dangerous pretence, the burgher can be counted upon to behave himself amiably enough if often reminded that members of his family are the hostages detained by those to whom the real spy, his companion, will report at the termination of their joint espionage venture. Frederick, of course, overlooked the patriot spy; he was a realist, a cynic—and an absolute monarch. Reigning sovereigns in his day were seldom in touch with genuine patriotism. The French Revolution had yet to fire Europe with nationalist enthusiasms. Threats and bribes, promises of promotion and gain, were the inducements he understood how to use.

Such different political commentators as Grotius and Machiavelli each wrote defending the employment of spies. In our day so good a Boy Scout as Sir Robert Baden-Powell has committed himself in a book, *My Adventures As A Spy*. But Napoleon, who cherished an elaborate and costly secret police service, frequently repeated his maxim: "The spy is a natural traitor." He relied chiefly upon bribes or threats. So that there was no great innovator in the systematizing of espionage until, by a very natural descent, another Prussian, Stieber, Bismarck's great spy-master,

manifested himself. The year 1870 saw the high tide of military espionage with agents swarming and spying *in unison* and generally behaving as they never shall again. Stieber had first practised before 1866 upon Austria with unprecedented results. His model was not Frederick but Moses. When that great seer sent forth the twelve tribesmen to spy out the land he did not indicate a mere topographical expedition. After the usual consultation with Jehovah, he was ready to give explicit directions for aggressive secret service. When Moltke attacked MacMahon and crossed the Rhine, the northern half of France which he invaded was already undermined and acrawled with Prussian regiments of spies. Stieber had spread 36,000 of them from Strasburg to the Seine.

The Biblical leader told his tribesmen to go up into the mountain, to see the land and see the people dwelling therein—to determine whether they were few or many, whether strong or weak, and whether the land were good or bad, what cities were there, and whether the people lived in tents or in strongholds. He further advised them to learn if the land were fat or lean, and to discover the nature of the wood supply; and finally they must be “of good courage, and bring of the fruit of the land.” (Numbers, 13: 17–20.) And the battalions Stieber had sent into the empire of Napoleon III had been making precisely that sort of thorough investigation since 1868. Every step of the way to Paris had been charted and combed over and reduced to scale, much as if military aggression were to be an exact science hereafter, like astronomy or mathematics. French counter-espionage, then sadly undernourished,

could do nothing against 36,000 residents or travellers engaged in wholesale betrayal. Yet the very stealth of so many spies must have been audible. They saw all and, as a truly Olympian vacuum cleaner, swept up everything that their proud originator needed to scrutinize.

The unrivalled rapidity with which the Prussian armies advanced to invest Paris in the campaign of '70 was largely attributed to the Stieber system of preparedness that had operated upon the invasion zones of France; and the thought of this success dominated European secret service and Intelligence projects for the next forty years. Those who did not care to imitate yet had to plan to combat it. The ability, discipline, and training of the individual spy came in for a great deal of attention, and espionage schools were started, the one novel experiment of military secret service in the decades between Stieber's triumphs and the outbreak of the World War. However fascinating the institution may sound, a spy school is only a minor sort of staff college where talent for espionage itself can only be cultivated by such sound technical training as will divert the future spy's activities to matters of genuine military importance. Before the war the German schools of espionage enjoyed a kind of secret fame in Europe; their graduates were expected to be a gifted and dangerous corps. Thorough the schoolmasters unquestionably were and very exacting, and after graduation—in the years before 1914—it was not at all unusual for German agents, because of some inconsequential mistake in their work, to be shut up in fortresses like Königsberg and Spandau. After the schooling the Spartan touch, for the masters saw no folly in dealing



with men who were perfecting themselves to risk their lives every hour of every day for months when war was declared as though they were the unruly probationers of a boys' reformatory. The Allies, during the ensuing conflict, supplied the discipline for all secret service blunders, trivial or great. The Stieber espionage mechanism, preposterously elaborated, stalled as soon as it collided with an adversary that was wakeful. When the city of Brussels was first occupied, distinguished German officers arriving by rail gave addresses to cabmen without an instant's hesitation and were driven off to their assigned quarters in the Belgian capital, much as if participating in a superbly well planned tour. This was a Stieber touch of secret preparedness, but almost the last of those sinister and surprising moves.

It was the misfortune of the German service to have had an extravagant tradition of uniformity, precision, and ponderous success, and to be led by men who did not quickly grasp the effect on the secret game of those new elements—some of which were their own—added since the Franco-Prussian War. The German service was divided into three parts: the Army, the Navy, and the Personal Corps. The General Staff controlled the first, and was said to try to dominate the second. The Foreign Office controlled the third branch, operating it under the direct supervision of the Emperor. The espionage schools were associated chiefly with the first two branches of the imperial secret service, and their classes were neither housed nor conducted more mysteriously than many other sections of the great military establishment. Select groups of army and navy reservists as a rule composed the classes, for only the casualties of the

war brought neutrals into them to be trained as German agents. The secret service heads themselves lectured in the schools and profoundly discussed many subtle undertakings which the layman would rather expect to be communicated curtly and in whispers. Military engineers were also detached from their commands or the general staff to take charge of courses concentrating upon fortification, trigonometry, topography, and drawing.

The spy must learn how to give correct heights, angles, distances, and ground lay. In short, he must become a surveyor and yet depend upon nothing but his own accurate eye and intuition. It is known that one trained secret agent, active in Great Britain before the summer of 1914, by pacing off distances, by observing angles very casually, and by subsequent triangulation, got all the dimensions of a large and important new bridge in the north within yards and feet. Without stirring any local suspicion he even determined how many men could be disposed in the vicinity of the structure; he studied the bridge foundation and the geological nature of its shafts, and reported the quantity of dynamite he believed would be necessary to damage it beyond prompt repair in the emergency of a war declaration between Germany and Britain.

During the World War the training in the German spy schools seemed to become hasty, slipshod, and un-Teutonic. Before the war it had been rapid but intense, and in six to eight months the espionage classes turned out agents with an education equal to that to be acquired in many a technological institute, according to the estimates of informed and unprejudiced persons. Yet the realistic truth

is that there is that about professional spying which would make an intensive course of technology repugnant to the able spy. Born masters of the Stieber-Schulmeister brand would never want to go to school with all their brimming treachery. Which possibly explains why the spies of Germany were so efficient under conditions of peace, and, as acknowledged generally even by their own nationals to-day, overwhelmingly routed in the European war. It is of note, too, that the heads of the German service, though they believed in their schools and the technical knowledge imparted under pressure, dealt repeatedly before the conflict with a class of private crooks on the Continent who made it their business to study fortifications and sell what they had learned to the highest bidder.

,       ,       ,

§ 2. Passing over Frederick's time-honoured classifications of military spies, the modern espionage agent, whether poor or important, treacherous or coerced, is known to his superiors only according to the manner of his work. A spy is a resident agent, or a mobile agent—either he stops in one place and awaits his chance, or he travels about and peers into whatever secret he can find. Occasionally spectacular in war and of particular utility in times of peace, the mobile spy—when hostilities do come and there is a rigid martial law in the land—will give way to the resident agent who is less conspicuous and more effective because he reports what he has actually seen. Amateur or

professional, patriot, renegade, or hireling, the resident spy can be wideawake and truthful, guarded in communicating, and can avoid indiscreet actions—and no spy-master will ask more. The resident spy is much more difficult to trace and seldom is caught unless his enemies find him by trailing a spy messenger or information collector—sometimes called the “letter box”—or unless he exposes himself by some fantastic attempt to do his own communicating direct.

The individual agents of the German service were correlated in the organization, and when war came one of them, discovered by counter-spying agents of the Allies, dragged others to their doom. The threat of efficient counter-espionage discredited most of the systematic developments Stieber and his clan had added to the inventions of Frederick the Great; and it has even come to be a canon of present-day secret service that legions, cohorts, or even small batches of spies operating together against an enemy are more dangerously organized than if the same number of agents are directed separately and operate in no relation whatever to one another. Military men, who like to point out that drilling and disciplining a mob turns it into an effective army, naturally enough were inhospitable to the thought that a spy will fail for the same reason that a soldier succeeds. At the outbreak of the World War directors of espionage on the Continent, either disciples of Stieber or the deeply impressed successors of his former adversaries and victims, found it a lesson to be learned empirically, this disavowal of venerated systems and co-

ordinations. Stieber's own successors in Germany had to start teaching it to themselves after the very first week of the conflict.

A month or more before war was declared, officers of the War Office in London assigned to counter-espionage had acquainted themselves with a barber, one Karl Gustav Ernst, who was technically a British subject because he had been born in England. For sixteen years this man had been at the same address in the Caledonian Road; and presumably for that many years he had also been drawing pay as the collecting agent or letter box of the German espionage service in Great Britain. His pay was learned to be only a pound a month; but if this seems small, his risks were not great, and his exertions infinitely less so. Letters of instruction to spies came to him in bunches from the German secret service headquarters in Charlottenburg. Already bearing British postage stamps, all Ernst had to do was to consign the lot of them to the nearest post box. And any replies which came back to him he forwarded straightway to his German employers. His activities were thus so casual, so ordinary, that he could not have done anything to betray himself. Except for names and addresses—the latter seldom changing—he knew little or nothing about the centrifugal force that he kept in smooth operation.

It has become the German belief—which the British do not trouble to dispute—that the exposure of Ernst, this typical "letter box," was initiated by an English agent who penetrated the secrets of their espionage headquarters in Germany. The correspondents of the obscure barber numbered twenty-two, all Germans, and carefully spread about

at the various naval and military centres of Britain. One of these took ship on August 4th, 1914, and so escaped by chance or nervous presentiment. Ernst himself had neither reason to give any alarm nor opportunity even to save himself. On August 5th he was arrested, razor in hand; and the twenty-one others who tarried to spy out the British war preparations were all taken into custody that same day.

Ernst's offence as a disloyal British subject had only an inadequate old law to penalize it, for the Defence of the Realm Act—with its celebrated "teeth"—was being voted upon as he journeyed to jail. Eventually he served seven years' penal servitude. The rest, being Germans born, received nothing worse than internment. But the thing which had been done transcended at that critical hour all known episodes of frustrated spying. The German espionage service was blinded at a stroke; a curtain more baffling than any London fog had enfolded Britain almost as war began. The Prussian General von Kluck has spoken of his surprise when the vanguard of his First Army suddenly encountered British regulars. So well had counter-spying managed to screen the Expeditionary Force from its nearest enemy! And though his tendency to fits of astonishment did not grow acute until he crossed the Marne, had the British standing army been as large as von Kluck's own command, it would have given that first surprise of his an impact felt from Mons to Tannenberg.

‘                    ‘                    ‘

§ 3. From believing that they possessed the finest secret service organization in the world, the German leaders—when its enterprises failed them—reacted scornfully and with often unjust denunciations. Too many commonplace and stupid persons, it was said, had been given important espionage assignments. Ernst, being a barber and of alien birth, came in for aristocratic ridicule as the ignorant clown who had ruined everything in England at the start. But on the Allied side it was a source of frequent wonder that so many Germans of social distinction and breeding should be found often in menial places for the sake of the imperial secret service.

In the fashionable Hotel des Indes at The Hague for many months the hall porter was a brother of that very influential German Ambassador to the Sultan, Baron von Wangenheim, and so employed for purposes of espionage because of the German conviction that all French and British intrigue in Alsace-Lorraine, the Ruhr, and Belgium was directed from Holland. Some time before the Teutonic allies took the field together the chief Prussian spy in Vienna was a talented nobleman, broadly entitled Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe Ingelfingen, who subsequently hinted that he had always been able to report Austrian military orders to Berlin before they were known in Austro-Hungarian frontier posts. Stieber made good use of the nobility, including that Prince Otto Hochberg, who, a card cheat and cashiered from the army, had these and other qualifications to aid him in recruiting the kind of secret agent who responds to blackmail. And again, before the war the son of that Prince Ratibor who was the Kaiser's

accomplished Ambassador to Madrid became known to the French service as a resident spy in Paris and was therefore closely watched. He soon afterward lost a hundred thousand francs in gambling. Espionage could not repay so much; but belonging to a distinguished family of Germany, this young prince used his credit to obtain a costly necklace and sold it at once for cash to the amount of less than half its true value. Whereupon French police detectives joined the counter-espionage agents who shadowed him. His father compensated the Parisian jeweller, of course, when informed of the escapade. But the son vanished hurriedly from the boulevards and was not again discovered in France until taken prisoner as a captain of uhlans during the first battle of the Marne.

The German secret service did not fail for lack of blue blood or unscrupulous wits, and such humiliating checks as it sustained afield may be blamed to an outworn espionage strategy. A genius like Stieber would have perceived the changes needed, and would have tried to lead rather than follow the evolution taking place. But the schemes a genius can execute may mean bankruptcy when his heirs take over the firm. In justice, however, to Steinhauer and his colleagues, who were directing German espionage in 1914, it should be noted that the main German disasters occurred overseas. Great Britain, North America, and the Orient were hard nuts which resisted every kind of pressure; and the master, Stieber, himself had left no war precedent of outwitting or undermining nations that did not have a frontier his agents could approach by land.

As soon as the staff in Charlottenburg recognized the



meaning of the darkness over Britain, they set about replacing Ernst and his twenty-one mislaid spies. The various chief agents in Holland, Sweden, and Denmark were advised. The German plight called for reckless measures; and the very recklessness of the next few months sent another score of spies into prisons or to the Tower to be shot. During the autumn of 1914 about a quarter of a million refugees came to England from Belgium in every sort of craft from destroyers and steamships to tugs, barges, and rowboats. Their frantic exodus covered the infiltration of many spies having an English objective; and with so many pathetic arrivals it was impossible for the British authorities to subject them all to a rigid examination. One spy of this invoice was bold enough to reprove an English coast guard for passing him by too hurriedly, reminding him that in a state of war any stranger should expect to be treated with suspicion. And as a later result, because German agents had been among the Belgian refugees, every former resident of Belgium was unjustly doubted and a gallant people maligned with espionage complaints, the ensuing friction and disquiet affecting all the Entente allies.

The real spies pretending to be Belgian, in spite of the effrontery of a few, seem not to have fulfilled the expectations of their masters, impatient to resume where Ernst and his interned correspondents had left off. So a class of alleged neutrals, tourists and commercial travellers according to label, was pointed toward Britain; and of those who graduated in untimely succession the unfortunate patriot, Carl Hans Lody, came first. Lody, a senior lieutenant of

the German naval reserve, knew England well, having been a tourist guide for the Hamburg-American Line. He had lived in America and was one of a very few German spies in the World War who, posing as Americans, had really an American accent. A majority of those arrested, strange to relate, altogether ignored the detail of English speech on either side of the Atlantic and they suffered accordingly. Lody instead suffered from an excess of national zeal and a disproportionate ability in covering his tracks. After his downfall became known in Germany, secret service officials there mentioned him only to blame him, saying that he blundered—the wartime epidemic to which they alone were thought to be immune—that he had aroused British vigilance against mobile spies, and thereby caused the detection and death of others. Yet the people of Lody's native village planted an oak to commemorate his sacrifice; and he may be honoured by all as an officer who paid for whatever mistakes he made, with modesty and quiet resignation at his trial and very fine courage until the end.

In the second week of September 1914, Lody appeared in Edinburgh with the passport of an American, Charles A. Inglis, and his own photograph substituted upon it. The real Inglis had lately been in Berlin, had applied for a visa, and had waited while the Foreign Office unaccountably "lost" the document which identified Lody in Scotland. Inglis, with the customary apologies, was supplied another passport upon the demand of the American Embassy. Lody meanwhile had sent a telegram to Stockholm, had removed inconspicuously from an hotel to private lodgings, and hiring a bicycle had begun to explore the

vicinity. He asked too many questions, showing a dangerous keenness about the harbour at Rosyth, and seemed to have anything but a usual tourist's attitude toward naval affairs. Lody was under suspicion after writing his very first telegram. He addressed it to an Adolf Burchard of Stockholm, and in it unwisely attempted to display himself as one rejoicing in sentiments hostile to Germany. But censors are not so gullible. If a person writes at them too obviously, they flatter him in their turn with a good deal of extra attention. Spies after Lody were to try this transparent stratagem by post, and such letters invariably were delayed to be tested for invisible writing between the lines. In Lody's case it seemed neither neutral nor American to spend a cable rate in exulting to another neutral about German reverses.

Lody used no code, trick, or any form of secretive communication. He went to London, stopped at a small hotel in Bloomsbury, studied the anti-aircraft defences, and then returned to Edinburgh, from there going to Liverpool to see the ocean liners that were being transformed into auxiliary cruisers. He wrote Burchard five times, but only one of these letters was allowed to reach Sweden and in that Lody helped to confirm the wild and typical rumour about a Russian army landing in Scotland and being transported thence to France for action on the Aisne. From Liverpool he was followed to Holyhead, to Dublin, and to Killarney. He was heading for the naval base at Queenstown. But his last letter to Burchard appeared to be proof enough, and he was detained by the Royal Irish Constabulary upon the request of Scotland Yard. Four weeks later, on the 30th

of October, Lody was tried by court martial in London.

In his luggage there had been found, besides the forged passport, a notebook containing naval data and addresses in Berlin, Hamburg, and Stockholm, and copies of four of his letters written to Burchard. He made no defence, save as a man who had done his duty and was neither ashamed of it nor afraid of the consequences. It was stated by his counsel that his grandfather had held a fortress against Napoleon and that Lody stood before his judges as a grandson who wished to emulate that military resolution. After the court had sentenced him to death, Lody was removed to the Tower where his bearing continued to impress all those with whom he came in contact during his last five days. On November 5th in an historic chamber he faced the firing party with composure. He had written a letter to relatives in Stuttgart and it was understood that the German Government had insured his life in their favour to the sum of 60,000 marks. In another letter he thanked the commanding officer at Wellington Barracks for the considerate treatment he had received there from officers and men during his confinement. He asked to have a ring of his forwarded to a dear friend in America, and this was done.

, , ,

§ 4. After Lody a veritable stream of mobile spies was turned upon Great Britain, chiefly from the spy schools in Antwerp and Wesel. Years before 1914 the German espionage service had catalogued the potential war strengths of both France and Russia. Spying in those countries, there-

fore, could be mainly confined to matters of routine intelligence, movement of troops, strength and morale of regiments and divisions, production and shipment of munitions. But in Britain a great volunteer army was now in training, labour was still restive, Ireland supposed to be seething, and the British fleet—formidable in battle—was ever tightening its blockade which was to remain a noose about the German neck no matter what victories were gained on the Continent. Resident spies would do in France and Russia; and a large number remained in those countries throughout the war, undetected and intermittently effective. Britain had not only swept up the agents planted before war was declared, those who communicated through the barber Ernst, but also Britain held most of the secrets which tantalized Steinhauer and his colleagues. In consequence the hastily improvised and expanded British counter-espionage agencies, that included special departments at both Military and Navy Intelligence and the best police detectives of Scotland Yard, had incessant but profitable employment.

During a period of fifteen days in May and June 1915, seven authentic spies were discovered and arrested. Not one of these agents was an amateur in the sense of having been launched upon a supremely dangerous undertaking without any preliminary instruction. Each had spent some time being trained, although by espionage experts whose own experience must have been purely vicarious, since Germany had not been engaged in a foreign war during their lifetime. The experts could only send out men to learn the difference between spying when there is no conflict and vir-

tually no counter-spying, and spying when nations are locked in mortal combat with a novel but alert system of counter-espionage perfecting itself steadily from day to day. The difference was discovered to be ponderable. Of the seven spies taken during that one brisk fortnight not even one had obtained a scrap of really damaging intelligence. Not one had arrived in England with a promising introduction, or long experience in secret service, or the native ability to win through in any major intrigue.

The curious inefficiency of the enemy agents falling into their net for a good while discouraged the enterprise of the British along espionage lines of their own. Secret service officials freely declared—and some still do—that with the modern innovations of censorship, passport control, and counter-espionage, the only form of spying worth while is that pursued directly behind the enemy forces in the field or on their lines of communication. "To be of value in zones of the interior a spy must be highly placed," said the generals, and let it go at that.

But this need not be taken too literally. Being highly placed is, to be sure, a desirable condition, and one not resented by men or women having no desire to enlist themselves as spies. Yet, if we arbitrarily nominate the ten most successful secret agents whose known exploits are part of this narrative, it will be found that only three of them had high position from birth or by circumstances dissociated from their secret service work. The seven others achieved what might be considered a superior foothold by their cunning or resource, by personal charm, imagination, intelligence, or plain persistence. And they got results by operat-

ing independently and conducting their own duel with counter-spying foes. Place and inherent talent or superiority avail the spy nothing if the system binding him is a nineteenth century model. The twentieth century spy appeared early in the war, but the up-to-date system to match him in all combatant countries came forth blinking and sluggish like a monster from a cave.

## IV

### THE SPY AND HIS WORK

§ 1. Clever and effective spies seldom get caught, but the best are not even suspected. Writing about espionage in his own day Samuel Pepys records another of those choice morsels: "He told me that he had so good spies that he hath had the keys taken out of De Witt's pocket when he is a-bed, and his closet opened and papers brought to him and left in his hands for an hour, and carried back and laid in the place again and keys put into De Witt's pocket again." With this the quaint Restoration gossip sets forth the whole art of spying, which is essentially a threefold procedure: to locate the most reliable and valued information—and obtain it without being discovered—to transmit promptly to a superior whatever has been secured, and to leave the adversary in ignorance of his being deceived, so that what has been learned will not be nullified by his alarmed alteration of plan. If either the second or the third of these three is bungled, the whole espionage transaction breaks down; the spy is undone either at home or abroad.

Locating valuable information is less difficult than it sounds, especially in war when the most ordinary matter may have significance to a hostile staff far removed from the spy's advantageous position. Moreover, many spies are explicitly instructed what to get and where to try to get it.



They arrive on the scene, and it is then no great feat to spy without being discovered. Any secret agent worth a day's expenses can contrive that. It is transmitting the intelligence after securing it that presents a much larger hazard. The amateur spy, excited by his apparent success in learning a secret thing, will imagine his job nearly completed. The wary professional knows that his great danger is just about to begin. Spies of lasting and tragic renown, like Hale and André, would agree; though transcribing his notes in lemon juice would possibly have saved Hale, while André could have obeyed Clinton's orders and memorized in substance the documents which betrayed him. Under present-day conditions of scientific censorship and counter-espionage, in spite of shrewd inventions and chemical innovations favouring the spy, he is exposed in a terribly discoverable light the moment he attempts to pass along whatever he has himself observed or uncovered.

So much secret service concentration has been lavished upon the agent's problem of transmission in time of war that the third necessity—leaving an enemy his secrets apparently unknown or unmolested—has become largely an afterthought. The spy will remember it or neglect it, according to circumstances. But the spy who is not neglectful will surpass the others and outlive them, too. Since the World War came to an end, a Prussian captain, safely returned to his own land and less perilous duty, has asserted that in the third year of hostilities—after nearly thirty months of spying in France—he was even invited to witness an exclusively military demonstration of the new French flame-throwers. If this is true, and there seems no

special reason for doubting that it is, the captain's espionage qualified in all three dimensions—since he could communicate via Berne—and his deceit has the symmetry of an art. It appears that he specialized in cultivating influential French friends. He claims to have corresponded cordially with more than thirty officers at once, each in a different regiment. By tracing a regiment he could follow the movements of a division or an army corps. And so devoted to him and powerful were some of his friends—as also they were the very foundation of his spying—that, when at last he was suspected, near the close of the war, he was warned by them and enabled to get out of the country.

Since the Armistice, a French secret agent has announced that he invaded the German espionage headquarters of Major von Bülow in a suburb of the Swiss capital not once but several times. He found it a veritable stronghold, for there a skilful staff was engaged in directing most of the spies active behind the French armies of the centre and right flank; and in order to convince former antagonists of his veracity he has boldly described the main intelligence sanctum with its trap beneath the rug, its boards with bells attached so that the intruder stepping incautiously would sound an alarm, armchairs similarly arranged to betray the uninvited, and even keys conspicuously forgotten in key-holes which had electric connections of high voltage. It must be obvious that, no matter what bribe or daring enabled him first to penetrate this secret office, his own care and expert knowledge while prosecuting the invasion permitted him to repeat it. So, too, the Prussian officer who

saw the flame-throwers in practice only attained that great moment because all his previous espionage had been carried through without leaving a trace.

It has also become known that a German spy served for many months as the interpreter of the French court martial trying persons accused of spying. This man with fortitude and histrionic range witnessed the condemnation of his fellow spies, but never displayed a tremor of more than impersonal interest in any of them. It was his job to report to his chief the evidence in each case; and a knowledge of how the French were catching and convicting spies was of immense value to the German directors who were training and sending out new agents. As an interpreter he did absolutely nothing to impair the confidence of the court wherein he officiated, and what to many a suspect would have been a disquieting test was to him the rare opportunity of an artist in espionage.

Spies such as this interpreter are of a rare and especially dangerous type which achieves insidious power by some bold play of chance and is protected thereafter by that same isolated incident of fortune. On the staff of the Crown Prince of Bavaria there was a highly regarded young major whose indefatigable zest for his work was scarcely comprehended at the time. Prince Rupprecht's much prized aide was, in fact, an Englishman, connected with the British Intelligence Department and sent into Germany before the war as Trench and Brandon and adventurous others had been. Fortuitous circumstances brought him his commanding post and he held it by wit and skill almost to the Armistice; whereupon, changing his uniform

at last, he became equally useful in helping with the negotiations which terminated German resistance. His worth as a spy while a Bavarian staff major may, of course, be only conjectured. It would mainly depend upon his having arranged for some means of steady and secret communication, a problem presenting him with more and more difficulty with each day that he grew in royal favour. Envious associates, ingratiating subordinates, might watch him more closely than detectives out to convict him. Yet it is presumed that something exceedingly clever and unique was contrived by or for this spy, as the War Office in London has shown a proper reluctance to describe his operations.

Assignments or promotions like his or the interpreter's are naturally uncommon; what with officers of the counter-espionage services everywhere resolved to make them extinct. But no immunity will ever be devised against the resident spy of diligence and intellectual gifts. Karl Zievert was such a secret agent. Drawing two salaries as a Russian official, another from Berlin, and an added bonus from Vienna after war was declared, he had been living in Russia virtually all his life, and for more than forty years, with authority derived from the Minister of the Interior direct, had been employed in Kiev as a confidential postal censor. He was permitted thereby to open mail addressed to General Alexeieff, chief of the Imperial Staff, to study the letters written by Mme. Brussiloff, wife of the army commander, to the wife of General Trotski, commandant of the Kiev district, and he even dipped into the official correspondence of the Minister of War and Count George Bobrinski, the Russian governor of occupied Aus-

trian territory in Galicia. A born bureaucrat, Zievert was only incidentally a German spy, since he had climbed to the top in the secret bureau of postal espionage—the so-called Black Cabinet—at Kiev by his prolonged and competent work in spying upon notable Russians for other notable Russians. Epistolary secrets were his stock-in-trade, and he seems to have given good value to all his customers, foreign or domestic.

Long service made Zievert invaluable to any espionage chief that used him. More informal spies surpassed him, however, in swift and terrible penetration of military matters intended to be hidden from the enemy. It is known now that a spy in the Russian railway service kept the German staff in East Prussia acquainted with the Russian field cipher during the first two months of the World War. Generals Rennenkampf and Samsonoff were bitter opponents. It was characteristic of the Tsar's government to place them side by side in the field, commanding armies whose co-operation was imperative. Knowing the field cipher, the German opponents of these two generals could instantly translate all wireless messages passing between them as their armies invaded East Prussia. Von Hindenburg engaged Samsonoff at the Masurian Lakes, and the Russian commander called upon Rennenkampf for aid; but because of their long-standing grudge, Rennenkampf refused to move his troops into position, which would have brought a Russian army full upon von Hindenburg's undefended flank and rear.<sup>1</sup> Being immediately informed of this eventful, persisting enmity, von Hindenburg pressed on and

<sup>1</sup> General von Hoffman, *The War of Lost Opportunities*.

destroyed each of the invading Russian armies in detail. The spy supplying the cipher probably received a few hundred roubles for his trouble. But he had helped to make an old general famous, and that fame of von Hindenburg's was to become the bulwark of the German people and sustain them in spirit for years afterward. Russia, in turn, had suffered an appalling disaster, with six corps annihilated in as many days of battle and thousands taken prisoner or drowned in the Lakes. The cipher could be changed, but not again in four years was Germany so threatened with invasion.

No list of great amateurs of espionage will ever be compounded hereafter omitting the name of Colonel Lawrence—Lawrence of Arabia. An acknowledged genius, a young man of odd traits and fascinating Oriental scholarship, Lawrence besides proving himself one of the most formidable leaders of irregular troops in history showed also throughout the campaigns in Asia Minor that as a spy he was able to penetrate the Turco-German lines at will. His disguises were masterly, and once in Damascus led to his being mistaken for a Turkish deserter and beaten unconscious as a disciplinary measure. He was himself never without adequate intelligence of the enemy forces arrayed against his variable command, and the results of his spying were of inestimable value to General Allenby in the Palestine campaign. But Lawrence has written so vividly and becomingly of his exploits, in espionage as in other military pursuits, that the reader may best be referred to the narrative in the pages of his own memorable book.

For informality in getting espionage results the amateur

champion of the World War would appear to be a Belgian who was employed in an executive capacity in a steel works at Liège when the 1914 invasion began. By the individual daring and uninstructed efforts of this patriot, the Allies were presented with a schedule of all German troop trains passing through Liège up to the 22nd of August, when his means of communication—by refugees going to England—ceased being available. For days he hid in a railroad culvert, watching for trains and counting the cars as they passed above his head. He was even able to take note of artillery and other conspicuous units of the invading forces. If trained professionally for secret service he could not have conducted himself more expertly; and all that which he learned he communicated to the British staff in time. But regardless of accurate information, the regular army that crossed the Channel needed twice its strength to turn the tide at Mons or Le Cateau.

, , ,

§ 2. If much military espionage of importance was allotted to civilians during the World War, it was not because soldiers were over-cautious or encouraged to shirk duty within the enemy's lines. Civilians living close to an armed conflict—and at Armentières, for example, some resolutely lived less than seven hundred and fifty yards from the trenches—seem almost to recruit themselves for military secret service. Espionage is perhaps but one more of those difficult professions in which, as with acting or writing plays, nearly every one feels designed to achieve an easy

distinction, while counter-espionage, the discovery of hostile spies, is the war-fevered indulgence of the millions. But because a simple act of spying seems so readily accomplished and helping to fight a battle complicated and terrible in the extreme, civil venturers will forget what the soldier is bound to remember. Neutrals seeking profit and every sort of renegade, ex-convict, and mongrel hurry to the highest bidder when war has been declared. Great packs of these jackals would be sneaking and prying and taking down invisible memoranda all over the military scene if it were not for the persuasions of the court martial and the firing squad. And oddly enough the doom awaiting them if they are caught never routs or checks these mercenary spies; it scarcely appears to occur to them, until some of their own kind are taken, tried, condemned, and executed. Then they melt away, or seek to change sides. Which was why, during the war in Europe, much grim publicity about executions was put forth by both sides; and why today in censored Russia an espionage trial is given every chance to get to the cables or radio.

The greatly successful spies have had to indulge in too much that was ruthless and unmoral ever to commend them—regardless of patriotic motives—to the taste of the sentimental majority or to those scholarly conservatives who fashion history's laurels. But this, mingling with the addition of the capital penalty to espionage, has had the curious result of making most famous those spies who failed. The first authentic military spy acting under orders from an American commander in the field—Nathan Hale—did not succeed in his mission and lost his life. So that the Ameri-



can schoolboy, acquainted with his country's heroes, thinks more often of a spy as one who is caught and hanged. Even competent authorities have never bothered to wonder what Hale's failure cost his commander-in-chief.

No matter how genuinely patriotic a professional spy may be, some other qualifications of his will be less admirable than patriotism. Daring and self-assured, keen-witted, imaginative and ingenious, he cannot afford to have a scruple to his name. Manuals of bayonet drill begin by reminding the uninitiated that in actual bayonet fighting there is no foul. And a handbook of espionage practice might similarly invite all candidates to remember that they must never indulge a sense of fair play, or hamper secret service operations with civilian ethics or kindred moral luggage. Remote though the spy may be from the criminal classes of the underworld, he may have occasion to use them and often their methods. In emergencies he must stand ready to act as any criminal would, desperate, anti-social, a hunted thing, with honour as well as life lightly regarded, with no fraud, no forgery, theft, perjury, betrayal, or act of violence put beyond the demands of an overshadowing expediency.

The work of spying or counter-spying, the importance of it and the risk—the capital penalty attaching to the former, and the indiscriminate hazards of the latter—make professional secret agents somewhat of a race apart. They are not always mysterious, as in fiction; they endure much more of a tedious routine than the romantic view of their calling would include; they are patriots perhaps with private lives of untarnished integrity, comparatively dull and

steady and matter-of-fact. They may even be immune to the so-called spirit of adventure, and it is all the better for them if they are not inclined to dramatize their work. But adventurers they are and the ingredients of their profession must not be wanting in a curious compound unlike anything needed by the soldier or explorer, the mercenary, the speculator, the filibuster, or smuggler, or other adventurous law-breaker. In the matter of languages alone, the really great professional spy will be a gifted linguist, able to speak fluently with the precise accent required—or with none at all—according to the character of his masquerade. The historically neglected Mithridates VI, great king of Pontus, mastered more than twenty tongues and dialects so that he might be his own chief spy. ✓

Besides languages and a technical acquaintance with military subjects, which a school can teach, the secret agent must have unteachable qualities, such as a natural boldness, and on occasion perfect insouciance, or that talented unobtrusiveness which is so much better than stealth, and also imagination enough to be a clever spy, but not so much as to be misleading and unreliable. There are a certain few cardinal rules of espionage conduct which every professional in the service might be expected not merely to know but to believe in thoroughly; and yet the history of the World War can never be interpreted without details of the blundering conspiracy, statistics of the perverse and unintelligent performances of diplomats, attachés, special agents, professional spies, and propagandists, whose employers paid for deceptive craft and got transparent stupidity. )

Some spies became scared at the first glance and quickly confessed. Not a few awkwardly insisted that they had only come "to study the decline of enemy morale." Patriot spies allowed themselves to show their fervid patriotism when hearing news of victory on their side; or worse, they attempted to advertise hearty approval of a defeat for their side, which actually worried them and hurt their pride. They sometimes seemed deliberately to ignore facts, but reported rumours—and not as rumours, which the spy should do, but as facts. German spies repeatedly indulged in propaganda and in the destruction of property, both of which are acts of war, but should be left to agents especially selected for the task, whose failure and detection will not imperil other spies in an espionage system which can hardly be repaired once it is broken down.

Spies are expected to look out for boasters and listen to them; but where the conflict of secret service was most severe, in the Balkans and the eastern Mediterranean world, the boasting of the spies themselves resounded so loudly they often could not even hear each other. Rather than listening to the gossip, many spies caused it. They were expected to gain advantage by striking up an acquaintance with officers and soldiers who were disgruntled and in debt, accessible to friendly offers of a loan which might turn out to be a bribe; but instead most of them were never in funds themselves, and continuously begging headquarters for another cash advance.

Not all this vast unfamiliarity with common sense may be turned aside and attributed to the inferior types of men or women who engaged in professional spying. Since the

German Empire had the most spies, it also suffered the most from bungled intrigue. But from Stieber's time there had been the doctrine of individual merit and public excellence deriving from espionage, governmental conspiracy, and the like dishonourable activities of a secret yet official character. Personages of more than knightly rank were expected to debase themselves for the sake of the spying which must go on; and the German Intelligence manual pointed out that espionage duty was "more fruitful of distinction" than the regular routine of duty in the army. The evidence seems to show, however, that in spite of Stieber, in spite of his doctrine of secret service for all, and notwithstanding the lords and gentlemen participating or the schools expensively conducted, a majority of the active spies knew little or nothing about espionage. They were chosen and trained to be of the most use to their directors and employers, not to save their own lives or grow in efficiency. It is accepted that the hired spy becomes troublesome in time, anyway; and with this thought overemphasized and the training underdone, there is no reason to wonder that the Allies detected so many hirelings and professionals who were not even amateurs in point of acquaintance with their jobs.

Eva, a governess, who had secured a position in a distinguished household in London, was mildly suspected there and questioned. She at once broke down and admitted her intention of spying, but also claimed that she had as yet had no opportunities for securing any important information. She had, in fact, had the best of opportunity before arousing suspicion; but she simply did not know what game she was playing. The girl naïvely admitted this,

too. She had been sent to England, she said, by her lover, an officer, and was going to be a spy to please him. In addition to his affectionate esteem, however, she was to gain two hundred marks each month, and was waiting for that. German spy-masters wasted time on drug addicts, pitiful and terrible creatures craving their narcotic and ready to promise anything to obtain it. German chemists could send them plenty; and small packages of the necessary drugs were smuggled into France, being secretly affixed underneath a certain car in a freight train coming from Switzerland. But the agents who distributed these prizes through the underworld of Paris must have been childish in the extreme, if they supposed that a drug addict could be relied upon to get accurate military intelligence, or even know it if he should come across it. Criminals, it is true, might be bribed with narcotics to murder or steal; but the trustworthy men who really possessed vital army secrets with a war being fought were never indifferent to their responsibility and were also well protected from the criminal class.

‘       ‘       ‘

§ 3. A decalogue for the aspiring spy would offer many singular injunctions, among them—do not betray an obvious national characteristic. French spies were warned not to be too polite; for politeness in men is noticed by women, particularly by those who are not accustomed to it, and the same women when there is war spare a great deal of time to the nourishing of more or less illogical suspicions. A successful agent of the French was in Munich posing as a

commercial traveller for a concern in Berlin, and was denounced to the police by a waitress in a restaurant who said that he had thanked her whenever she brought him anything and that so much "thank you!" convinced her he was not what he pretended to be. Certain German agents had actual difficulty in concealing a triumphant exuberance at the beginning of the World War when the military situation seemed favourable. An arrogant or boorish, conceited, theatric, or vociferous spy will hang much sooner than a courtly one, and with a good deal more applause.

It would be an agreeable thing to tell of spies with super-theatrical genius in grease paint and false whiskers. But the edifying facts are that modern spies rarely disguise themselves at all romantically if they can help it; and nearly always they can. A false name on a passport, or an American suit of clothes on a German sailor, is part of modern disguise. The worst kind of professional informer may pose as a gentleman; a nobody will come forth as a duke incognito—and that is disguise. Pretending to be an officer of the opposing army or navy is a very difficult and daring but not an uncommon practice. All directors of secret service know that those waves of civilian hysteria common to every nation at the outbreak of war—the wild rumours, the spy scares—serve to cover the initial enterprises of any enemy agents smart enough not to resemble the then current popular conception of menacing aliens. With public excitement tormenting the agencies of counter-spying upon every chance suspicion or false alarm, the genuine spy finds he can disguise himself by his conduct. Either he may run with the pack and clamour for the arrest

of every obvious foreigner; or he may avoid turbulent patriots and quietly choose his ground—later to be developed for espionage—where his pleasantly normal way of living deceives the most vigilant.

The American secret agent in the war years who was assigned to keep watch upon Plutarco Elias Calles, then governor of Sonora and notoriously pro-German, did have to disguise himself—as a Mexican. That he succeeded is shown by his even having been permitted to travel on the Sonoran dictator's train on several important occasions; but all he used apart from suitable garments was a liberal application of iodine to darken his skin from head to foot, and when this treatment became too painful he added dirt.

The clever spy knows he will be active and that nothing about him must ever rub off; the clever spy best hides his identity by seeming stupid—the athlete becomes a clod—the cleanly officer and intelligent gentleman has always the possible disguise of grime and bad manners, and evil and unwholesome living. One American officer who deserves a measure of anonymous fame for adroitness of method while on naval intelligence duty in the Near East found that the disguise of affected dissoluteness was a positive aid to his work. Behave as badly as you know how, he advises, having served his country abroad too long for poor pay and no glory to care about amendments attached to its Constitution. Be reckless, gay, fast, and altogether individual in deportment, he says. There are always those unknowns you will have to outwit—and, alas, sometimes they appear on the surface to be friends and allies—and when they observe your roistering they will be of good cheer. They will

discount your abilities, and lower their guard. Very often they will quietly contrive to report you, hoping to have you recalled and thus clear their field. By the co-operation of your own chief you will be kept informed from what sources the complaints lodged against you are springing; and thus you smoke out your more difficult antagonists. You understand them and they misunderstand you, which is half the battle . . . ! All of which would seem to apply especially to post-war conditions in a quarter of the world where the victorious Allies of a sudden grew more suspicious of each other than of any of their lately overthrown foes.

Linguistic ability, inherent talent, artful training, personal superiority—not all of these will avail the spy anything if he fails to choose an easy disguise and a part that he can play with unmistakable familiarity. Furthermore his luck must be reasonably good; chance rules so many situations in the venturesome espionage game. The cleverest spy, if luck runs persistently against him, may as well shoot himself and save his foes the trouble of a trial and the waste of a firing party's ammunition. There was a luckless secret agent whom the British captured during the World War that stirred a good deal of sympathy because he was so palpably unfitted for the peculiarly dangerous sort of work he had undertaken. His name was Fernando Buschman and he was a gentleman of means and a cultivated musician. He had been born in South America, but his parents were German, and returning to Germany he had married the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer. Buschman had a good knowledge of aeronautics, having even invented a plane in 1911 and received then the permission



of the French Government to use the aerodrome at Issy for his experiments.

It may be presumed that Buschman, living in Germany and of German descent, had felt a patriotic desire to serve in the war or had felt the patriotic pressure of his wife's family, his friends, and neighbours. Who can tell what it is that would drive a cultivated artist, hopelessly incompetent in conspiracy, to join as formidable a thing as was the German espionage service in the war? Before going on duty, this man was detailed to the spy school at Antwerp, where the notorious *Mademoiselle le Docteur* held sway and where secret service brains of a fearfully acute variety were supposed to abide. But they were surely nodding when they came to Fernando Buschman. Though valuably informed about flying—and at a time when this was much less common knowledge than it is today—he was not given any assignments related to aviation, but was sent to England to try to uncover naval secrets at Southampton and Portsmouth.

He was prepared to pose as a commercial traveller, while knowing less about business than he did about professional spying. The poor fellow carried his precious violin about with him in a very conspicuous case. And even so, he was doing fairly well until his funds ran low, whereupon he wrote unguardedly to Holland, asking for more money. The British postal censors—those clever watch-dogs who nipped so many plots in the bud!—had troubled to acquaint themselves with the addresses in certain Dutch cities to which German agents wrote, and so, when Buschman's letter turned up bearing one of the addresses that were

known, it was instantly put aside for special investigation. Buschman had used no invisible inks, but had stated his request in such terms as to make his mission in England unmistakable.

He was arrested and brought to London to be questioned. He claimed to represent a firm doing an immense trade in cheese, fruit, potatoes, safety razors, and such unrelated oddities as stoves, picric acid, cloth, and rifles. And as if this were not absurd enough, he mentioned as his employers the firm of Dierks & Co. of The Hague. Naturally the British agents in that capital had investigated the firm and found them insignificant tobacco merchants, occupying but one room. Fernando Buschman's conviction and death were predicted the moment he started explaining his mercantile relations.

He had not needed employment and presumably in taking the chances of a spy he had expected to be a good one. While in prison he was courteous, resigned, and popular. He solaced himself with his violin until the final hour of his life, and then put it away in its case and patted it tenderly, saying: "Good-bye, I shall not need you any more." He smoked a last cigarette and shook hands with those who had been in charge of him during his captivity, thanking each of them for consideration shown him, an enemy and a spy. This part he *could* play, if not the other!—and he declined to have his eyes bandaged and faced the rifles with becoming resignation.

Mueller and Altschuler, two of the smartest of the Austrian agents operating in Russia, were also men able to

make their way in good society. They were useful spies, but exceedingly wary; and each of them escaped with his life after being detected. It was even said that the wife of the Russian Minister of War was planning to visit Altschuler—who had reached his native Vienna not only with military information but also with his profits from private speculations in army contracts—and see his fine new estate near the Austrian capital, when war came down and closed the frontiers. Mueller, after operating behind the Russian front for nearly two years, was careless enough to betray himself, and an agent of the *Okhrana*—the Tsar's secret police—pounced upon him. But Mueller had an engaging personality and he understood the Russian temperament only too well. He began confessing to his interrogators about Austro-Hungarian secret service projects in Russia. He gave them thrilling facts, even denouncing three Russian spies who were taking Austrian pay. And then, when he had told all he cared to and the time of his own court martial drew near, Mueller escaped—it was supposed, with the connivance of somebody else whose treason he had known but refrained from exposing.

The Serb, Krivosh, another spy of the sharper Eastern cut and polish, advanced himself by his gift for languages. A poor man, he was glad to draw pay from the Russians and from those secretly interested in Russia's military power. He was one not highly placed, but he felt no distaste for undertaking a good stiff climb. For a time he acted as General A. A. Brussiloff's headquarters interpreter and translator. He attracted the attention of Prince Orloff, the Tsar's most trusted courtier and the head of his private

chancellery. Orloff needed a translator and interpreter, too, and Krivosh somehow managed to appear more available than hundreds of patriotic Russians. Spying so craftily that nothing he had conveyed to Austria or Germany ever came back in a way to work his ruin, the Serb finally suggested to Orloff that he deserved public recognition for his discreet and linguistic attainments. Orloff got him a commission, and he was assigned to the staff of the Russian 8th Corps. Here he was approaching the wholesale opportunities of Karl Schulmeister; but adroit plotter though he was he could not move swiftly enough to keep pace with the rapid eclipse of the Romanoff régime. In the midst of uprisings and treason and communistic levelling the enemy secret agent became relatively unimportant.

The revolution uncovered the name of Krivosh among many others on the suspect lists of the secret police. Thus it would seem that this nobody, this south Slavic poor relation, had so entrenched himself beside the great of Muscovy that not even the *Okhrana* was eager to touch him. And before the agents of counter-espionage were ready to make a case, their authority had gone and so had Krivosh.

In Palestine and Asia Minor the British contended with several clever spies as difficult to apprehend as those of Austro-German allegiance behind the armies of the Tsar. Allenby's military intelligence officers referred to two of these amazing agents as Preusser and Francks; but they might as well have been ticketed Missing Persons A and B for all the good that came of knowing them by name. Preusser, the more elusive and mysterious of the two, had, like Colonel Lawrence, a mastery of Arabian disguise. To

his Turkish allies he was "the Bedouin," and on at least three occasions he is now known to have penetrated the British headquarters at Cairo. From Constantinople to the Egyptian city he journeyed about at will, collecting information from lesser spies, native residents and local scouts in German or Turkish pay. Preusser was never caught; he did not even come to Lawrence's misfortune of being beaten insensible by a Turkish sergeant who believed him an Arab deserter.

Francks—promoted to "Captain" and then "Major" by his admiring adversaries, who were disturbed by his daring genius, but good enough sportsmen not to grudge him his game—working somewhat more boldly than Preusser, needed more than a theatrical make-up for his deceptive appearances. He readily passed for a British or Colonial officer, and such was his equipment and versatility he never presented himself as the same man twice. Of fine figure, easy manners, possessed of technical knowledge in nearly all military branches and with an extensive and alarming enemy wardrobe, Francks conspicuously wore the uniform of the staff, red tabs and every other detail complete. Or he affected the blue tabs and special insignia of the ordnance staff, and thus once brazenly "inspected" a regiment of artillery. He acquired at another time the complete explanation of an intended barrage; and besides often compelling hurried and awkward changes of plan, he caused progressive annoyance to every officer that remotely resembled him, who might be stopped though upon the most urgent of errands and detained an hour for identification as the menacing spy.

## V

### COMMUNICATION: THE SPY'S MOST HAZARDOUS UNDERTAKING

§ 1. The spy's great moment of danger comes, not when he is spying, but when he undertakes to transmit whatever information he has been able to secure. Nine out of every ten who are detected by counter-espionage agents have faulty communication to blame for their arrest and court martial. And in consequence, a great deal of cleverness and imagination has been put to work upon the spy's problems of transmitting intelligence, with results ingenious and novel, and sometimes absurd and fantastic. In the World War, with the river Scarpe at Arras flowing past the British and on to the enemy positions, it was reported that a German spy had communicated by cutting slits in fish, inserting his messages, and floating the fish and the military information down the river to his waiting compatriots. This spy was not caught, and only one message he had sent was intercepted. British soldiers were ordered to gather in and sort all the refuse of the river as it flowed past their lines; and by this unpleasant assignment was one more espionage stratagem thrown into the discard.

The use of carrier pigeons by spies was so common a practice that all troops at the front were commanded to shoot any pigeon seen flying toward the enemy. It is pretty well authenticated that one such pigeon was brought down

and found to have been painted in gay colours to resemble a parrot, it being some spy's belief that a parrot in Flanders would attract less attention. When the wind was right German agents in France occasionally tried to use small balloons for carrying over their messages. German snipers would pick off these toys as they sailed along, so that they fell in the proper area; and French and British snipers were instructed to watch out for toy balloons and shoot them down before they drifted over to the enemy.

Letters travel fast and true enough for the purposes of the spy in times of peace. But when there is war, letters travel directly into the hands of a painstaking censor, who will note any mark, design, misspelling, underlining, or unusual phrasing which seems even remotely to indicate a code. The use of sympathetic and invisible inks was thought to be a means of defeating the processes of censorship. But the spy, Anton Küpferle, who followed Lody to the Tower, was detected when a letter he addressed to Holland showed traces of invisible writing. Küpferle was, to be sure, a clumsy choice for espionage work. He had once been in business for himself in Brooklyn, and Colonel von Papen, who financed him, seems to have thought his experience all that would be necessary to convince the British of his American citizenship. Not a few German agents in the World War were bothered by accent. One letter in one little French word—the *v* in *vingt*—cost at least three spies their lives. In the case of Küpferle, however, the English he spoke was not merely broken, it was pulverized. He was already under suspicion before he landed at Liverpool, and only allowed to visit Dublin and go thence to London,

where—as soon as he had posted the letter which would convict him—the detectives of New Scotland Yard terminated the brief career of an agent whose genuine patriotism could not offset total incompetence.

New and remarkable inks were concocted by chemists on both sides as soon as the simpler combinations in use had been found perceptible to the enemy, and each new one had to be sent out by secret means to equip the spies actively at work. Inks were, therefore, frequently prepared as medicines, soaps, tooth pastes and ointments. But an even better method of dispatching small quantities of writing fluid to a spy was to have an entirely innocent traveller asked to deliver some article of clothing to a friend abroad. This friend, of course, was the spy, or his accessory; and the garment to be delivered might be any coat or waistcoat, shirt, trousers, or pair of socks—which had been saturated with the new ink. Perhaps so simple a process as boiling himself a shirt or sock would provide the agent with enough liquid residue to inscribe many a newspaper margin or other surfaces needing to get by the vigilance of the censor. A very famous spy message came to England from a Belgian agent at the beginning of the war. It was concealed on a large sheet of paper, as greasy as though it had been smeared with lard, and in the centre of which a large hole had been burned. Written upon the paper in lemon formalin ink was a remarkable detailed estimate of the strength of the German forces then sweeping across Belgium toward France; and this writing went right through the grease to the edge of the burned hole, began at the opposite edge of the hole and continued to the border of the sheet. To make



the subterfuge complete the paper travelled to England wrapped around a pair of shoes that a refugee carried with other hurriedly bundled possessions.

Even "duds" were occasionally suspected as shells which could not explode because they carried instructions to spies rather than the more usual death-dealing substances. The spy was presumed to know when and where his particular "dud" would be fired. He must then lurk nearby and dig it up, and secure and examine the contents without being discovered or blown to pieces by the wrong shell. And if all this seems of questionable utility in secret service, it may here be well to mention that many spies were provided with as bulky an object as a crate of carrier pigeons—which were sometimes sent over at night by airplane—and relied upon to conceal themselves and the pigeons from inquiring eyes. An English resident agent, Richardson, living at Roubaix, was being visited by a German staff officer when a pigeon that he had began sticking its head coyly out of the basket. The German affected indifference, but he soon went away and returned with soldiers. Richardson, certain that the carrier had been discovered, had meanwhile put a small hen in the basket and this substitute so puzzled the searchers, that they finally departed without suspecting that he had hidden the pigeon elsewhere until it might be safely liberated.

Possession of a carrier pigeon meant more than being liable to arrest as a suspected spy. Had the Germans taken Richardson's carrier away they would certainly have used it to send over false intelligence designed to do their British enemies as much harm as they could contrive. Since this

responsibility was always understood, on more than one occasion secret agents thought of setting free their pigeons before trying to escape themselves when detection seemed only a matter of minutes. An aviator in 1916 was taking over a spy to be landed in an obscure part of Belgium; and as the spy was not going to be sent for in less than a fortnight he was supplied with three pigeons to leave with a resident agent and use at intervals in making preliminary reports before he returned himself with the military intelligence that he was expected to get in full. Though a skilful pilot, the aviator's machine failed him as he neared the designated landing place and he crashed, his companion, the spy, being killed, and he painfully injured. But the carrier pigeons were saved by the limber little basket in which they travelled. The aviator could not reach them, for his leg was broken and he was tangled up in the wreckage of his plane. He knew that he would be found in a few hours, and if by a German patrol, that the pigeons would be taken at once to the nearest headquarters, whence each could be set free bearing a report to the Allies as craftily erroneous as the present German plans might require. He began shouting for help in the belief that no troops would be passing that way before daybreak; and thus it turned out, for an old Belgian market woman was the first to hear his cries, and it was she who grasped the meaning of his pantomime and opened the pigeons' basket, before doing anything else to relieve him.

‘       ‘       ‘       ‘

§ 2. The use of the airplane in putting spies over the front lines of the enemy is the greatest modern innovation in the history of espionage. It was first attempted in the Balkan Wars of 1912 and '13, and the name of an adventurous young American is linked with the experiment then and with its initiation by the French army staff in the closing months of 1914. Lieutenant Bert Hall began as an army flier with the Turks in 1912; he used a French monoplane and was engaged to do air scouting for the not excessive sum of one hundred dollars a day in gold. The Turkish army was kept on the defensive. When Adrianople was besieged after their defeats at Kirk-Kilisseh and Lule-Burgas, the Turks' chief interest in flight began to turn toward Asia Minor. Hall had done good work, and when his pay stopped he stopped. He took himself and his plane and French mechanician over to the Bulgarians and was invited to scout for them at the same figure; and as he had become well acquainted with the fortified positions of the Turks before Constantinople while employed by them, it was suggested to him that he try landing behind the lines at Tchataldja for purposes of espionage. Hall pointed out the recognized differences between scouting, which he had engaged to do, and spying. But he consented to try to land a Bulgarian agent inside the Turkish lines for what he considered to be an adequate fare.

When the Bulgars began defaulting in their payments, however, Hall regarded the war as over for him. He seemed to have exhausted the cash of two combatants so far as air scouting was concerned, and he was packing up to leave when arrested as a Turkish spy. This typically Balkan

method of discouraging a creditor fixed the American in a critical situation. As a soldier of fortune he could not call upon American attachés or diplomats for aid, and as he had worked for the Sultan it was going to be hard to prove he was not still secretly in his pay. Being tried by court martial, he was sentenced to be shot. His French mechanic, detained as an unimportant accessory, contrived to escape, but returning with a few kindred spirits proceeded to wreck the Bulgar guard house, and rescued Hall. In August 1914 the American aviator repaid his debt to the devotion of the French by joining the army of France on the second day of the war. After three months he was transferred to the air service. He became a member of the Lafayette Escadrille, and at the close of the war was one of two survivors of that famous group of pilots. But before the formation of the Escadrille Lieutenant Hall was assigned the job of getting in and out of the German lines with French spies. This required, first, his flying at night—the darker the night the better—and landing his plane on an unfamiliar and hardly prepared field; then, starting off for his return flight, and repeating the whole perilous process two weeks later when he came back again to pick up the spy and his information. Hall, the pioneer, improvising a method as he went along, because of his coolness and masterly piloting, brought every secret agent back in safety; and in consequence his first decoration from the French was the Médaille Militaire, the highest honour awarded a soldier by the government of France and reserved for acts of extraordinary skill and heroism.

From such venturesome beginnings the air transit of

spies became a regular duty of the flying corps of every belligerent, and a variety of improvements in routine were originated to protect the flier and his passenger. The landing, for example, would be made near the house of a resident spy, who could shine a strong light up the chimney and therefore only visible directly overhead, if it were safe in his opinion to attempt to land. And this signal also helped inform the pilot upon his returning to take back the spy. On several earlier occasions the spy could not be ready on the night agreed, or had been detained as a suspect, or—as in one unsavoury instance of a neutral professional dancer paid well to go and enter into the night life of Brussels for a week—had found some less precarious occupation among the enemy; so that the pilot risked a trip for nothing and had to go back the next night and the next until the spy did appear, or had accounted for being absent through some other channel of secret communication. Questions arose, too, in regard to the aviator's position before a court martial should he and the spy he transported be taken prisoner together. There was no existing rule of warfare in the Hague conventions to cover the case of a flier caught while a participant in any undertaking of espionage; and in certain quarters anyway the rules of war were receiving spectacular inattention. The spy, therefore, was given a uniform on all subsequent journeys and did not change back into civilian attire until after the plane had delivered him at his destination. He hid the uniform there and wore it again when he was awaiting for the pilot to reappear and take him up on the return flight.

The Allies had an obvious advantage in this form of

secret service strategy. Belgium and the invaded departments of France were open to them with a thousand obscure landing places and with hundreds of patriots eager to lend a hand. Paying as little as seven hundred francs for the round trip, the British and French obtained former Belgian residents who could be put down near their homes or in neighbourhoods where they literally knew every foot of ground. To obtain equivalent familiarity in the West the Germans had to hire a French traitor who might know his way about but would be handicapped, possibly, by being known and liable to arrest on sight. When assured that the game was going against them, the Germans installed microphones to pick up the vibration of an airplane motor in those more remote sections of the occupied territories where no German pilots would have reason to be on night patrol. The Allies countered by reducing their fliers' necessary landings from two to one, the spy dropping down by parachute, which was conveniently noiseless, after the resident agent's chimney light had been discerned from on high. Thus, espionage evolved its most fantastic wonder of the war, with spies floating down out of the sky upon an enemy who expected them, but who would have needed to withdraw every soldier from the trenches to stand watch over so many partisan fields and gardens spread out to welcome and conceal them.

It takes all kinds of courage to make a war; and no doubt there were men or women brave enough to attempt spying who had very little desire to fly, or to pass over anti-aircraft batteries, or to land in the dark, or worse, to jump off from a moving plane and trust the parachute to open.

✓ Yet the advantage to the spy, as well as to the cause he served, in making his approach by air must have been apparent to everyone. Assume that the spy has made a safe landing, changed his clothes, and set off across country to reach a town, departure from which is the beginning of the story he is to tell hostile military police. He is to write down nothing, since he himself will return in not more than a fortnight to report all he has been able to see. It is natural for him to stare at any troops he passes; soldiers expect to stir the wonder, fear, or admiration of noncombatants. And as every soldier has some regimental or divisional mark upon his uniform, the spy, remembering those he sees, will accumulate valuable intelligence of the forces in reserve throughout the district.

If he comes upon a large park of artillery, it is his duty to learn how many guns are in the park, and to try to discover their general condition. By looking at a few here and there he can judge whether they are all new, or whether some or all of them have been in service, and he can also approximate the different calibres. But it would be fatal to show continued interest in cannon. He must not seem to count them; and so without paying any further attention to them, the spy may set off walking casually around the park, counting his paces—so much in length—so much in width—and then, multiplying to determine total area. He has, of course, already informed himself of the average space each type of ordnance occupies. He divides total area by this, and with such crude arithmetic can decide within a few guns the exact number of them that he has seen. Perhaps he will have to accept from a resident agent some re-

port in writing which is too much to memorize with his own information; but if so, he wisely puts off carrying about with him this evidence of his espionage until just before he is due to meet the plane which is to come for him.

Whenever any spy at work can avoid having to pass by a frontier post where he is sure to be questioned, searched, and suspected as a matter of course, and whenever he can do without written communication to his superiors no matter how cunningly the writing may be hid; then his effectiveness and his personal security are both enormously improved. By use of the airplane, secret service agents practically eliminate frontier risks, and make written reports seem like laziness. The spy who memorizes and presents his observations in person is now always favoured; for he may be questioned and a complete picture of all that of which he has informed himself is to be had for the asking, to the joy and relief of intelligence officers worn out with feeding upon fragments and codes and small secrets profoundly disguised.

§ 3. There was at least one blessing which accrued to secret service in the World War and that from the rigid censorships then in force. Except by means of aviation, the verbal delivery of intelligence was largely impracticable. Yet means of communication had to be immensely simplified to elude the censors; and there followed as this was being realized a gradual jettison of many of the world's most woeful mental contrivances. Complicated codes and



trick ciphers so involved that the mind of the lieutenant could be unhinged while contemplating them thus came to be dumped beside the matchlocks, muzzle-loaders, horse-pistols and other superannuated military items. It was still possible for a secret agent to reduce his written compositions to a series of fractured words and signs and numerals that would paralyse the ordinary enemy into whose hands it might unluckily fall. But since its very strangeness must inevitably divert the coded message to a censor's desk and entitle it then to go to an expert equipped for solving any riddle that lies long enough under his scrutiny, the spy gained nothing by taking pains except, perhaps, the earlier prospect of being run to earth and arrested.

Edgar Allan Poe wrote with fascinating clarity upon the intricate topic of deciphering or decoding messages designed to lock their secrets from anybody not possessing the writer's key. And the methods described by Poe have not altered greatly in a hundred years. Another American, Colonel Fabian, has devoted the resources of an acute mind and considerable leisure to all sorts of problems related to ciphers and coded communications. After examining thousands of pages of print, he perfected a table of frequency of letters which facilitates the work of the cipher expert in that—no matter how many nulls may have been scattered through a message to deceive him—a certain few letters are bound to reappear more often in the words of a naturally written composition than all the other letters of the alphabet combined. His table redistributes them thus:

E, T, A, O, N, I, S, H, R, D, L, C, U,  
F, M, P, W, G, Y, B, V, K, X, Q, J, Z.

Unless the words of any message have been selected as a stunt defying the law of averages—and such a selection would probably convey a very distorted meaning—fifteen per cent of the letters in it will be E; whereas but two per cent will be K, X, Q, J, and Z combined.

Now this facility in triumphing over codes is important because it controls their use in war. Codes and ciphers will always be the insulation of generals' ideas. Army orders no matter how transmitted should be in cipher, which is a simpler rearrangement of words or letters that can be quickly penetrated by one having the key, and never intended to baffle even a hostile eye for more than a few hours. Berthier, his chief of staff, said that Napoleon's handwriting was the most baffling cipher he knew. Ciphers merely perplex and cover up, while codes can bury a thought so deep it will never emerge again should the code book be lost. Codes use words or phrases for other meanings which are arbitrary and impossible of solution unless one learns what is meant by each independent item or expression of the code. During the war a British general officer experimenting with a rather unfettered sense of humour sent important orders by wireless to the front in clear. Yet, as he had expected, the Germans reading his concise and commanding remarks were convinced that here was a new and infinitely perplexing code and they did nothing whatever about it. Persistent employment of codes and ciphers in the field has that result; all expression becomes encrusted with complexity, and, if something does not seem in any way complex, then that is deemed the most polished bafflement of them all.

But where, pray, is the code that a spy may use and have it *pass the enemy censors*? If he is writing between the lines of a letter, or on a sheet of music, or a circular, or a newspaper in invisible ink, he is merely old-fashioned if he bothers to encode his intelligence. Development of a few letters or numbers will be enough to expose the missive as a dangerous document and cause its permanent removal from the mails. One spy was caught in England upon giving the authorities no more massive a clue than three numerals on the margin of a newspaper. Presumably if his numerals had been in code, he might have escaped with his life, or remained undetected a good deal longer. Yet spies came during the war to have a kind of superstitious antagonism to ciphers and codes. So many perished because of absurd or elaborate trickeries, that a vogue of extreme naturalness came in as the new protective colouration of espionage conduct. Two Hollanders, Janssen and Roos, attempted to act as naval spies; they were supposedly dealing in cigars, and sent telegrams ordering thousands of the most expensive brands from whatever seaport they visited. Coronas were believed to represent battleships, and "4000 Coronas" meant four battleships in the port from which the telegraphic "order" was sent. Naturally this sudden boom in the tobacco business was noted by the telegraphic censors. When the Dutch salesmen, who were really sailors by profession but lacking a berth—and rather helplessly inveigled into their fatal sideline—were questioned, they claimed to represent a firm in Holland that happened to be so obscure that their rush orders for an avalanche of perfectos would only have shattered the reason of the proprietor. Confronted

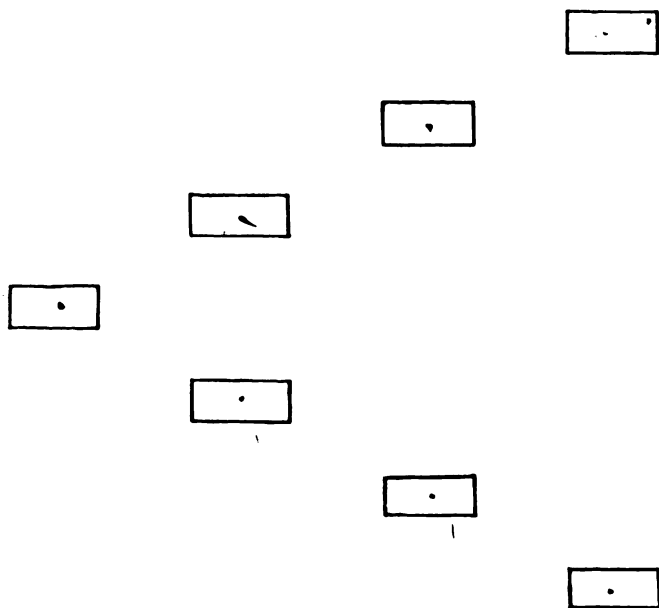
by the proofs gathering against them, each confessed, but the death penalty was inflicted upon both.

Ciphers were known to the Greeks and Romans, even as they used both pigeons and, according to one ancient commentator, trained swallows for conveying military messages. A resourceful Greek, the Tyrant of Miletus, wishing to stir up a revolt against Darius, but aware of the Persian's vigilance, had the head of a slave shaved and wrote his message upon it, and let the slave's hair grow again, before dispatching him to Aristagoras the Ionian, who could acquaint himself with the words of alarm by the simple process of shaving the slave's head again. And it is upon ruses in this happy vein that the modern secret agent has had to reflect when searching for new ways and means of transmitting secrets without appearance of secrecy. Chimney smoke in the Vosges region was thought to be a promising medium; it could be seen there for great distances and could be regulated in density or even expelled in carefully timed puffs to form a fairly flexible code. Small, almost microscopic, scratches upon coins were another subtle code. An entirely innocent traveller might be asked by an inoffensive looking hotel employee to carry a few coins "to a poor cousin" in some city for which the traveller was admittedly bound. Even neutral diplomats found the request difficult to refuse; if there was any hesitation, the poor cousin's welfare would be mentioned in gloomy retrospect of one who, before the war, had known better days. Perhaps the deserving cousin had sold things to tourists at Ostend; and now there were no tourists, all trade was stagnant, and what could one do? The traveller accepted the

reproduced temporarily upon a blank sheet of paper upon the receipt of each letter.

With even unbeatable code or cipher devices the spy who writes or wires his information to a confederate has still the threatful problem of addressing it. Censors in co-operation with officers of the counter-espionage service acquire a very definite knowledge of enemy spy headquarters in neutral cities, and tenaciously bear in mind any address that has ever been associated with suspected letters or telegrams. In the World War German agents were instructed at times to write to non-existent Belgian prisoners of war, which was a worthy stratagem; but a number of German spies who posed as commercial travellers were terribly mistaken in saying that they represented Dutch or Swiss concerns which had also been claimed by spies preceding them whose fate they possibly did not know. Soldiers in Great Britain returning to France after being on leave from the front were asked to post letters and did so without realizing that a letter brought into France by them escaped all supervision; and after arriving on French soil American officers were surprised to have people they supposed to be French and loyal citizens beg to have letters put into the American military post because it handled them so much more rapidly. And not always were letters the spy's chief communicating resource; for messages were detected inscribed on eggs ostensibly going to market, and on a curling-iron, eaten into the iron by acid and then covered with a thin and artificial coating of rust.

British agents in London obtained copies of sheet music which was subjected to examination only because it was



## EXAMPLE OF THE STENCIL CODE IN USE DURING THE WORLD WAR

To read the message on the next page, cut out the  
oblongs as indicated. Cf. page 103.

THE  
MUSEUM  
OF  
ARTS  
AND  
CRAFTS

October 25<sup>th</sup>, 1915.

Dear Frederic,

I received your letter on Monday although I expected it sometime around the 14<sup>th</sup>.

You are going to get a good scolding but it is reserved until I see you. I certainly hope that the division of the estate gets straightened out. It's dragging (at) least six months now.

I received a long letter today from Aunt Nancy. She is getting impatient too. She says Jean's next birthday is her twentieth. I could hardly realize it. Although my funds are very sadly depleted I am going to buy her something and say it's from you.

Take care of yourself and give my love to all.

Affectionately,  
Auntie.



Digitized by Google

addressed to a suspected resident of Zurich. There were two songs, *The Ladder of Love* and *On the Way to Dublin Town*, and the sender inscribed himself "Jack Cummings, Palace Theatre." No such individual existed; but that a spy was at work became clear when a new developer brought out between the bars of music a written report of his recent observations in England. By a smart piece of detective work, "Cummings" was proved to be Courtenay de Rysbach, the son of an Austrian who had become a British subject, and himself a rather talented vaudeville artist, a comedian, juggler, and trick cyclist. He had been filling an engagement in German music halls when war was declared, and had been interned in Ruhleben, being subsequently persuaded to turn spy and allowed to leave Germany and travel for his "health." But because he reported to an address already on the suspect list, his travels brought him a sentence of life imprisonment, which was considered lenient since his crime was treason as well as espionage. The French secret service collided with what some Germans called their "music trick" in an altogether different and more momentous form. Having found the postal censorship so destructive to secret communications, the German agents at headquarters began to send out orders to their spies in France by means of a music code, the song always being the same but the notes changing from week to week. Entitled *Myosotis d'Alsace*, this song arrived like a regular publication and, though dozens of copies were entering the country from a foreign music publishing house, it was not for a long while imagined to be an espionage bulletin. However, there was one suspect in a French port whose mail was

being closely watched; and every week with other music he received a copy of the song. After being tested for invisible writing, the sheet of music was photographed. Then it was discovered that, if the titles were uniform, the music was different in each copy. A cipher expert next went to work, and he solved the mystery. The French service had been worried for a time; wholesale instructions to spies coming from the Berne headquarters might lead to anything. But now they chuckled over their recent alarm. The song had not been offered for sale, so anybody thereafter having a copy of it must be connected with the German espionage system.

In the East there came into the possession of an English officer an autographed letter addressed by the German Kaiser to the ruling princes of British India. This political document had been photographed down to a size not greatly larger than a postage stamp; it was carried inclosed in a tiny tube which could be hidden very easily, and was expected to have a devastating effect. Persia would rise and then the wildest of the Afghans would invade India. The letter is now only remembered because of the ingenuity of its transmission.

The mere perforations of the stamps on letters might carry intelligence when the pages within yielded nothing. Picture postcards were used, glued tightly together and subjected to considerable pressure, on one face the address and on the other the picture, but in between them a thin strip of paper with an intelligence report or map upon it. Many have written feelingly of the spy's lonely career, with every acquaintance a possible counter-spy and his

few known friends and allies perhaps the worst menace of all. Yet the loneliness of some spies seems to have been responsible for great inventive industry. A German agent in the south of France when he had information to transmit copied it with a special ink on a piece of mica as thin as the finest tissue paper, and then deftly pasted this transparent slice on to a lens of his eyeglasses. Writing on small and thin pieces of paper had been a routine espionage effect; and many spies carried such papers in their pipes hidden underneath the tobacco, with the advantageous prospect of lighting up quickly and destroying the evidence of their guilt if they found themselves in danger of arrest. But when the mica and eyeglass innovation arrived, it seemed so extraordinarily clever that many a pipe was discarded.

There are fashions and whims and taboos in spying as in all other human endeavours. Secret agents recklessly venture their lives upon what they believe is inspiration; and their opponents of the counter-espionage service are also inspired, and work patiently for months with hardly a shred of real evidence good enough for a court martial and making no perceptible progress on the case. During the World War there was a man under suspicion in Paris who did nothing for weeks that warranted any action being taken against him. He was marked as a suspect for those indefinable reasons which render the counter-spying agent, who must heed even what he cannot define, so unique and invaluable a public defender. But at last one thing was noticed that might be a definite clue. The suspect, living in an obscure Parisian hotel and his room there searched repeatedly, had a few white handkerchiefs which he never

sent to be laundered. The commercial traveller type of spy had been losing steadily that year, carrying soaps made of potassium ferrocyanide, or toilet water that contained lead acetate; but in the precious white handkerchiefs there was a new chemical ink as yet unknown to the Allies. It took nearly two months to find a trace of it in the handkerchief which French agents borrowed from the suspected man, leaving him another in its place that looked exactly like it. And no wonder he had seemed to defy secret service observation! By the excessive patience of the counter-espionage officers and the chemists associated with them this new ink was at last uncovered; and then more than the one spy with the handkerchiefs was surprised by evidence suddenly brought forth against him.

The great German wireless station at Nauen used periodically during the war to seem to have an incoherent attack, when it would send out a senseless jargon and at terrific speed. This was only assumed to be an attempt to confuse the wireless operations of the Entente; yet like other German wireless sending, the high speed jumble was taken down on phonograph records for code reference. One day an Allied officer was playing over one such record, trying to detect a semblance of code. The phonograph ran down as he idly listened, playing more and more slowly. And then came his discovery. The speed of the wireless sending had really masked a well-defined code, used in conveying instructions to German agents in South and Central America; and only by this mechanical accident of slowing down was the masterly deception disclosed.

There is the familiar story of a British soldier-artist in

Flanders who sat down one day to sketch a windmill and found it turning jerkily *against* the wind, and a less familiar example of spies well placed but unwisely permitted to think for themselves concerns a mother and daughter resident for years at a strategic point not far from Amiens. Both women were of German birth and were German agents, located in France about 1901. Undoubtedly they were able to witness much that was indistinct to Teutonic intelligence officers seventy-five miles away. Yet it was a roundabout passage for urgent information sent via Antwerp or Berne; and so they concocted a method of signalling to German fliers with the wash that they hung out on a clothes-line. Suspicion now promptly rested upon them. The women did not bother to take in washing, and the French counter-spy who began to observe them could not believe any two persons would ever soil so much clothing in a routine existence. He noticed, too, that the garments displayed were often left out in rather dubious weather and were nearly all of them vividly colourful. With 900,000 already slain, the women of France were then generally clad in mourning or such sombre apparel that it did not clash with the tastes of the bereaved. Suspicion changed to certainty—German planes flew low, the pilots showing hazardous interest in scarlet and green and orange dresses or lingerie incessantly laundered—and presently the two spies who had waited for the war since 1901 were waiting in cells, with a very gloomy prospect.

In the closing months of the World War the various secret services began to take notice of a new science of signalling which made use of the infra-red and ultra-violet

rays. The infra-red rays are the long light waves which produce no colour sensation, and can therefore be flashed from a special signal lamp and remain unseen except by an observer with field-glasses equipped with a screen like the one on the special lamp. With the best atmospheric conditions, in full sunlight, signals of this kind have been transmitted a distance of eight miles; and as these rays also cause a marked change in the ordinary appearance of objects, such as airplanes, it will be seen to what strange triumphs of communication espionage is tending, and what overland wizardry secret service has ready for near-future conflicts. Ultra-violet rays, in turn, are the shorter light waves at the other end of the spectrum, and if projected from a special lamp at night can only be discerned by one using a properly improved telescope.

Thus the spy in his work endeavours to keep up to date. The communication methods of the future may not be predicted, but it seems certain that they will approach near to the fantastic in their scientific ingenuity.

## VI

### WOMEN AS SPIES AND SECRET AGENTS

§ 1. The all-time prize for effrontery in attempting to transmit enemy secrets after stealing them goes to a bland young woman who operated as a German secret agent in Warsaw during the first year of the World War. It has since been her boast that she easily kept track of five corps and followed their movements more accurately than the Russian Ministry of War. She was a plausible and fascinating creature, who undoubtedly had access to much information, for the Polish capital was near the front and Russian officers might come there on leave when they had not time for a longer journey. Fräulein's methods all possessed a beautiful simplicity. Living at the Hotel Bristol where a great deal of relaxation took the form of excess she made a point of befriending hapless or unwary subalterns, helped morning-after repentances, and lent money in an emergency—which, of course, necessitated a letter of gratitude and repayment, sent from the trenches after the borrower had returned to duty. Often she insisted upon forwarding some luxurious little gift, which had precisely the same result. "Tell me all about yourself—I want to feel that I know what you are doing every hour of the day," she said. By assuring each youth of her dawning infatuation, she inspired correspondence both ardent and informative. Then



all she needed for large-scale espionage was an ever expanding acquaintance, and enough talent to schedule her subsequent meetings so that each supposed himself her favourite and no mob of lieutenants gathered to overwhelm her.

One day she obtained a coded dispatch that she felt certain was highly important. She could not decode it herself; but she knew that General von Hoffmann, the German chief of staff in the East, had experts available who probably could. She had been used to getting minor items of intelligence which she pieced together with good result, but she seldom derived anything of an urgent, dramatic sort, so that her accustomed manner of communicating was tedious and roundabout and safe. Now she had a document of particular immediacy, and what could she do? Fräulein did what probably no other spy had ever done before. She summoned her most susceptible young officer then on leave in the city and at the hotel very royally entertained him. Then she suggested that he save himself—for her sake. He could desert and take a packet for her over to the German lines. She had influential friends in Germany and her mis-sive would assure him a welcome.

She stressed her anxiety. She wanted him safe for the remainder of the war. She promised to join him in Germany as soon as she could; and bemused by the woman he consented to her plan. Before he started, unknown to her, he wrote a letter to his brother explaining why he would not be in Warsaw to meet him when he, an artillery captain, arrived for the short leave that they had been anticipating. This letter he entrusted to the porter of the Bristol, who

was an agent of the Russian secret police. Noticing the young man's agitation the porter did not scruple to open and read the letter. The lieutenant was taken from his train on the way back to the front. He would have gone over to the German lines that night; but instead he returned to Warsaw under close arrest, and the dispatch was never received by von Hoffmann. One of her many friends warned Fräulein in time, and she escaped to Riga in disguise. Months later, on August 5th, 1915, Mackensen's army entered Warsaw. The porter at the Bristol was immediately arrested and was one of the first to be executed as a Russian spy. Fräulein was then on duty in San Sebastian, but the vengeful blow she struck had carried half across Europe.

The woman professional in secret service work is always imagined to be like that, a ravishing young person, accomplished, exquisite, and wise. Now many young women of refinement and attractive appearance shared in the hazards of espionage and counter-espionage on both sides during the European war, as have others of the sort in nearly all the conflicts of modern times; but these were patriots, amateur and inexperienced, however ingeniously they may have operated when the emergency arose. As a rule the woman professional spy is terribly like the masculine hireling in international secret service, a dubious plotter or common informer whose object is financial profit, and, perhaps, a certain sense of importance and power or intoxicating excitement. She is probably not old, and she may be wise if cynicism, greed, or unscrupulous self-indulgence is wise. But not often is she young and lovely and of superlative

charm; her elegance and wit seldom dazzle the discriminating.

When the World War began, a number of busy gentlemen connected with secret service and military espionage in Central Europe put their mistresses on the payroll. Imagine the astonishment of several of them when they discovered the women taking to the work with an aptitude surpassing their own. But with the exception of that brilliant and malign woman called *Mademoiselle le Docteur*—whose celebrity, like that of the spy, Mata-Hari, will be acknowledged in another chapter—none of these transplanted adventure-seekers continued in the secret service as effectively and eagerly as they began. Nowadays even the Germans will concede that a professional spy who uses her sex to succeed in espionage will eventually be lost because of its handicap. Many women of the underworld or the smart half-world are rather easily attracted; they react especially to kindness or to any aspect of manly heroism. Their own acute sex-consciousness, then, betrays them and they find themselves in love, as they believe, with an intended victim or even with a counter-espionage agent who is trailing them. They stop spying, they confide in the loved one recklessly, and in more than one instance during the war they sought to change sides.

/       /       /

§ 2. When Stieber of Prussia before 1870 loosed his cataract of espionage upon France, he included a great many women recruits, but of the baser sort—as he had

stipulated to his subordinates, "not bad looking but not too fastidious." He seems to have preferred a choice selection of subsidized barmaids, cashiers, servants in military canteens, and also domestic servants in the homes of the French politicians and of the professional and official class. His men were mostly farmers or retired non-commissioned officers helped into jobs in various commercial lines; but he afterwards acknowledged that their effectiveness as resident agents did not compare with the women. His successors in imperial Germany took this very much to heart. If Steinhauer had eight thousand spies in Belgium and the invasion zones of France when the war began, a goodly minority of them must have been women. But the French soon had intensely patriotic women of all classes co-operating with the secret police in a system of counter-espionage; and as a woman's suspicion of other women and her penetration of their pretences is a thing no man ever comprehends or nobly emulates, the feminine barrier thus devised in France turned out to be exactly what was needed to cancel the Stieber tradition. French military courts also aided, giving forth signs as of a grim and crusty bachelor personnel. While millions of men were dying on the battlefields, women spies, being justly convicted, were taken out courteously and shot with unsentimental promptitude. And the publicity allowed in their cases had the desired effect, many a woman stationed in France by enemy foresight quitting her espionage experiment for the duration of the war.

In the troubled years of the First Napoleon the zealous British spy-master, John H. Barnett, had believed that he could trump the French military ace by sending an en-

chantress against him. Since the name of Bonaparte had first startled half of Europe, there had been rumours of Desirée Clary and Caroline Bressieux and various others in temporary ascendancy. Barnett hoped to supply a new mistress who would report back to him, but he failed each time he tried, and his failure impressed the British for a century with the unreliability of women on missions of secret service. America, having had nearly half the fashionable ladies of Washington more or less involved in Confederate espionage during the Civil War, had no authority for believing the same thing. However, neither the circumstances of conflict in the Spanish-American War nor of American participation in the World War gave the American military intelligence or counter-espionage departments much chance to disprove—or prove—in regard to their own countrywomen, what is now so generally said: that a woman, though useful in impromptu spying or in counter-spying, is inadequate as a professional spy under modern conditions of international warfare.

The celebrated Belle Boyd, daughter of a Federal official, is mentioned by European students as America's only great woman spy who may be classed as a professional. Since no less a military genius than General "Stonewall" Jackson wrote to her in respectful gratitude when she had saved a force of his from capture, to rank this dashing agent of the Confederacy among the great or professional is not mere gallantry. She had no training for espionage; imposing upon the gallantry of her day seems to have been her only and unoriginal method of attack. And it was very effective. There was not an officer in the Federal army who

would have fired upon her point-blank. She carried secret intelligence through the Northern lines as an acknowledged Confederate sympathizer, not once or twice but a score of times, mainly because no Union officer cared to expose himself to unfavourable comparisons with Southern gentlemen by being rude to a lady whose mere intention was to have himself and his men surprised and wounded or slain. Belle Boyd gained renown by exploits of daring in an age when masculine endowments discovered in a woman were phenomenal. Her method would not have fared at all well with the German guards on the Dutch frontier of Belgium, who were most of them so difficult to distract that one courageous young woman who was a French spy preferred to make a fearful running jump from a stable roof across the high tension electric wires strung along the border rather than encounter their military patrol.

This patriot spy perfectly illustrates the limitations and possible measure of success of a clever woman turned professional agent. She lived in the city of Lille at the time of the invasion, and though she used the name of Alice Du-bois in her work, she was Mme. Louise de Butignies, of cultivated and aristocratic family. For fifteen months in 1914 and '15 she was undoubtedly as formidable an individual adversary of the Germans as any of the Allies' commanders in the field. Captain Baumann of the German military intelligence department has said that no other spy system in the war had a recruit to compare with her "in subtle craft, organizing talent, courage, sang-froid, or the results obtained." Yet it was her organizing talent which brought her career and then her life to an untimely end.

She was condemned to death; the sentence was commuted to twenty-seven years' imprisonment; but she died of pleurisy in a prison in Cologne only two months before the Armistice which would have set her free.

Besides her superb adventure in jumping across the frontier barriers, which carried fourteen thousand volts of electricity to prevent unregulated traffic between Belgium and Holland, she repeatedly assisted groups of young men to get out of France and across to the Belgian border, where by countless other ruses they were transferred to Dutch territory and might join the stream of recruits for the Allied armies. She is said to have had a dog trained so that it, too, sprang over the electrified fence at the boundary, carrying messages which were translated and telegraphed to England and then relayed to the front. With her principal aide, Mlle. Léonie Van Houtte, she specialized in obtaining intelligence of all the German artillery positions in the vicinity of Lille; and one tiny yet minutely accurate map she supplied the British—which passed out of Belgium hidden in the rim of a pair of eyeglasses—was responsible for the destruction of fourteen German batteries. On a cold November night she had to swim a canal to avoid pursuing sentries; and she otherwise recklessly overworked and exposed herself, so that the nerve strain she was enduring began to tell upon her. She was highstrung and imaginative. From her imagination espionage gained such devices as signalling by carillon bells and writing in invisible ink under the postage stamp on a letter. She also was able to make good use of cripples and urchins, respectively invaluable as spies and secret messengers. Of the

former, a one-legged peasant of St. Julien is even said to have had a radio set concealed in his wooden leg, but the advantage of this is scarcely perceptible. He was an organ grinder and welcome in German billets because of his music. Probably he picked up a great deal of information, but his attempting direct wireless transmission of what he had learned while close enough to the front to reach the trenches of the Allies with his small apparatus would appear to be another of those gorgeous inventions which always have made it so difficult to learn what the professional spy really can achieve in war.

Louise de Butignies ingeniously used the urchins as a kind of flying squadron in the spy service that grew more and more unwieldy around her enterprising leadership. Passes and passports were in constant demand among those who had to have any degree of mobility in the districts close to the German trenches, and the supply available for secret agents was very limited. But the squad of boys made it possible for herself and three others to use a single passport at different military points the same day; for as mere boys they were permitted to run about freely, were seldom questioned and never searched, and would carry the passport back to the next waiting adult as soon as it had served its purpose in letting one past the sentries. Finally this adroit spy's name was mentioned during the examination of a suspect who had been part of the organization. She was arrested at Tournai, and on her were found more than twenty false passports that she had to distribute among her numerous following. When interrogated she broke down and began to cry, and then heedlessly named among those



who would give bond for her several persons already under arrest. Her spy system collapsed when her spirit and health failed; and others were caught and tried with her. All of them were sentenced to be shot; but mercy was shown in each case, which is the more surprising because, unlike Nurse Cavell and her hospital associates, the espionage of the audacious "Alice Dubois" and the group that she directed was menacingly real and for over a year the most serious thing of its kind with which German arms had to contend.

But most women spies are hampered in secret service work by the presence or attitude of men and are very seldom permitted, like Mme. de Butignies, to continue for more than a year an independent career of virtually masculine intrigue. In employing professionals—with patriotism secondary or altogether absent—spy-masters first turn to women of an even older profession. Courtesans have often figured importantly in the political conspiracies of Europe; and even a woman of theatrical prominence like Mata-Hari, who was of the kind easily depressed by the first war restrictions upon luxury and conspicuous gaieties, could be enlisted for exciting and profitable espionage projects which in the beginning seemed not even remotely hazardous.

In Salonika were the headquarters of the Balkan contingents of Britain, France, Italy and their allies during the World War. Pro-German Greeks with Queen Sophie at their head, and Turks, Bulgars, and German agents from Uskub spied upon the Allies; who in turn felt constrained in the Eastern atmosphere of rarefied intrigue to

spy upon each other. Women spies became so numerous in Salonika that the French commander-in-chief, General Sarraïl, finally sent for fifty young women recruited in Paris and Marseilles to counteract in the cafés and half-world the dangerous predominance of Greek sirens in the German pay. Morals have never been the first civic splendour of the mongrel Ægean port; and with a thousand foreign officers in Salonika, vice flaunted itself with espionage as its silent but substantial partner. It is a common practice in that quarter of the Mediterranean world to sell daughters for the sake of family revenue. The secret service associates of Colonel Falkenhausen, German military attaché at Athens, found it easy to recruit spies; and they gladly embraced the old Stieber methods of quantity, which had been vanquished in three instances elsewhere. Very pretty girls, believed to be more trustworthy because of their inexperience, were imported from islands like Chios and Mitylene. Sarraïl's importations made poor headway against the German product. A counter-espionage officer then undertook to purchase the loyalty of the reigning Helens. And it is said that they cheerfully accepted the pounds and francs offered them, and thereafter made reports to the French and British Intelligence—but only after reporting first to the German agents who had originally procured them.

It was perhaps inevitable that among the many women employed in espionage throughout the East, on the vast and colourful front from the Baltic and the Balkans to Palestine and the Persian Gulf, there should be one female Preusser or Lawrence. Disguise has almost never been a

factor in feminine spying, for the palpable reason that nearly all women obtain their results by very direct methods of blandishment; if they conceal anything at all they are violating very ancient game laws. But in Alexandria the spy masquerade of a woman who pretended to be a Moslem princess should contribute another item to feminist annals. The lady was a beauty of dark Spanish type, a French divorcée, but looking the Moorish brunette descended straight from residents of the Alhambra. She was first reported as frequenting the smart Alexandrian resorts, dressed as a native of birth and condition. She wore the yashmak or native veil; flowing Moslem gowns of silk brilliantly contributed to an exotic ensemble that included sandals and jewelled bangles upon bare ankles; there was nothing omitted which might convey to younger officers the highly prized "intoxications of the East."

Such a spy, of course, can only be successful in a very limited field. There were British officials familiar enough with the aristocracy of Islam to know that her title of princess was fraudulent. She was always a conspicuous figure, at Ramleh, in a box at the Kursaal, at Groupy's in company with smart young aides whose fancied possession of really momentous war secrets would invite her most caressing glances. Intelligence officers studied her with mingled scepticism and admiration. She was very clever, a remarkable linguist, an actress and coquette of audacious charm. The fine dark eyes and arched brows seen over her veil were capable of extorting reckless confidences from any young Britain not a blood relation of the Sphinx. So she was carefully covered by the counter-espionage agents

of the district. But this did not lead to her arrest; she was never caught. And though it was assumed that she passed on her information to some Turco-German ally employed in the hotel where she lived, no trace of this subtle communication was ever obtained to introduce against her. Without living extravagantly, and though constantly being entertained, she yet had to spend a considerable income to maintain the regal pose; but even her manner of receiving these remittances was never to be learned by counter-spying, and adds another to the countless secrecies cherished in the East.

At various times during the World War a woman resident spy achieved additional effectiveness by operating as a fortune teller. The ability to penetrate the future could be waived in favour of a pervasive and welcome optimism. One such spy in London was detected, and rather ironically, not because of her overpowering desire to discuss troop movements and military topics, but because of her incurably romantic manner of safeguarding and even promoting the soldier husbands, sons, or brothers of her anxious feminine clients who came there dreading to hear the worst. The woman discounted submarines or gas and gunfire on the Western front, and invariably predicted a safe return garlanded with honours and decorations. Having made the client happy, she then abandoned her "reading" and chatted intimately for half an hour, dredging up any bits of intelligence that she could while seeming to listen with warmth and patriotic approval to a partisan account of one young officer's military or naval career. She preferred a client recently wed, perhaps during *his* last leave,

and there were scores of war brides pathetically eager to be preyed upon—to quote from letters and to tell whatever little they might know. Until one afternoon, in overgenerous mood, the woman affected to see a certain gunner on the Somme unwounded and returning with no less than the V. C. The happy young wife hurried home to her flat, intending to write to France and announce the impending heroism. But there she found the fateful War Office telegram; he had been killed in action. Her hysteria of grief focused upon the fortune teller. And she denounced her to the police—as a fortune teller. But then, resenting the law's faint fury about a mere misdemeanour, she could not wait but called up the woman to tell her how her wicked fraud had been exposed. Knowing what much more serious charge investigating detectives might produce against her, the spy flung open her door and fled, so that the police found no charlatan when they called, but many interesting proofs of her zeal in the transmission of military intelligence.

*Part Two*  
**COUNTER-ESPIONAGE**



## VII

### COUNTER-ESPIONAGE : ORGANIZED SPYING UPON SPIES

§ 1. Military espionage is shown to have been informal enough, a kind of field officer's sport, until Frederick of Prussia discovered that it was better to hire and train a peasant for spying than to waste generals and marshals in peasant disguise. The great little soldier-king gave to espionage system and artistic premeditation. Similarly, some four decades afterwards, a pair of very versatile Frenchmen, MM. Réal and Desmarest, chief lieutenants of Fouché, who was Bonaparte's able and devious Minister of Police, casually invented the modern system of spying upon spies. And it has continued to honour them by taking no other title than the French *contre-espionage*.

Counter-espionage opposes espionage, and the spy and counter-spy are respectively attacker and defender. A simple classification identifies spying with criminal enterprise and counter-spying with the organized protection against crime. But that, besides unfairly defining the work of many spies whose individual exploits have been cited, absurdly limits the agents of counter-espionage to the most elemental performances. In secret service as in war itself the best defence is often a sharp offensive. The counter-spy may have need of every weapon and subtlety that the spy



would use. Counter-spying is the most artful form of espionage, the spying upon spies. It discards scruples also, and it relies upon stealth and guile.

A sensational espionage case in Europe before 1910 was in reality a special exposure of the methods of counter-espionage. Bertram Stewart was professionally a scout, and an able young officer of the British regular army. He was invited to obtain intelligence of the German fortification and military development of the islands and mainland from Emden to Cuxhaven, the only portion of the German coast about which the staff at Whitehall was disturbed. Stewart was specifically instructed to remain in Friesland and make judicious inquiries from the Dutch side of the border, to see what he could himself without venturing into Germany, and to pay liberally if he found any informant worth subsidizing. Stewart was ambitious and energetic, and as a trained scout he did not enjoy reconnaissance which was second-hand or long range. He exceeded his instructions and crossed the border. He had met a plausible stranger who appeared to have information to sell. He travelled to Bremen and—his guide was an agent of the German counter-espionage service. Stewart's *Lorelei* was simply the promise of a great intelligence scoop. His arrest in Bremen followed; and being tried, he was convicted and sentenced to six years' imprisonment. The German press and public interpreted the episode as a formidable act of British aggression. Clever counter-spying had fed the militaristic propagandists some excellent ammunition. Larger appropriations were extorted from the Reichstag that year. And on the occasion of the British sovereigns visiting Berlin to at-

tend the wedding of Hohenzollern and Brunswick, Stewart was pardoned by the German Emperor with a festive condescension.

In other circumstances, and especially during actual hostilities, the counter-spy might have to go into enemy territory. Perhaps he would be closely pursuing a spy who had suddenly slipped across a convenient frontier. More probably he would go on this dangerous mission in search of proofs which might lead him back to other enemy agents, whose operations he has already uncovered in part, but who are themselves still cleverly screened and, therefore, menacing to the military establishment it is his duty to protect. And the moment any agent of the secret service departs from his own land on such an errand, he is liable to arrest as a spy, for activities of his in the enemy country in time of war are bound to be treated as espionage. Even in a neutral state, if there is war, he may be convicted and imprisoned if he is caught during any aggressive operation not covered by diplomatic immunities; unless, of course, his mission happens to coincide with the neutral government's conception of its own safeguarding.

Thus, during the World War, spies and counter-spies of the great Western combatants were almost fantastically active in Berne, Zurich, Geneva, and nearly all other parts of Switzerland within a day's climb of those key cities. The Swiss army and police, though in the beginning largely pro-German, seldom troubled even to arrest French, Italian, British, or American agents, however well aware of their local energies. But German agents like Kohr, von Sommers, Koeniger, Meyer, and many others were con-

demned and subjected to fines and imprisonment; and this, not on account of bias or bribery, but because the agents of the Allies were repeatedly able to obtain and submit to the Swiss authorities confounding documentary proof that these German spies were actually plotting not only against an enemy but also against the safety of Switzerland. Whereas by no stretch of the imagination could the Germans retaliate and convince the Swiss that one British, French, Italian, or American spy was not really engaged in counter-espionage but had designs upon the neutrality of the little Alpine state.

If counter-spying enjoyed exemptions as a purely protective measure, every spy when captured would swear that he had no concern whatever about military or naval intelligence, but was defending his own forces by pursuing another spy desired for court martial at home. Moreover, resemblance to police work in counter-espionage is trivial in comparison to the great brotherly likeness of counter-spying to spying. Whenever a police detective has solved a crime mystery or brought outlaws to justice by himself entering the underworld in crook disguise, joining a criminal gang and penetrating its hidden quarters, his success—when made known at last—has won him extraordinary acclaim. For it is recognized that he has been spying upon those who keep sinister watch upon their enemy, the police, and upon their potential victims of the law-abiding public; and his risks as a virtual counter-spy have been magnified because of that very criminal excellence in espionage, and because criminals, like governments, dread the spy and seek to kill him to discourage his imitators.

The celebrated Pinkerton agent, James McParlan, who contrived to invade the secret organization of the "Molly Maguires" in the Pennsylvania coal regions, mingled espionage and counter-espionage in that intrepid undertaking and lived throughout the final weeks of his adventure in a more encompassing and unrelaxed peril than any military spy need endure. McParlan knew that certain of the gang had been chosen to guard him night and day and to kill him at a word from their leaders. He knew he was suspected—and guilty—of being an informer, and that the gang leaders meant to take no chances. But the detective riotously cultivated his selected assassins as boon companions, ruining his health to a degree in matching their thirst for bad whisky, and kept them all so amiably drunk and incapable of overpowering him unawares that he was allowed to finish up his work and escape with the evidence necessary to a sweeping prosecution.

An officer engaged in counter-espionage, then, rarely has immunities which the spy does not have; and in addition, he must be prepared to stand against a trapped spy's desperation. The spy, being discovered and cornered, understands that his own life is forfeit. If he is merely working for money, he will probably try to change sides, or give up secret information in return for his liberty. That failing, he resorts to treachery if he can, homicide, forgery, perjury—a stab in the back, a bribe cunningly suggested—for any sort of crime will not add weight to his punishment and justifies itself to him by improving his chances of escape. The counter-spy at the moment of an arrest is like a policeman, inasmuch as he must make out a case that will serve

in a court inflicting the capital penalty. But the detected spy, his opponent, thinks only in terms of a single crisis; if he can get away there will be no extradition.

§ 2. The recruit of the counter-espionage service must possess a very striking array of qualifications: discretion, courage and patience, keen intellect, quickness of wit and resource, imagination, intuition, tireless industry, linguistic gifts, and probity. He must take pride in his section of the secret army and must be able to co-operate with counter-spying comrades, whom also he is warned to observe with an uncommon amount of distrust. And here the obvious reason is that, if a spy can make his way into an enemy's secret service, he will certainly aim at counter-espionage. Success in it will suffice to establish him within the enemy country; whereas espionage duty—if he is thought to show promise in spying—will more often result in his being ordered directly back to his own. Counter-spying, too, being very seldom a business of quick turnover, allows its agents time to get results and enough freedom of action to shelter a spy for months while he collects information wanted by the very secret service he is supposed to be ardently obstructing.

A youthful and reckless American abroad in 1914 has illustrated this vulnerability in detailed perfection. All through September and October he sought to volunteer, but the army medical examiners of France and England found defective vision in one eye amounting to nearly total

blindness. Finally he believed them, and then hit upon the rather unoriginal notion that he should do secret service work. A new set of examiners to whom he applied, without trying him optically, were discouraging in the extreme. Yet by persistence he at last got himself a minor rating as an espionage agent for one of the principal Allies. Told that he might undertake spying in Germany, no glittering rewards were held out to him; and no one specifically invited the rash young neutral to gamble away his life. However, it was now 1915, in the winter, and he was impressed with his immediate opportunity, since it would grow dark very early in Berlin at that season. The young man, in short, had the owlsh idea that he could spy his best at night; and taking no other advice, he made a roundabout journey to the German capital and set to work.

He had given himself a more nearly Teutonic name. He claimed to be a German-American aflame with partisanship and determined to invest his life in the defending of the Fatherland. And, of course, he began to prove it by resuming his efforts to enlist; but German doctors were no less expert in picking out the bad eye; so thereafter he toured about as one who has yearned in vain for a uniform and a battle to wear it in. He found that most of the Germans he met had been counting upon the sympathy of America, and were elated to hear him outdo them in awarding victory to the Central Powers. Exhausting himself in predicting disasters for the foe, he soon began to win official recognition—not because of his optimism, but because of his suspicious concern about fellow travellers. Whenever his own pro-Germanism found an adulterated war

fervour, wherever his outbursts of hate were coolly or critically received, he reported to the local police. A doubtful character—a spy perhaps!

All those whom he denounced were innocent enough and could prove it—he tried to make sure of that—but his own zeal came to merit higher official consideration. Various police dignitaries asked him to call upon them. Once a searching interrogation tested his resource more severely than he had believed possible. His reason for travelling in Germany that particular winter was rather obscure, and certain of his American connexions proved treacherous ground. A score of times now he felt that his next reply would begin a confession of guilt. But such tension and despair was internal and, as it turned out, exaggerated. In the end he was offered employment in the bureau of postal censorship; and he accepted, believing that after a trial he might be assigned to some more active secret service branch. Here again his optimism did not fail him, for he was sent to Belgium, and presently transferred from Brussels to Antwerp where his postal appointment evolved into an intensive preliminary schooling as a counter-espionage agent.

He professed the most grateful amazement when this rapid promotion set in, for he realized now how closely he had been shadowed ever since arriving in Germany. Many of his utterances, he knew, were on record, so he must continue appropriately in a vein of rabid Teutonic bias. Months passed, and in Belgium and Holland he had many a job which proved extremely distasteful to him. Yet he was also transmitting intelligence to one of the Allies through a Danish correspondent; and this success as a spy

seemed to exceed his more repugnant attainments as a counter-spy. His good work—he learned—was astonishing and gratifying the very men who at first had discouraged him from such a mission. It is certain that many things which went peculiarly wrong with oppressive measures in some districts of occupied Belgium and France may be attributed to this self-taught, persevering conspirator.

The Englishman, Everett, deliberately entangled himself in a similar experience, which leads to the conclusion that amateur standing is not always a handicap to an alert and clever man in wartime secret service. Of course, all sorts of foreigners were offered a chance to spy for Germany. British and French and other counter-espionage agents became familiar with the spy schools and headquarters at Charlottenburg, at Wesel, at Antwerp, Berne, and Freiburg, and learned something of their methods and management from having applied to them as neutrals disposed to sell their services. But it was a rare thing for any save Germans of well established loyalty to achieve a secret service position within the Empire. Everett was one of the few exceptions. He knew Germany as he knew Britain; he spoke the language with a native fluency acquired through years of commercial contact in Munich, Dresden, and Leipzig. Contriving cleverly to insert himself into the German military intelligence—it has been said that he was even mobilized for his precious employment—he was devoted henceforth mainly to counter-spying along the Dutch border and in the industrial Rhineland.

The extent of his usefulness to the British was recognized by the Germans even at the time of his largest ac-



tivities. It was, in consequence, Everett's singular privilege to be instructed to overtake and arrest—himself. The German intelligence chiefs had somehow been informed that a daring British spy was getting very carefully guarded information from right under their noses in the vicinity of Essen; and Everett himself seems to have been that spy in the industrial area. As an energetic counter-spy, he was ordered to devote himself to the detection of the Britisher, and for his failure and subsequent reprimand he had only himself to blame. Humorous though the situation may now appear, it was a period of excessive danger for him. His superiors counted upon him for some result, even though he might not get his man; and yet everything he reported to them had to be utterly fictitious, which, if found out, would accuse him at once of having been in league with or in some way bought over by the enemy. But Everett weathered these many perils and alarms and was never exposed. He would be unknown to this day if he had not chosen to lecture after the peace and to reveal his extraordinary impersonation.

‘       ‘       ‘

§ 3. Stieber, the spy-master, first tried his hand at counter-espionage during the Austrian campaign of 1866, and since his death apologists for him have attempted to list it among his numerous secret service innovations. But to the busy Dr. Stieber it never was more than a by-product or sideline; for, his spies being so many, now and again some of them were certain to stumble over a lone, hapless

member of the adversary's secret corps. Stieber, however, must have whatever credit is due him for discovering his doctrine of merciless prudence in regard to counter-spying. In war, he maintained, a spy must have the right to kill an opposing spy, even as the uniformed soldier may fire upon the soldier of the enemy unless he surrenders himself. Stieber did not want any hostile spies to be allowed to surrender, so he made special provision against that old-fashioned leniency.

An enemy spy, he argued—generally addressing himself in this to Prince Bismarck, whose ethical resistance can scarcely have been steel plate—should be shot down as other antagonists are in battle. Yet if the spy is not killed, but is wounded and made prisoner in the course of the espionage warfare, or possibly is captured unwounded, then his status as a spy is never altered, and he must be tried at once and executed because of it. Stieber commended the charge of “outrage” as a convenient excuse for doing away with any suspected spy who might invoke the laws of war and humane precedent. Let him be shot because he has “attacked a convoy of wounded” or “fired upon” an unescorted supply train, or upon a general and his aides riding by. In short, the reason for his official execution must by itself put the victim beyond the pale of sentimental and heroic consideration, said Stieber, whose practices merely followed his belief that the most ruthless secret service will win the war.

Now the true art or science of counter-spying was devised in a glamorous and dramatic period of French history. MM. Réal and Desmarest of Napoleon's secret police

made it merciless enough, yet withal it was strictly defensive, domestic, and unquestionably needed in an empire beset by multitudes of spies. The power of Bonaparte was always military power. Spies hovered around his armies, just as adventurous young officers sought to command them. The illegitimate aspects of his reign were concealed by nothing more substantial than cannon smoke; the very foundations of his empire had been dug in the still smouldering ruins of two other régimes. Revolutionists, therefore, watched him and despised him as the latest monarchical oppressor of their country; and as the military usurper he was plotted against and spied upon by Royalists and émigrés, Bourbons, proscribed aristocrats, and charlatans, both near and far. It is extensive, daring, and clever espionage that provokes great counter-espionage. In France after 1800 the opponents of the Corsican who were French were so many and varied, so vindictive and generally so active that alien secret agents never had to be employed by any foreign power desiring intelligence of Bonaparte's government or armed forces. English and Austrian representatives in Switzerland and over the Rhine lavishly contributed the expenses of all sorts of spies and adventurers who riddled France with their "confidential" journeys and seem to have moved about in a veritable procession, sometimes enjoying the most singular immunities, and nearly always conducting themselves with far greater display than discretion. Indeed, Royalist agents for a while even dared to wear a conspicuously cut V-shaped coat lapel as a sign by which they might quickly distinguish one another in public. That they accomplished little more than an

interlocking recognition, in public or private, is shown by Napoleon's unshaken grip upon the government of France until his own foreign expeditions collapsed and overwhelmed him. And if they were as harmless then as their mannerisms now appear ridiculous, it was brilliantly contrived counter-espionage that kept them so.

In elaborating a project by which they hoped to bag certain Royalist agents, Réal and Desmarest went to an equal extreme, for they eventually expected it to produce them no less a prisoner than the Bourbon Pretender himself. What it did produce was an historic masterstroke of counter-spying and intrigue. Submerged at this time in Fouché's vast police service there was an unfortunate man, Charles-Frédéric Perlet. After establishing himself as a successful printer and publisher in Paris during the Revolution, he had been ruined and banished because of Royalist sympathies and upon returning from Cayenne and shipwreck, discovered his family in such pitiable want that he had to accept any employment he could get, thus coming to be a tool of the police. As an authentic Royalist, who had suffered terribly for his views, Perlet had little difficulty in entering into secret correspondence with persons who were now devoting themselves to the Royalist cause in other countries. And this circumstance inspired Desmarest and Réal—with the former chiefly credited as originator—to create their famous "Secret Committee" of Paris.

Perlet was instructed to tell his Berlin correspondent that he had come into touch with a number of very influential men, ostensibly devoted to the Empire, but privately disturbed by Napoleon's governmental policies. These political

magnates and army chiefs were represented as having formed a Committee, despite great personal risk, and to have determined upon the overthrow of the Emperor at the earliest favourable moment. They were alleged also to prefer Bourbon to Bonaparte and to be ready to join their strength to the faction desiring the return of that prince—eventually Louis XVIII—whose adaptability to exile and habitual agility as a fugitive, as well as his less widely known exploits in consuming eighteen lamb chops at a luncheon, seemed to make him the ideal post-Imperial candidate. Since this Committee of Desmarest's was wholly fictitious—reported as such to Fouché, and mentioned satirically in the daily police reports to Napoleon—the police agent was at liberty to extend its successful recruiting to any limits that he chose. Perlet conveyed this false news abroad in his letters—which Desmarest supervised—and soon Royalist eyes began to glaze with astonishment in reading hints of all the Marshals and Cabinet Ministers and other pillars of Napoleonic conquest, who were changing into adherents of legitimacy.

Desmarest had at first no greater object than the luring back to Paris of the rather absurd plotter, Fauche-Borel, a man of boundless pretensions to statecraft and confidential influence in the Royalist camp. As a secret agent Fauche-Borel—formerly plain Louis Fauche, bookseller and publisher of Neuchâtel—had been travelling about on a number of preposterous errands and had involved himself in more than one serious conspiracy. Finally arrested and imprisoned in Paris, he quickly yielded to the usual pressure and assured MM. Réal and Desmarest that he would

become an invaluable member of their secret service. He was banished to Germany, and there expected to keep in touch with the French police, while beginning the espionage he had voluntarily fixed as the price of his liberation from the Temple. Presently he did succeed in forwarding to Paris a document of considerable moment: nothing less inflammable than a declaration from the Bourbon Pretender, as Bonapartists then styled Louis XVIII, which assailed Napoleon and protested against his occupying the throne of France. Fauche-Borel professed to have obtained his copy from the original. But, though genuinely serving Fouché's men in thus acquainting them with the subversive Royalist statement, he also had ten thousand copies of it printed for himself, and began introducing them into France by every secret means at his disposal.

For this Desmarest ordered him arrested in Berlin as a traitor spy. The Prussian authorities agreed to locate the impertinent scoundrel, but actually warned him and connived in his escaping to London. Here Fauche-Borel, continuing his immense political correspondence, believed himself safe from the vengeance of Desmarest; but that imaginative policeman had already conceived the idea of the Secret Committee, creating an entire provisional government which was to succeed Napoleon and deliver France to the Bourbons. The minor agent, Perlet, an acquaintance of both Fauche-Borel and his brother, was told to "reveal" this promising growth of rebellious impulse in a letter to the brother, François Fauche, newly established in Berlin. Fauche-Borel heard of it straightway, was characteristically inflamed with the belief that he alone could usher the

cabal to its appointed place in history, and began deluging Perlet—whom he addressed as “Bourlac,” using a most intricate code—with requests for additional tidings, especially the names of all the prominent conspirators. These Perlet very naturally declined to entrust to paper, but he began suggesting that Fauche-Borel would be just the man to come secretly to Paris and negotiate with the committee members as a Bourbon envoy. Desmarest, anticipating that the megalomaniac Royalist would rush into the trap in his eagerness to consort with the great, was himself confounded to learn—through Fauche-Borel’s letters to Perlet—that so cautious and thoughtful a man as Louis XVIII, his chief advisers, and also the British Cabinet had been victimized by the boldness of his counter-espionage invention.

Thereafter the hoax was enlarged and exploited by extravagant claims from Perlet, until Lord Howick, the British Secretary of State in the Foreign Office, acting in concert with the French Royalists, agreed that a reliable negotiator must hasten over to meet and encourage the distinguished patriots who were represented to have been privately undermining the Emperor. Perlet had written that “the greater part of the Paris police were at the disposal of the Committee.” This was interpreted to mean Fouché, a corrupt schemer who would unquestionably steer with the tide, but whose efforts—if aimed toward a Bourbon restoration—would be nearly priceless. Fauche-Borel, remembering how he had tricked Desmarest, was afraid to undertake the mission even though it clothed him at last with the plenipotentiary importance he had craved. But he argued that Perlet was the friend of himself and his brother; therefore, a

member of their family should be chosen for the honour of going to treat with Perlet's Committee. He put forward his nephew, Charles Vitel, a gallant and ingenuous young subaltern who had seen service in India with Sir Arthur Wellesley, the future Duke of Wellington. And Vitel was sent, with a disastrous letter to Fouché concealed in his bamboo walking stick. He was arrested soon after his arrival in Paris; he admitted his guilt and, after a perfunctory court martial, was executed as an English spy.<sup>1</sup>

But still the Secret Committee lived on, with Fauche-Borel, in spite of his nephew's fate, its principal Royalist prophet. Other agents were sent to obtain the precious list of names, or to learn the date of the proposed uprising. But these well paid individuals did not forget Vitel and took alarm at the slightest excuse. Whereupon it was decided that Perlet must come to England and report in person to Louis XVIII, then modestly in residence at Gosfield. Perlet did not like the prospect, feeling sure—as did Desmarest and other police officials—that the invitation was a trap. He set out at last with the utmost reluctance, and, as it was then the time of the Continental blockade of Great Britain and travel between France and England very difficult, he managed to consume from March 17th to June 18th in getting from Paris to London. Perlet, however, was neither trapped nor seriously suspected, even though a few of the more sophisticated Royalists expressed surprise that the Committee should have chosen so undistinguished a representative.

He was received by Louis XVIII and made a vague and

<sup>1</sup> Lenotre, *L'affaire Perlet*.



abject and generally poor impression. He returned to Paris and was soon afterward informed by Desmarest that the enormous imposture had flourished its last. Perhaps the police agent, like other originators, had become bored with his own contrivance. Perhaps Fouché or the Emperor decided that its unworthy success had been great enough, or that, with Perlet's appearance in England, there was no further hope of it decoying to France any really dangerous spies or important Bourbon envoys. Perlet, for his part, having risked so much in going abroad, was unable to resist continuing to try to draw dividends from credulous Royalist partisans. Fouché was forced to resign in 1810, and was succeeded by the Duc de Rovigo, discoverer of Schulmeister. And when Desmarest and his new chief learned that Perlet had kept up his correspondence with Fauche-Borel and his reports of the Committee, they ordered him dismissed from the service of the secret police, whose dupe he had largely been, and even had him detained for a time in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie. In 1814 came the battle of Leipzig. The Allies marched on Paris, Napoleon removed to Elba, and the Bourbon dynasty—to its own suffocating astonishment—was invited to return to France. Yet not by the Secret Committee, and this puzzled many Royalists besides Fauche-Borel, who had allowed neither the death of his unfortunate young nephew nor the sudden discomfiture of other spies sent after him to diminish his unbounded hopes or his faith in Perlet. Only after arriving in Paris and investigating thoroughly did they learn that their most cherished hallucinations had been Desmarest's masterly feat of counter-espionage.

## VIII

### ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE COUNTER-SPY DURING THE WORLD WAR

§ 1. During the World War the activities of the spy grew to be an international problem affecting all combatants and nearly all neutrals, harassing the latter and inspiring the former to do their utmost in perfecting resourceful counter-espionage. And by 1916, as in Napoleon's best day, the enormities of espionage had promoted so much effective counter-espionage that the really sensational achievements of spies had become few and far between. Counter-espionage finally gained every advantage of organization, brains, and aggressiveness, all its wonders being born of necessity. In Russia tormented patriots had to deal with traitors of influence, bribed by the enemy, and shrewdly entrenched; and if they did not expose them all, it has seemed remarkable that they could punish as many as they did. Austria-Hungary had to oversee its subject peoples—Czechs and Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Italians, Roumanians—and the smouldering nationalism of these interior communities assailed Vienna as a poisonous vapour more deadly than any treason a bribe could produce. Germany, as a conqueror, thrust the whole Belgian nation behind its wartime frontiers, and then a part of France and a part of Russia.

Elsewhere in France the British and American Expeditionary Forces were obliged to improvise forceful systems of counter-spying in rather difficult relation to and accord with an alien though not hostile populace. Truly colossal military enterprises had to be safeguarded in a foreign land offering many of the difficulties of enemy territory, but permitting British or American counter-espionage few if any of those arbitrary regulations which the invader inflicts on noncombatants to protect himself. Again, in the Balkans and in Palestine, this same situation confronted the secret service directors of the British and French and their allies. On the vast battlefront of Europe, with these different and eccentric obstacles and hazards, it is not surprising that counter-espionage grew up a young giant, dwarfing the operations of secret agents and military police in all previous wars.

Of all counter-spying organizations which the conflict in Europe necessitated, that among the Belgians—unofficial, wholly impromptu, and yet so very effective during the occupation of their country—was the most remarkable and unprecedented. The German army, a machine so well prepared and constructed as to defy frontal attack, after a campaign of conquest from Liège to the surrender of Antwerp lasting a little more than nine weeks, had settled down to inflict unrelenting durance upon seven million people. Young Belgians of military age, however, had already begun escaping in large numbers, intending to join the remnant of King Albert's army which was posted at the extreme left flank of the Allied line. And there were also hidden about this superficially subdued country a great

many British and French soldiers, wounded and stragglers, left behind when their commands were swiftly hurled back into France by the superior forces of von Kluck and von Bülow. They would not surrender; and so with the noteworthy advice and assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Gibbs of the West Riding Regiment, who had been wounded at Mons, a devoted band of civilians, which eventually included Nurse Cavell, Dr. Bull, and the Prince and Princess of Croy, began organizing to pass them safely out of the country. Their work was contrary to the martial law of the invaders, and since they knew they would be constantly threatened by the German secret service, the Belgians themselves established a system of counter-espionage that repeatedly obtained advance warning of German raids and prosecutions, and by timely alarms spared scores from a fate similar to that which overtook Miss Cavell, M. Baucq, and a few of their colleagues.

The German espionage service in Belgium had been developing for years under Cuers and Thiesen and had agents no less patriotic than the Belgians; yet perhaps there is a disadvantage in being the captor when the captive is on his own ground and has a thousand cunning brains. The Belgian conspirators showed the utmost ability in outwitting a system that boasted its perfection. Around the committee assisting military fugitives several associate groups came to exist for the same purpose. All refugees at first could be guided through the forests to the Allies' extreme left flank; but after October 1914, this way was closed, as the battle line extended to the Channel, and a new avenue of escape had to be opened toward neutral Holland through Brussels.

Yet so energetic were these amateurs and so artful their organization, that one group of them put three thousand men across the frontier in four months, and another moved eight hundred in the same period over a longer and even more dangerous route.

At the trial of Armand Jeannes at Mons in March 1922, the excellence of Belgian counter-spying was for the first time disclosed in court. Jeannes, an informer, had unwisely bragged that he had denounced Edith Cavell and had been instrumental in the condemnation of one hundred and twenty-six Belgians, French, and British by German court martial. After the Armistice he vanished from the house in Liège where he had made his headquarters, but was discovered in Mons some months later, employed as a clerk in the office of a lawyer whom the Germans had condemned to fifteen years at hard labour. Jeannes, it is believed, had turned in reports against the very man who was to become his benefactor. Records located in Cambrai when the German forces retreated, had implicated Jeannes; and also from the German Intelligence headquarters in the rue Berlaimont in Brussels there came archives revealing the malign activities of the man. This headquarters had sheltered many a Belgian secret, but not after November 11th, 1918, when the rue Berlaimont witnessed a jubilant civilian raid that cleaned out the place in spite of the remonstrance of demoralized German guards. At his trial Jeannes, unaware of the mountainous proofs which walled him in, began to make a furious defence, shouting at witnesses, repudiating everything, and by his brawling and cynical

attitude keeping a hostile courtroom in an uproar. But then a gentleman appeared in the case who utterly confounded the accused.

This was M. Lacroix, a judge of the Brussels parquet. Taking the stand he seemed to terrify Jeannes with his statements and descriptions of wartime events. "How do you know all this?" the prisoner kept asking. And each time Lacroix replied: "Because I was at your side." With Advocate General Philien, who was in charge of the prosecution, Lacroix during the war had been at the head of the Belgian counter-espionage service, and now revealed it to make clear his position in court. MM. Lacroix and Philien were literally pigeon-holed with enemy secrets, and now being sustained by documentary evidence, were able together to convict Jeannes without the cloud of other witnesses who had come to impeach him or tell the court that he would be slain by a mob if released. With the testimony of Lacroix, as one correspondent depicted it, "the defending counsel ceased to take an active part in the trial." Jeannes was condemned amid the shouts of the spectators, and was publicly executed after having been sentenced also to pay costs of his trial amounting to eleven thousand two hundred and fifty francs.

Lacroix and Philien and those who had been their secret collaborators, with the proofs that they held, were a scourge to renegades of the stamp of Armand Jeannes, and possibly accomplished more for Belgian unity after the war than they had been able to do while hostilities lasted. In only one instance, where conviction at first appeared certain, did

they fail to produce any effect on the stout resistance of the accused. A young woman of note in the Brussels half-world who may be called Angèle had not greeted the German invaders in 1914 with much visible repugnance. And presently her fame there increased, for she was seen to be devoting herself exclusively to von Bissing, the military governor, whose unpopularity lasted as long as he lived and is still epidemic in many parts of Belgium. But von Bissing, before the war ended, had died. His local mistress, surviving him, was still a flourishing demi-mondaine in 1919 when her arrest was decided upon. The charge against her was a grave one in Brussels that year: she had been pro-German, had publicly shown herself in sympathy with the invader.

But this was the answer she made her accusers: that because of the capriciousness of the life she had led him, senile decay had advanced more rapidly in von Bissing's case and with it the day of his death, which an oppressed populace had applauded as openly as they dared. For their joy she claimed a vote of confidence. Moreover, she professed to have given aid to the Belgian secret service, and it could not be proved to the contrary. But lastly, said she—and here her notion of self-defence caused a kind of distemper to spread in certain quarters of Belgium's capital—if brought to public trial, it would be necessary for her to tell the names of all those prominent persons, both men and women, who during the four years' torment had applied to her and privately received through her influence with the German military government, a succession of small favours, permits, special exemptions, and the like. The

arraignment of Angèle was not abandoned, but it appears to have been postponed forever.

, , ,

§ 2. Whatever the question of outrage or military jurisdiction in executing a woman of the character of Nurse Cavell, in terms of secret service the Cavell case was a redoubtable stroke of counter-espionage for Germany. Dr. Bull, a member of the British colony in Brussels, and himself arrested in 1916 after much activity in aiding Belgians and war prisoners to escape, has told of Miss Cavell's difficulties: she endeavoured to guard the interests of the nursing school which she directed, yet never refused a patriotic task, and because of this self-sacrificing spirit, persons lacking her courage imposed upon her. She complained to Dr. Bull that as many as thirty-four soldiers had been brought to her at one time from Mons, where the people were afraid to continue sheltering them. Clearly she foresaw the end that came a year later on that fateful October 12th of 1915. But what none had foreseen before August 5th, 1915—the day of the first arrests—was the length of the chain they were forging and the number of its links, each of them exposed to independent discovery. Miss Cavell could not be even remotely classified as a spy. She was not charged with espionage, but with “conducting soldiers to the enemy” under Article 58 of the German Military Code. However, the work of concealing fugitives on the way out of Belgium was so closely related to secret service that the refugee committees extending across the kingdom



were soon in contact with professional secret agents of the Allies, and counted among their number many persons who elected espionage as their next step in warring upon the invaders.

Thus the Cavell case, from merely closing one outlet by which young Belgians reached their expatriated regiments, proceeded on until it led the German counter-espionage to uncover a system of spies operating chiefly for the French. Here again was the mistake of letting agents know other agents, and of co-ordinating them by a singleness of purpose or a too elaborated messenger service. As the arrest of Ernst, the London barber, and his twenty-one letter writers had struck a blow at German espionage in Great Britain from which it was never entirely to recover, so now the counter-espionage service of Germany had suddenly the power to blind the French staff at many strategic points. The Germans waited shrewdly from late in the summer of 1915 until January 1916. They had been covering more than sixty spies whom they had located spread along their lines of communication and especially well placed at railroad junctions. In one day, just before their great attack at Verdun, they moved and bagged them all.

This ravaging coup put the French Intelligence in a dangerous predicament, for it was imperative to know what strength of reserves the German command was bringing up to the battle and also to learn whether a coincidental assault was being prepared for another sector of the front. British officers, quite without rancour, have said that the circumstance inspired the first really comradely gesture from the French secret service to theirs. The previous at-

titude had been somewhat patronizing. The British regulars were no more, Loos having swept away the survivors of 1914, and with an anxious professional eye French military men watched the arrival and training of the volunteer armies which were to fight so obstinately on the Somme. British spies and British Intelligence were similarly viewed as hopeful amateurs until the French adversity made them grateful for any new sources of information.

The suppressing of more than three score spies at once was a transaction on a scale unapproached by any other achievement of the German secret service during the World War, and if the truth must be told, it was mainly engineered not by German agents but by hired Belgian renegades, such as the malodorous Jeannes. Following a method that commended itself to disciples of Stieber, directors of German espionage in Brussels and Antwerp emptied the jails to find counter-spies for their zones of combat and occupied areas: Belgium, the northern departments of France, also Luxembourg, Alsace and Lorraine. It is a curiously uniform manifestation, noted in nearly all countries and during many conflicts, that felons or ex-convicts are seldom successful as spies, but nearly always effective—as Fouché's and Stieber's police so well understood—when used in counter-spying. Jeannes, who really may have delivered evidence enough, as he exulted, to cause the conviction of one hundred and twenty-six men and women, was a kind of anti-social monster. In a city no less experienced in invasion than Liège, on the day of the Armistice, he wanted to speak against the Allies and would have gone out on a balcony to address the crowd if he had not been

restrained by the shocked and astonished woman with whom he lodged. And to this Mme. Werres, when she reproached him for his want of patriotism, he said he was "too intelligent for that—an enemy of the bourgeoisie—a partisan of slaughter!" A man fit for an asylum, perhaps, but nevertheless a counter-espionage agent and a good one, a constant threat and formidable barrier to spies.

In the Balkans where on the Salonika front there was more espionage and intrigue than fighting, the French and British made use of a band of freebooters for counter-spying that possessed all of the wild menace of a Jeannes, though not his treasonable propensity. A young British officer was put in command of this company, about two hundred strong; he alone had to control them with an almost feudal authority. Reckless, muscular fellows with great skill in the use of arms, each sporting several pistols and knives, a mighty cutlass, and mustachios of sculptured ferocity, these *comitadjis* came to war as a community, with wives and infants and the very old included; but at night they roamed over that rocky No Man's Land which divided the Balkan adversaries and, cutting many a throat, also cut off much communication from the pro-German party in Greece to the headquarters of the Central Powers at Uskub.

In France, of course, there was more of enemy espionage per square mile than anywhere in Macedonia; but France presented a different problem for the experts in counter-spying, in that they had to think first of the sensitive and war-stricken French public which might unintentionally screen and shelter the German spies it was the counter-

espionage job to detect. The British soon developed a successful pattern—followed subsequently by the other allies of the French—wherein close and friendly co-operation was maintained between the French gendarmes and civilian police and the secret service agents and officers of the Expeditionary Force. If the British in France deemed a French civilian guilty either under the military or civil codes of France, in nearly all instances he would be handed over to his own countrymen for trial and punishment. The French secret service devoted itself to the Swiss, Italian, and Spanish frontiers, to the Mediterranean ports, to Paris, and to all other interior areas where French war materials were being manufactured. The British had their base ports on the Channel, a zone of combat from Belgium to the vicinity of Amiens and the juncture with the army of France, and a considerable zone of the interior covering rest camps, training areas, hospitals, lines of communication, and bases of supply. Here they accepted full responsibility, but wisely made use of regular complements of French gendarmes to police the civil populations.

No doubt there were sincerely patriotic Frenchmen who had twinges of alarm when they remembered the British aptitude for colonial management. There was a large territory that began to seem more British than French—and which had been under English rule as late as the fifteenth century, a thought which enemy propagandists skilfully kept in circulation. But the British and later the Americans were engaged in winning a long war, and by their diligence, diplomacy, and disbursement of gold made the French people feel like hosts and not the residents of a

conquered province. It was the British practice to subdivide their sectors behind the battlefront into control areas, smaller than any American police precinct and in charge of one or more officers of the Intelligence Department, according to the character of the population. Counter-espionage in these areas was simplicity itself; each officer was held responsible for every person in his district. He must know every one of them, by sight, by name, by occupation and local repute. He must treat every stranger, every visiting friend or relative come from near or far, as a potential foe of the British Army, and must make immediate if delicate inquiries until convinced himself that the newcomer in his area was of the innocent majority.

Inspection officers assuming faintly suspicious disguises tested this method of counter-spying patrol, and one of them on a short trip was detained and questioned five times in three days, which seemed to him alertness enough. The areas came to be described as "water-tight compartments," and during rough weather they did prove their resemblance to that nautical safety device. In the spring of 1918 the Allied ship was near to foundering, for the waves of the German infantry divisions that Ludendorff had brought from the Russian front engulfed the British Fifth Army and cut deep into the Anglo-French line at many points. Now if ever was the chance for a German agent in the British area; but the compartments held tight and there was no leakage—no bridge was blown up, no train was wrecked, no vital communications hampered. The British army rallied to its stubborn best, and, thanks to its counter-espionage system, suffered in this crisis no stab in the back

from spies or traitors—such as had all but put Italy out of the war at Caporetto in October 1917, or turned every Russian advance from a victory into a disaster.

The American army in France arranged its counter-spying with similar vigilance and tact, patrolling base ports and training areas, and communication lines which were longer than those of the British—both by rail and motor truck—and also zones of combat as soon as the corps and army areas were defined. Throughout the nineteen months of American participation in the World War—and in the year of tension preceding hostilities—no German agent accomplished anything in America or against Americans overseas which would remotely suggest a major espionage bull's-eye; though many tried to put through a subversive assortment of schemes, any one of which if successful, like the London air raids or the shelling of Paris, would have mainly stimulated recruiting and the popularity of a foreign war. Because all detective forces of the government joined in counter-spying at first—while Military Intelligence under Colonel Van Dieman and General Churchill was enlarging itself from very few to several hundred officers—America never experienced the delays, discomfitures, and losses from unpreparedness in the secret service branch which it did in all other war-making formations. Nor by the time American troops were training overseas was there much of that persistent and almost untraceable espionage of wineshop keepers and kindred shady merchandisers, who accepted as little as ten francs from German collecting agents to tell all they had learned, and who, though petty as individuals, by their very numerousness

contrived for a while to give the British much trouble.

An agreeable instance of the diplomacy with which counter-espionage can protect an army on foreign soil occurred close to the Flanders front, where a country house had been deserted by its owner and his family because of the war and subsequently occupied by staff officers. Shifting of the battle-line seemed to make the place safe again, and the owner notified the military authorities of his intention to return to his home. Now the staff did not mind losing the house, for they, too, were moving up; but the chief of intelligence had a pretty well authenticated report that this family would bear watching, as two of its members were dangerously pro-German. It was altogether undesirable to have them come so near to an army headquarters. Yet to refuse them the house would be merely to nourish anti-British propaganda; while any charge of intended espionage brought against these people before they moved in would be preposterous and a monumental affront. The happy solution darted from some bright mind, which proposed that an air bomb be "tested" on the lawn just before their arrival. The owner and his family came, saw the yawning shell hole almost at their door, and assumed, as expected to do, that the place was still under fire from the German heavy guns. With only polite expressions of regret from officers present—and the one bomb—they were persuaded to reside elsewhere till after the Armistice.

‘       ‘       ‘

§ 3. Protecting headquarters and the persons and secrets of the military commanders is perhaps first among all objects of counter-spying. Paris with its criminal underworld demanded the utmost watchfulness on the part of those whose duty it was to guard the many important missions and military offices permanently or temporarily located in that city. Every such office or headquarters was carefully cleaned up each night; all slips and scraps of paper, even blotting paper, were carefully collected and destroyed. It is said that when the able Delcassé—who was only driven from office in 1905 by the Kaiser's threat to declare war—was Minister of Foreign Affairs in Paris he used to work at his desk until exhausted, and would then leave the clearing up to his usher, who destroyed nothing but removed the waste paper and sold it to foreign secret agents who bid eagerly against each other. London during the World War was less exposed to spies than Paris, yet British directors of secret service sometimes received reports from their agents while riding about the streets in cabs, this precaution having the triple result of saving the agent a visit to headquarters where he might be seen entering or leaving, of being absolutely a guarantee against eavesdropping, and of exposing neither to public attention, when together or separated, as might their seeing each other in a restaurant or hotel.

A rule uniform in all countries holds the secret service heads and spy-masters aloof, hardly known even to many of their own men whether in war or peace. For, once they are known abroad by name, they can be followed and snapshots of them may be taken; and the familiarity distilled



even from one mediocre photograph may greatly diminish the value of any of these officials. Counter-espionage is always expected to save its own chiefs from all unwelcome attention, to guard their homes and lives, while at the same time—though surely this is spying—it is a counter-espionage assignment to secure the names, likenesses, and a good account of the personalities of espionage and secret service directors of other governments. The French had a great deal of success always in keeping track of Germany's chief agents, such as Thiesen and Steinhauer, and during the war penetrated even the German spy schools and headquarters in Berne, Antwerp, and Berlin. Likewise were they uncommonly fortunate in capturing enemy agents who, save for the final matter of getting away, had attended to everything that comprises a little masterpiece of espionage. The Swiss border was the deadfall which most often terminated these secret invasions; and in four years more than three hundred were arrested there, either in the act of leaving France or soon after they had entered from Switzerland. Not all of those detained were convicted as spies, of course; but every one of them was a very complete suspect, and if it was costly to intern so many, the expense was slight compared to the damage a select score of them were going to do.

One, a woman, had even provided herself with plans of new ordnance from Le Creusot. She was conveying them to Berne invisibly outlined on her petticoat, but that, being stiffly starched, attracted attention in the year 1917; and diligent tests at last developed the ink upon it, to her fluent despair. A sketch of the principal air defences of Paris

was similarly prevented from going abroad. Drawn upon very thin paper and tightly rolled, it was found hidden in the centre of a blue crayon pencil that, because of the subtraction of most of the crayon, weighed less than the others of its kind in a box taken from the baggage of a mild appearing "neutral" tourist. When counter-spying extends to the weight of pencils it cannot fail; when it can reach out to take charge of spies about to present themselves for admission to the country they hope to ruin, it is extending to genius. In the case of the German agent Holzmann, genius surpassed itself. He had been for some time undetected in France; he was ordered to join with another spy, who seemed as secure as himself, and come to Switzerland for important new instructions. French counter-espionage officers learned of the meeting, and one of them, impersonating Holzmann, contrived to receive the spy's instructions, which included maps and details of a plan to blow up hydro-electric plants in southeast France. Holzmann and his partner were taken while trying to slip across the frontier under the identity of French deserters. Even the explosives intended for use in this campaign were located and seized; and upon representations being made to the Swiss government, several more German conspirators of rank were given permission to leave Switzerland at once and try never to return.

§ 4. The counter-espionage service of Russia had both enemy agents to circumvent and traitors to break its stride.

One of the latter was no less a personage than the Tsar's Minister of War; and even those unfamiliar with the Russian temperament and the political structure of the empire can imagine what effort and integrity it cost to pull him toward the gallows. In fact, it cost so much that he did not suffer the death penalty prescribed by his court martial. Even his transfer from power to a prison cell was a triumph, and his exposure a brilliant feat of counter-spying, but one may regret that it did not come sooner, to save a year of fighting and some thousands of lives, possibly even millions, by sparing all Russia from the devastations of uprisings and civil war.

This War Minister, Soukhomlinoff, when finally he was exposed, presented a strange defence. His wife, he urged, was young and extravagant; he had been compelled to accept the generous bribes offered him by German emissaries, or she would nag him to get more money to spend upon her. In this there is an echo of the treason of Benedict Arnold. But Arnold's wife did devote herself to his cause, even when it was lost; though her extravagances surely harassed him, she had come of a wealthy family and her father supported them both after Arnold's disgrace and repudiation in England. Arnold's financial quicksands leading him to treachery deprived but one man, the engaging John André, of his life. But to humour the much younger woman who infatuated him, Soukhomlinoff with his confederates prearranged the slaughter of at least seven Russian divisions.

It is agreed that, until he became Minister of War at St. Petersburg this general had been a really able officer. His

appointment to the War Ministry was generally approved in Russian army circles, where everyone appreciated that he had won his final promotion fairly and in spite of his formidable handicap. This burden of Soukhomlinoff's might be called self-inflicted. Acquiring an incurably romantic determination to wed another man's wife, he contrived to do so, even in an orthodox country, with such speed as to show us something of the dynamic sweep of the man and his soldierly resolution whenever his abilities were suitably misdirected. He was at the time the military commandant of the Kiev district, his charmer being a schoolteacher and the wife of a schoolteacher who had discovered her fascinations himself and had proceeded to lift her up from an obscurity even greater than his own. Soukhomlinoff found her not only willing but extraordinarily ambitious, so it was arranged to have the husband granted a leave of absence in which he might travel abroad; and during this scholarly pilgrimage the necessary divorce was manipulated without delay, there being few Russian administrators then equal to the job of impeding the pleasures of the rich or influential.

Mme. Soukhomlinoff—for they were married with equal expedition—no longer obscure, was instead the adored and petted wife of a careerist well on his way. Yet she was still a Jewess and still resident in Kiev, scene of the notorious Beiliss trial and always rabidly anti-Semitic. This presumably bothered her less than might be expected. She must have been accustomed to racial prejudices in the Ukrainian city, where she had lived long before a general noticed her. She had made an impressive match. She was

Soukhomlinoff's second wife; and he was probably so delighted with her that he discounted social frictions. He indulged her in everything and very frequently she went abroad. Now at Wirballen on the main railroad line into Germany there was stationed a Colonel Sergei Miasoyedoff, commanding the frontier guard. Already a spy in the German pay, this officer of gendarmerie was more than glad to earn the approval of a distinguished superior by favouring his wife. Miasoyedoff had passed spies and secret documents across the frontier; he was immensely courteous to all important travellers, and was said to have been once invited to hunt upon the Kaiser's demesne at Rominten. Young Mme. Soukhomlinoff, when away from Russia even more than when at home, spent her time buying things, and the Colonel is believed to have helped or possibly guided her in smuggling in her Parisian luxuries.

At Kiev her social circle remained a mongrel affair. She entertained many foreigners, including that adroit Austrian secret agent, Altschuler, and Miasoyedoff was the more welcome—regardless of border benefits—because of the conspicuous scarcity of Russians in her drawing-room. Then the General was called to the capital as Minister of War; a new dignity invested Madame, and if her fashionable acquaintance was enlarged, her extravagances appear to have leaped beyond all earlier records. Colonel Miasoyedoff very soon afterward was removed from his frontier post, where his smuggling enterprises had grown to the size of a scandal. But officially he was "placed at the disposal of the Minister of War." The indispensable friend, he followed the Soukhomlinoffs to St. Petersburg where

he received an appointment in the War Ministry as the confidential aide to the General. And what a place for an enemy agent!—though, as that zealous commander-in-chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas, insinuated, always when Russia went to war, spies and traitors became a housing problem in the Tsar's capital. Miasoyedoff, however, in time of peace ran German errands with so little subterfuge that he was attacked from the floor of the Douma. M. Goutchkoff, Octobrist leader, patriot, and military expert, charged him categorically with acts of treason and espionage.

Miasoyedoff immediately replied with a challenge, and thus avoided suing his accuser for libel, since any suit of the kind would have ruined his chief and patron, the War Minister. Goutchkoff, a noted pistol shot, consented to meet him; but at the duel merely fired into the air. Miasoyedoff, the soldier, fired but missed. To his friends, when they complained of his failure to take deadly aim, Goutchkoff observed with prophetic candour: "I did not wish to save that rascal from the gallows." The Colonel conducted himself as though his honour had been vindicated by his poor marksmanship and Goutchkoff's forbearance; but he resigned and gracefully receded from the military scene. Directly the war broke out, he reappeared and applied for a staff position, only to be refused by both Generals Rennenkampf and Roussky. Again he was at the disposal of the Minister of War, who needed him for a variety of sinister assignments. Soukhomlinoff's infamy expressed itself in his official falsifying of reports on supplies and munitions. In one terrible instance he reported to the commander-in-

chief, about to start a drive in Volhynia, that there were ready behind that front one hundred thousand more shells for field guns than existed anywhere in Russia. Artillery preparation was decided accordingly; the attack went forward with splendid initial success, for the Russian soldiers then were seasoned and fearless troops, enduring, patient, uncomplaining, and superbly heroic. But presently the shells had been exhausted—and no reserve supplies could be found. Unprotected by any barrage, the victorious advance stopped, wavered, and, despite the great gallantry of the men, changed to a retreat with another shocking slaughter of the Tsar's best divisions.

Suspected by many from the first, Soukhomlinoff and Miasoyedoff and their repulsive crew were finally exposed through the fine imaginative work of a young Russian lieutenant. This officer, who appeared in the case as K., found himself a prisoner of war in Germany with the uncomfortable prospect of waiting years for peace to return him to his home. He had never been in touch with counter-espionage work; but he saw no reason why he should not pass the time by trying to exploit German secret service credulity. On that score it must be recalled that the Germans had the Russian War Minister and other officials of importance in their pay, and held a very low opinion of the patriotism then extant in Russia. General von Hoffmann, the able chief of the German general staff on the Eastern front, has even naïvely complained that the Berlin government would not grant money enough to allow its agents to buy all the Russian plans of campaign.<sup>1</sup> So when K. offered himself as an

<sup>1</sup> *The War of Lost Opportunities.*

anti-Tsarist capable of returning to Russia and acting as a German spy, his sudden willingness to betray his country seems to have been no more than momentarily questioned. He was taken to the Charlottenburg headquarters and very minutely instructed. Then his "escape" was arranged; he reached Copenhagen and proceeded to Stockholm, from which neutral city much German espionage in the Russian Baltic provinces was controlled. He came on to Riga and was now at liberty to reveal his adventurous flight.

The assassination of the Grand Duke Nicholas was then particularly desired in Berlin, for the commander-in-chief had been rightly discerned as the heart and soul of Russian effort in the war. A renegade named Routzinsky had been offered a sum equivalent to fifty thousand dollars if he would kill the Grand Duke. But he was himself too well known to the *Okhrana*, and agents of that secret police force fastened upon him the moment he appeared in the vicinity of general headquarters. Having a way with them, they extorted from Routzinsky a full confession regarding his barbarous errand. That confession was a recent counter-espionage sensation in Russia when K. appeared with the details of the German spy system which had been imparted to him during his course of instruction. He had been directed to co-operate with the Miasoyedoff plotters, and had evidence enough to convict a dozen men. Yet he had been told nothing whatever about any Teutonic spies of the tribe of Altschuler, Krivosh, and Mueller, which disproves charges of ingenuous stupidity brought against the German chiefs in this case. They were willing to imperil a Russian traitor like Miasoyedoff by disclosing his secret



operations to another Russian; but their own men were protected by the usual anonymity and silence. The information divulged by K. served to complete the case against the shady Colonel and indirectly caused the arrest of his friend, the Minister of War. Miasoyedoff was hanged, fulfilling M. Goutchkoff's prediction. It was shown at his trial that he had supplied the enemy with army orders and ciphers and had even fraudulently tampered with Russian telegraphic orders in behalf of his German employers. In one action in East Prussia in 1915 his treacherous interference was blamed for the destruction the entire left wing of the Russian force engaged.

The dismissal and trial of the Minister of War was a far more celebrated incident. Soukhomlinoff's guilt was conclusively shown by the prosecution and his defence was as feeble as he himself appeared to become in court. Because of this senility that exposure had hurried upon him, his sentence of death was commuted to imprisonment, and in prison he died. As for the lieutenant whose extemporaneous counter-spying had done so much of the surgery upon this malignant growth, he was given a soldierly reward but not any personal publicity. It was feared that the many partisans of Soukhomlinoff and Miasoyedoff—and there are some to this day who believe that the Colonel at least was a victim of larger international intrigue—might seek to revenge themselves upon K., that the War Minister's friends in the army would attempt to ruin his military career.

The enterprising lieutenant did a masterly job in getting out of a German prison camp as he did, and so ar-

ranging his manner of returning to Russia that he was able to surpass the secret police of the Tsar in denouncing Miasoyedoff's treason. He instinctively acted according to two favourite rules of counter-espionage: *a*) let a petty spy, unaware that he is known, lead to a more dangerous one, and *b*) a spy messenger, when detected, shall be used either to expose other spies whose reports he has been transmitting, or used to forward false information to the enemy. Miasoyedoff was anything but a petty spy, yet he led to a greater one in Soukhomlinoff. Again, K. being himself the spy messenger, transmitted such skilfully false information that he was actually promoted into a larger acquaintance with the ramifications of the traitors' plot.

He afterward said that he found it easier to lie to the Germans than to tell his own Russian superiors the truth. But that is one of the psychological trials of patriotic secret service in all countries. The bureaucratic mind will resist strange and unpalatable truths as long as there is the slightest excuse for suspecting the imagination of a subordinate. Many a clever spy has saved himself by relying on this. The delay of an hour at a critical point in almost any espionage case may undo the detective progress of weeks yet the protecting of an army, a navy, a nation, may not be left to charlatans or chance, and so all hazards, all stupidities and discouragements they encounter, must be systematically overcome by them that practise the difficult profession of spying upon spies.

## IX

### CENSORSHIP AS A MEASURE OF COUNTER-ESPIONAGE

§ 1. The restrictions of postal and telegraphic censorship in time of war are commonly supposed to prevent leaks of vital information in the correspondence of persons who are innocently indiscreet. The censor is also believed to defeat the activities of traitors and enemy agents who attempt to transmit information they have succeeded in obtaining. But the postal censorship in the World War accomplished much more than that; it supplemented counter-espionage to an unexpected degree, it detected spies and helped to disclose their methods and whereabouts, and by examining letters in transit to neutral countries it also collected a volume of informative chips and scraps which proved to be of value to military or naval Intelligence.

On the march into Asia it is recorded that Alexander the Great heard rumours of disaffection among his allies and mercenaries and got at the truth by a simple expedient. He announced that he was writing home and advised his officers to do likewise, and then when the couriers had set out for Greece he had them recalled and proceeded to examine the letters that they carried. Thus the origin of postal censorship, a war practice which has outlived the Macedonian phalanx about two thousand years!

Bonaparte, when his term of conquest came, had a daily budget of private letters which were read to him by a special secretary, whose duty it was to keep the instalments varied and interesting. Richelieu and his notorious understudy, Father Joseph, were the first Frenchmen to ignore systematically the sacredness of private correspondence. But from Alexander in Asia to Wilhelm Stieber in the brief Austrian campaign of 1866, there were few kings or commanders that deprived themselves of this means of gaining intelligence.

In London during the Restoration the celebrated inventor, Sir Samuel Morland, who had already devised the speaking trumpet and the capstan, astonished his admirers by producing an apparatus which opened letters and rapidly and accurately copied them. The postal service of England at that time was privately conducted, the lessee being the Countess of Chesterfield; and her agent and supervisor, Sir Philip Frowde, had as postmaster in London the redoubtable James Hickee, who kept the office open throughout the Plague and managed to save most of the letters on the night of the Great Fire. Morland's machine appears to have been set up with fine candour in the post office itself, and there Charles II once spent three hours seeing "with admiration and great satisfaction" the copying of letters whose contents presumably interested him less than the mechanical display.<sup>1</sup> To copy a handwritten letter in less than two minutes without photography would be admirable even today. Unhappily the invention was destroyed in the Fire; and as Morland had not submitted it to the inspec-

<sup>1</sup> Bell, *Unknown London*.

tion of Samuel Pepys, only a scanty account of the marvel survives it.

When the war descended upon Europe in 1914, only two of the belligerents, Russia and Germany, had an already well organized staff of censors. Those of Germany were a part of that intensive preparedness which characterized the whole German mobilization, but those of Russia had been dipping into the private letters of Russian subjects long before the war, in one case as long before as 1867. The French military and naval censorship started rather smoothly, and so did the American when need for it arose; but the British, who had available the greatest quantities of mail in Europe, admit that chaos threatened them when in the first weeks of August they began improvising a branch of secret service that was to prove of incalculable value even before attaining a thoroughly proficient organization. Half the ships touching at English ports seemed to add bags to the stack that grew appallingly in the new censorship quarters established in London. Readers to swim in this ocean of mail were hastily appointed and installed, among them being—according to German assertions—three spies whose chief danger then and for weeks to come must have been from overwork. Because of Great Britain's predominance in merchant marine, the British bureau had even the opportunity of sorting letters destined for neutral countries. Afterward, as a war abuse especially objectionable to citizens of the United States, whom the Entente authorities always tried to conciliate, this privilege was arbitrated and modified; but in the early weeks of the war it produced

as good results as a hundred spies watching the Central Powers mobilize.

Some days before actual hostilities began a thoughtful official undertook to hold up all mails that seemed to him of possible importance to anticipated enemies. When this quantity of written communication finally came to be sorted and all questionable matter examined, there were found a great number of both German and Austrian orders of mobilization going to nationals in foreign countries. Intelligence officers were consulted; and they made up an extensive report of enemy units thus discovered taking the field against either France or Russia, and notification promptly sent from England to those allies was in some instances their first warning of the size of the army groups arrayed against them. Never again during the war were censors able to scoop up so much intelligence of value in a single fortnight; but much continued to be learned from letters and telegrams, and after war prisoners had come to be lodged in England, their letters were most carefully watched and some of them yielded surprising amounts of nourishment.

Historians mention that Prince Eugene, the great companion of Marlborough, paid a pension to the postmaster of Versailles because he had for his information opened the correspondence of the French commanders and copied out invaluable military extracts. But most postal censors—whether engaged in espionage or counter-espionage—have no such concentration of authentic secrets and strategic tips flowing through their office. Average citizens, no matter

how imprudent when writing, have absolutely no access to important information that they might divulge abroad. Censors have to search through dull masses of epistolary innocence to get one written line that is potentially dangerous. While the World War lasted hundreds of letters and parcels and newspapers were held each week in London for special scrutiny, and as many more in Paris. Most of those delayed turned out to be false alarms; and when at length no trace of invisible writing had been developed and no distinguishing signs of cipher or code message were found by the several experts who made an examination, the suspects were duly marked and sent on their way. If a purely general suspicion perfumed any one correspondent's letters, they were not long detained, as that would serve to warn the guilty. But they were copied or photographed as against the day when counter-espionage might be making out a case against him. And all letters or posted items seeming "queer" but supplying no specific clue that their sender was a spy were held up indefinitely. The mails were uncertain anyway, and the war censor would rather be overbearing than be duped.

§ 2. It was the vigilance of postal censors acting in collaboration with British detectives assigned to counter-espionage duty that resulted in the capture of the noted German naval spy, Müller. One day in 1915 the London censorship office received a newspaper addressed to Amsterdam. It was found to have secret writing on its margin.

The message merely explained that "C" had gone into the north and was sending "from 201." The postmark was Deptford.

Not much here to work with, one would imagine; yet there was the Deptford postmark, and "C" up in the north—where he or she was undoubtedly attempting to spy upon the Grand Fleet and the North Sea patrol—and there was the mystifying number "201."

An inspector of New Scotland Yard went to work on this case, much as though "C" were a bank robber or murderer whom the authorities sought to overtake. Calling up the police in Deptford, hitherto chiefly known as the Elizabethan scene of a tavern brawl wherein the great Kit Marlowe was stabbed to death, the inspector asked what streets of the town reached the number 201 on dwellings or places of business. "Only one," came back the answer, "Deptford High Street."

Now No. 201 of Deptford High Street virtually solved the case, for here the British detectives found a certain Peter Hahn, baker and British subject, who vowed he never wrote strangely upon the margins of newspapers or posted them to the Netherlands or knew who "C" might be. However, searching his place they found nothing less than the necessary ball-pointed pen and invisible ink for writing abroad about "C"; and so Hahn was tucked away in a cell in London to await developments.

The baker had stoutly refused to talk. But his neighbours quickly answered for him, and they all remembered a friend who had often called upon him, a man of distinguished bearing, tall and presumed to be a Russian.



The district register of London's boarding houses was next consulted and narrowed the hunt down to Bloomsbury where a startled landlady, admitting the description of her guest, said that his name was Müller, that he was a Russian and had lately gone on private business to Newcastle-on-Tyne. For a fact "C" was in the north.

Having the complete description, detectives on watch in the Northumberland port spotted Müller when he boarded a train. He was arrested and presently returned to London under close guard, while the case against him grew apace. He was a really dangerous spy because he had technical naval knowledge and had been picking up all manner of odds and ends of naval intelligence as he journeyed about England. Moreover, his system of transmitting the information he obtained was in itself strikingly new. It would long have defied detection. He merely inserted ads in British provincial newspapers by a prearranged code and then mailed the papers to his Dutch correspondent.

Almost the perfect type of international spy, he had been born in Libau and, before the outbreak of the World War, had been rover, speculator, glib promoter of transitory schemes and abortive partnerships, as well as a romantic if impermanent lover. He spoke English without a trace of accent, and only "looked" Russian because he chose that disguise of strangeness and aloofness. He commanded five other languages as fluently, and was generally well educated.

Peter Hahn, considered nearly harmless as a tool, had agreed to be useful because he so badly needed the money. Only in 1913 the Deptford baker had been a bankrupt with

assets of just three pounds and liabilities of over eighteen hundred. Serving Müller he prospered anew. His sentence from the English court was seven years at hard labour. Müller went to the Tower to stand before a firing party, and it is said that he died with composure and quiet heroism.

The code he had so cleverly employed in his ads had finally been determined by the experts of the famous "Room 40," where a solvent for all kinds of mysterious secrets was found. And after his execution officers of the Intelligence Department continued to send out false information by means of ads that they inserted, using Müller's code, and likewise collecting from time to time the wages forwarded to him for his spying. About four hundred pounds in all had arrived in England before the espionage of Müller was pronounced worthless and his discharge from their service was made known to him by the German secret service directors. With this money, it is said, a motor car was purchased, not too callously christened "The Müller," and used during the ensuing years of the war by the intelligence officers of the staff stationed in London. Still another bonus secured from this case was an exact knowledge of the amounts and regularity of the remittances sent to German spies. By dealing in Müller's stead with his methodical paymaster, the British secret service could warn the censors to be on the lookout for similar sums at similar intervals coming to the same addressee from a "neutral" concern. And other agents had the fatal net slipped over them because of this well-informed alertness on the part of the postal censors.

However important a stroke for censorship allied to

counter-spying, the downfall of Robert Rosenthal was mainly an unadulterated piece of ill luck. No indiscretion of a dupe or subordinate laid him by the heels; he was swallowed up by his own voracious fate. He had been born in Magdeburg twenty-two years before Germany went to war, and he had filled in the interval by growing up, being apprenticed to a baker, turning from that to forgery, getting caught at it and going to serve a term in prison. A nondescript sort of fellow, a semi-professional crook and rolling stone, it appeared that he had been liberated from prison so that he might be turned into a spy. He was in Hamburg, however, when hostilities commenced. He worked for a short time with the American Relief Commission and then proceeded to Denmark. While in Copenhagen he wrote, with no special carelessness, one letter to a friend in Berlin saying proudly that he was about to visit England to gather naval and military information, and would pretend to be a commercial traveller offering a patent gas-lighter.

This missive was flipped into the wrong mail bag by a Danish postal clerk, and the life of its author went with it. Rosenthal's perverse fortune, however, did not merely begin and end with this missorting of his candid letter. Being written in German, it was eagerly translated by the censor who received it in England. It was several weeks old now, but it described a spy; and so it was forwarded immediately to officials who might have means of tracing one that was still selling gas-lighters to mask his tour of espionage. Counter-spying officers and the detectives of New Scotland Yard held forth little hope. Yet they picked up

this chance alarm by the right end. Landing records of the numerous British ports were carefully checked, and a traveller claiming acquaintance with gas-lighters was found among the lists of recent arrivals.

Further prompt investigation showed that this man had been touring Scotland, selling hardly anything, but doubtless seeing a good deal that related to British naval affairs in the north. So the authorities came to that point whereat the spy must either be arrested, or discovered to have vanished from the land. Well, he had gone—but he had not vanished. He was located aboard a vessel about to sail from Newcastle-on-Tyne. In just another sixty minutes, no more, this hapless secret agent of the Germans, being by then beyond the three-mile limit on a neutral deck, could have defied the whole navy of Britain if it had been sent to apprehend him.

But instead Robert Rosenthal came ashore and headed for London in the custody of men who told him nothing about the doom he had sealed in his letter. Believing himself only casually suspected, the victim of some insignificant circumstance such as improper registration or showing poor business form among the Scotch, he contrived to present a bold front when questioned by Sir Basil Thomson, then in charge at New Scotland Yard. He denied German allegiance with a sweeping stroke; and he gladly submitted a specimen of his handwriting. Its writing being identical, the letter missent from Copenhagen finally was read to him. And if he wondered at a counter-espionage miracle or his own impudent destiny, he did not show it, but at once bounded to his feet, clicked his heels and saluted his in-

terrogator. "I confess everything," he said. "I am a German soldier."

But really he had never had a day's training in the German army or in any other military force. Later he became hysterical, and attempted twice to commit suicide. Rosenthal was tried and convicted as an enemy spy. In place of being shot he was hanged, for some special reason that appears never to have been officially revealed.

§ 3. Without doubt the most perfectly conducted bureau of postal censorship in the annals of organized prying was the famous "Black Cabinet" of imperial Russia. Its name derived from the *Cabinet Noir* of France in the seventeenth century, and it had been intermittently a Russian institution since the reign of Catherine the Great. The ever growing tendencies toward liberalism or revolution in the empire saw the office of censor firmly established as a private pillar of the Tsar's throne; but this Black Cabinet of the imperial secret service, unlike the secret police or *Okhrana*, was not devoted to the suppression of Nihilism, anarchy, and the rebellion of the masses. It was reserved for more important espionage. To it came, in the main, the correspondence of the great, and that, being opened and read by the accomplished staff, was copied or photographed and preserved in a confidential file. Because of the relatively limited number of letter writers who were deemed important enough for this attention, the agents, who were comfortably housed in the Post Office, studied specimens of handwriting until they could recognize them

at a glance. These agents were bureaucrats born and of a special tribe, with such deftness and fidelity and shrewd taste for other people's confidences that their extra salary of three hundred and fifty roubles a month from the secret funds of the Ministry of the Interior, in addition to the one hundred and fifty roubles paid them as clerks of the Post Office, was doubtless a deserved stipend. Several stars of the censorship staff could read twenty languages.

The Russians called the work of the Black Cabinet *perlioustratzia*, and the most influential of them in Tsarist days seem to have justified this perlustration, this tampering with the mail of patriotic and law-abiding subjects, as a necessary abuse of paternalism in government. M. Ignatieff, when governor of Kiev, invariably sent his letters by the hands of trustworthy friends, as though he were involved in deep conspiracies; and so great a Russian leader as Count Witte is known to have been retarded at the beginning of his public career because his outspoken habit of mind, manifested in written communications, exposed opinions on many public issues that were recorded against him. Public issue was the thematic test applied to every letter opened by the Black Cabinet. One can picture the censors steadily at work, seeking for explicit treason, or better, for shadowy symptoms of dissatisfaction with the existing authority. After days or weeks of gorging themselves upon dull and intimate private affairs, gossip and wholly unrevolutionary comment on trifles, what a moment for them when a prince or grand duke or general unburdened himself of something meriting a place in the government records. Not even members of the imperial family

were immune from this postal spying. In Odessa, where one well-known general had shot himself because of something he had written unguardedly, there was even the rule that the employees of the Black Cabinet receive double pay whenever an important relative of the Tsar visited that city.

With headquarters in St. Petersburg, the Cabinet had branches in Moscow and Kiev as well as Odessa, that in Moscow being called the "secret expedition" and consisting of a chief and eight clerks, and that in Kiev having a staff of similar size and being probably the most efficient of all because its untiring agents were also Austro-German spies. Except for the detection of this espionage within the Russian postal censorship, we should know much less about its secret administration. At the time of the Revolution faithful employees destroyed by the sackful evidence of the unprincipled and tyrannic bureaucracy of the Tsarist government; and thousands of copies or photographs of letters secured by the Black Cabinet—invaluable to the future historian, though no doubt damaging enough to individuals and to a régime—were included in the grand extermination of the proofs. But the World War brought many changes to Russia before it brought uprisings that changed everything. When spies were discovered in the Black Cabinet at Kiev they were arrested and put on trial, much as if the cracks in the former framework of secrecies were already so wide, that nothing was too serious to be hidden hereafter from the public view. Both the prosecution and the defence made a terribly clear case against the Black Cabinet by way of arguing the guilt or innocence of the the accused.

The chief defendant, Karl Zievert, had been engaged in the work of censoring or spying upon mail for nearly five decades. He had laboured with uniform diligence for two or more masters and shown a remarkable impartiality to all political camps in Russia. His three principal assistants, Eduard Hardack, Max Schultz and Konrad Gusander, were like himself of German birth but long resident in Kiev. It was noted at the trial that, so faithfully had these men applied themselves to their form of secret service, living apart from Russian neighbours, that they did not speak the language fluently. The notorious Plehve, whose resignation from the scene of his many cruelties was devised by a bomb, when chief of the imperial police, had crushed a military conspiracy in Kiev, uncovered there by the Black Cabinet, and this was offered in favour of the defendants, who at times seemed more disposed to excuse themselves as Russian spies than as German. Zievert's humourless spirit of research had made his postal interceptions a mechanical art; and with ingenuous logic he argued that his work had been chiefly of benefit, not to the Tsar or his ministers, but to ambitious, deserving, and obscure Russians whose writings the Black Cabinet was able to bring to the attention of the most influential men in the government. According to Zievert, he never had failed to report any evidences of wisdom or patriotism that he happened upon in a letter read by him, and in this anonymous way had assisted many a clever fellow in obtaining some desired recognition or a better government post.

Zievert had likewise helped a few penmen to retirement and beyond, to Siberia. During the Beiliss trial the Black



Cabinet had held up letters addressed to V. A. Maklakoff of defending counsel. At Kiev they even went so far as to read the mail of the local secret police, so that the *Okhrana* decided to have a Cabinet of its own, ostensibly to keep watch over the mail of political refugees. In 1911 Nicholas II visited Kiev, and it was during this visit that M. Stoly-pin was assassinated while in a theatre and almost at the Tsar's side. General Kourloff had been charged with the safety of the imperial party, and he had ordered the Black Cabinet not to touch the letters of those ministers of state who accompanied the Tsar; which order Zievert did not obey, either because of his intolerable thoroughness or on account of being also in foreign employ. One minor official, Varevoda by name, happened to work as a postal censor for the *Okhrana* as well as in the Black Cabinet, getting three salaries each month, from Zievert, from the Post Office, and from Colonel Kouliabko, chief of the secret police bureau in Kiev. This triplex functionary reported to General Kourloff that Zievert was reading the ministerial correspondence, and Kourloff—an able and powerful officer of the secret police—determined to punish the too officious censor. He gave orders that the Black Cabinet of the *Okhrana* should hereafter read Zievert's mail.

The bureaucratic retaliation is perhaps typical, but what is more of a wonder, Zievert, having brought upon himself the vindictive scrutiny of the secret police, yet continued to be both a censor and a foreign secret agent at Kiev for five years before his detection. All his chief subordinates at Kiev were Germans until the declaration of war, and even after that he managed to retain most of them. Having

German industry, they packed the files with confidential matter, a little of which came forth ironically at the trial of Soukhomlinoff to help convict that much more imposing official in German pay. Letters the Minister of War had written General Ivanoff and General Alexeieff, imperial chief of staff, were produced against him. And at Zievert's own trial it was brought out that photographic copies had been taken of letters written by the Dowager Empress to noted admirals and army commanders. Only Nihilists, Bolshevists, and such political refugees and agitators escaped the discernments of the Black Cabinet, and by the simple process of putting no trust in the imperial Post Office and having an underground courier system of their own, largely contrived through the revolutionary sympathies of workers in the Russian railway and express services. In contrast the French tutor of the Tsar's children complained that his letters were always being opened and read; nor were members of the all-pervasive Rasputin camarilla able to protect their correspondence from Zievert and his kind, whose power seemed more like an hereditary right than something bestowed on clerks by ministerial appointees.

Zievert's trial, which would have been either a dark secret or a huge sensation in times of peace, was soon obliterated by the excitements of the war. He and his companions were convicted. It was shown that Russian military secrets of the Kiev district had been sent by him to Vienna even before the outbreak of hostilities, and that his son, Erich, a subaltern in the Russian infantry, had been very quickly made prisoner by the Austrians, but, accord-

ing to report, was not being harshly restricted while visiting the enemy country. Zievert's testimony about the deserving ones his keen eyesight had aided did not move the court to tears, for it had been pretty clearly established that the Black Cabinet seldom troubled to pounce on and examine letters passing between obscure subjects of the Tsar. Zievert proudly revealed that the special electric kettle used in steaming open an ordinary envelope was of German make. He explained, too, that many letters were copied by hand; and if a word or signature proved to be illegible it would be photographed and its picture pasted on the file copy in the proper place, all photographic apparatus also being German.

It had always been understood that some skilled agency of the Empire opened important documents, and since most of these would be sealed with wax, the required dexterity was thought to be considerable. Now experts and staff lecturers on espionage and military intelligence, both in Europe and America, have been wont to advise the use of a heated knife blade in lifting off the seal of an envelope so that it may be replaced intact when the letter has been read. But Zievert who was attacking heavily sealed letters by the dozens found that a heated blade or red hot wire was unworthy of his perlustrating genius. Very often the heat of the metal scorched the envelope; and notable Russians were too accustomed to spies not to recognize what that meant. So he invented a device that was simply a thin, round stick, about the size and diameter of a knitting needle, and slit along half its length. This stick could be inserted under the flap of a sealed envelope at the corner, pushed nearly across

to the opposite corner, until the letter caught in the slit and was then gripped by a swift turn. Now came a delicate move: to wind the letter carefully around the stick without so distending the envelope at the top that the flap would be strained and the seal or seals upon it cracked or marred. Once the letter had been furled tightly around the stick, it could be cautiously withdrawn from under the envelope flap at the corner. And having been read and recorded, it then would be rewound about the stick, inserted under the flap once more, very gently unwound, loosened from the slit in the stick, and the stick withdrawn with care from the envelope, which, being no doubt a bit bulged at the top by this process, would be pressed flat by hand and afterwards go forward to the addressee looking as beautifully sealed and protected as when diverted to the office of the Black Cabinet for secret investigation.

No single stroke of genius in espionage or counter-espionage may be found to surpass this dexterous feat of investigation.

## X

### ORGANIZED SECRET POLICE

§ 1. The secret police in modern Europe participate in counter-espionage; and the police service may be said to provide the only practical training course for the counter-spy, graduating many a clever agent or director of military counter-espionage. Organized secret police, an important branch of the government of imperial Rome and employed no doubt in some form or other by all ancient dynasties, attained to the greatest power and proficiency in serving the head of the state in India in the sixteenth century. Akbar, the great Mogul emperor, established about 1556 a secret intelligence and espionage service which practically governed his realm, in that he ruled as a tyrant strictly in accordance with his own high conception of justice and right after informing himself by giving personal attention to the reports of his many spies. With no special anxiety about his neighbours and small interest in espionage beyond his own frontiers, this splendid master of Hindustan used more than four thousand spies for the sole purpose of bringing him the truth that his throne might rest upon it. As several spies would independently report to him upon the same local matter, he was as hard to deceive as a shrewd city editor.

To the Oriental mind spies were the best royal means of

regulating a populous empire having the utmost social and religious complexity. It was delicately observed by a political philosopher of India that spies "check the zeal" of officials. Reports upon travellers seem to have been especially prized in the secret service design of the Mogul emperor. There must have existed some idea of the sovereign as a kind of majestic innkeeper, upon whose infallible knowledge of arrivals and departures depended the repute and welfare of the whole community. Sir John Hawkins, travelling in the Orient as an envoy of Queen Elizabeth of England, came to India and landed, and was most uncordially received in Surat by the Mocarrub Khan. Sir John stoutly continued on to Agra. The spies of Akbar preceded him and with news. When the English admiral entered the city he was appropriately honoured, and being received in private audience, all of which he could complain was described to him by the Emperor before he mentioned his grievance. And besides expressions of regret, the visitor was also given to understand that discipline had already been prescribed in Surat. Thus it was that the corps of spies helped to overawe the people with the ruler's all-seeing eye and all-knowing mind. Criminals might not flourish and rebels and political plotters were discouraged, for, lo, the country was policed from house to house in secret each and every day. The spies were the reporters of an earlier age; and they seem to have devoted themselves in the main to the gathering of unsavoury details. History shows that military intelligence was nearly always ineffectual in India. Even the intelligence system of the Mogul emperors, so perfect in performance as a force of secret

police, lost its great utility when brought to bear upon anything more military than a bazaar riot.<sup>1</sup> The spies of India were evidently too preoccupied with gossip and scandal.

It is told that the Emperor Aurangzeb, who came after Akbar, was called the "saintly" because of his manner of employing diligent police spies. On one occasion a wall had collapsed, and while nothing whatever was being done about it in the fashion of the Orient, word came to the Emperor that three fakirs had been near the wall and must now lie dead beneath its debris. Whereupon, when he had come to the place in his progress through the city, Aurangzeb gave orders that the broken wall be cleared away and the bodies underneath be taken up and given fitting burial, and the people were amazed that he should know of these fatalities when they did not, and praised him for a great and good deed. A son of Aurangzeb, Shah Alam, also had his personal spies. The Emperor's spies reported that the son in his own palace was even now disporting himself gaily and not alone; and Aurangzeb, being saintly by nature as well as by profession, resented this piece of intelligence, and began preparing at once to call upon Shah Alam and reproach him for his sins. But here the son's spies interfered. An emperor's visit, whatever the motivation, had to have a certain slow dignity, and Shah Alam was warned of his father's approach in ample time. He posed himself with princely decorum, meanwhile having his servants dispose of his guests. And so there were no ladies present when Aurangzeb surprised his first-born; in fact, the well-advised young prince was found reading the Koran.

<sup>1</sup> Irvine, *The Army of the Indian Moguls*.

All this secret service work in India was then performed by the companies of scavengers. The law sent them twice every day into all dwellings to clean, and while thus engaged in gathering up the refuse to carry away, they listened to multitudinous remarks. Everything which they heard they reported to their superiors whose reports in turn went directly to the throne. There was no discrimination whatever in the garnering of cerebral refuse: the worst idle gossip, the meanest abuse of a neighbour or rival, any petty scandal among persons of however low degree came through unrefined and unedited, and was available in the palace by nightfall. It is known that the begums or royal ladies often read aloud the spy reports and news letters of the secret police at the end of the day. Under the religiously restricted manner of living which was the lot of princesses and concubines alike in that distant land, this reading of the police news must have been a rare diversion, incidentally sparing the Emperor's eyesight. But also is it said that the favourites of the palace, learning so much in this way, often contrived openly or subtly to dominate the whole policy of government from the seclusion of the royal zenana.

, , ,

§ 2. No system of organized secret police, conferring supreme intelligence and authority as did the scavengers of India, has ever existed elsewhere—unless it were the formidably reticulated organization of the mediæval Church in Europe. It once was said by von Decker, the German military intelligence expert, that the secret which cannot be



penetrated by a cleric or a woman will never be penetrated. And the parish priest was a cleric with a predominant influence among his women parishioners; so that the prospects for the penetration of local secrets were excellent, and enough local secrets assembled together would be the mighty intelligence of an archbishop, of a Wolsey or a Richelieu.

Opponents of the Church have forever argued that the institution of the confessional was a measure of secret service before it was anything more sanctified. But such controversies aside, it is to be observed that the clerical office until a century ago trained many very brilliant secret agents and spies and directors of espionage. Fouché, Talleyrand, and Desmarest were three ex-churchmen who knew how to organize or benefit from a secret police service. Cardinal Richelieu had his skilful Father Joseph du Tremblay—*l'Éminence grise*—who with a force of daring and unscrupulous assistants uncovered the no less unscrupulous conspiracy of Cinq-Mars, kept watch upon Austria and her allies and an Austrian queen of France, and even outranged that lovely and incorrigible plotter, Marie de Rohan, the Duchess of Luynes and Chevreuse. Cardinal Mazarin nominated his most useful spy, Ondedei, to the bishopric of Fréjus, though only with considerable difficulty persuading the Pope to confirm the appointment to high ecclesiastical office of so notorious a schemer. And it was that really erudite scholar, the Abbé Lenglet-Dufresnoy—a treacherous double spy for both the French and Prince Eugene—who, emerging from prison where his conflicting allegiances had lodged him, solved the remarkable Cellemare conspir-

acy which aimed during the minority of Louis XV to overthrow the Regent of France in the interests of Spain.

The upheaval of the French Revolution turned any number of clever men out of the Church and some few of these found a congenial haven in the ranks of the secret police. But they did not remain obscurely in the ranks for long, once the more tranquil days of the Directory had relieved Paris of mob-rule. Joseph Fouché, Napoleon's most famous Minister of Police, enriched himself and was honoured with a dukedom. Like some other Bonapartist dukes he did not win battles, or even take part in them; he specialized in winning private applause. As he served a warrior, a usurper, a man with innumerable and resolute enemies, he had need of great cruelty and cunning but no special gifts of vigilance in minding Napoleon's tumultuous business. Political intrigues, plots of the Chouans, minor schemes of assassination, and stupendous criminal conspiracies in rapid succession dropped or blundered into the wide net of the police that Fouché spread across the Continent as the Emperor's armies gradually conquered it.

The average police agent was either a needy, disreputable Royalist, like Montgaillard or Perlet, or a scoundrel like Veyrat or Foudras or Bertrand who had sprung from nowhere—or from prison—during the social convulsions of the Terror and its revolutionary subsidence. A rabble of outcasts, the rank and file of Fouché's police were the uncertain instruments with which he affected to keep order throughout the enlarging empire. Said one who encountered them: "The precautions with which society has armed

itself against crime are not a whit behind the expedients of crime itself in their violence and ferocity.”<sup>1</sup> But Fouché cared little or nothing for order as we conceive it today; his first objective was maintenance of his own position and influence, his second, financial gain. To accomplish both he had only to keep Napoleon interested and a little disturbed, and this he did by turning his most skilful agents into political informers and spies, and putting them upon the trail of every prominent person who appeared likely to object of the imperial tyrannies. And whatever he learned from them was edited into his daily police reports, which, if he could, he presented to the Emperor in person.

Fouché had several rivals, but his single foe was tranquillity. As Napoleonic domination grew more and more pronounced, with Russia or England the only asylum for individual opponents of the French government, Fouché abandoned even a pretence of interest in actual police work—he had an invaluable prefect in Comte Dubois, who attended to the criminal underworld—and devoted himself to diplomatic intrigue and international espionage. The intrigue, if much to his taste, was also his final undoing. He had once been dismissed for conspiracy, but did not leave off conspiring, and by means of it in time manœuvred himself back into the Cabinet. But in the spring of 1810 he was again in trouble for his old tendency toward an Anglo-French understanding, and on June 3rd he resigned in disgrace, being succeeded by Savary, newly created Duc de Rovigo. As for his ventures in espionage and counter-espionage, he very largely depended upon his brilliant lieu-

<sup>1</sup> Nodier, *Souvenirs de la Révolution*.

tenants, Réal and Desmarest, who have already been seen in action; and just as they directed the affair of the Secret Committee, so Fouché left it to their unfailing ingenuity to find him spies and send them on promising errands to produce something for the Emperor's menu of scandals, alarms, and civil commotions. Fouché, after the days of the Consulate, was a spy-master merely through his having appointed and trained the two officers who became such masterly organizers of espionage. Like Stieber before his momentous introduction to Bismarck, Fouché preferred to anticipate rebellion and soothe inflammatory liberalism with a blackjack. Military spies were under other management.

It was surely a conspicuous tribute to Réal and Desmarest that they both retained their posts in the Ministry of Police while Fouché, their discoverer, came and went. Réal, to friends and victims alike, was a man of exceeding wit and shrewdness; according to M. Nodier, "a complete policeman from head to foot," whose "expression charmed one, by the lucid transparent gaze of his blue eyes." He was himself the director of police under the authority of the Chief Justice during Fouché's first ministerial indisposition, and it speaks volumes for his calibre and Fouché's confidence in him that he remained in the department when virtually being supplanted as its chief. Desmarest, his leading subordinate, was head of the Division of Public Safety and of the secret police. He was an unfrocked priest and had once been a turbulent Jacobin; but he was an excellent business man, upright, intelligent, possessing—as no less a person than Sainte-Beuve wrote in 1833—"that grav-

ity, that discretion, that are the mark of the honest man.”<sup>1</sup> Both men excelled in the examination of prisoners, Desmarest especially having a deceptively genial, almost hospitable manner which baffled the unfortunates interrogated by him, made them believe they had found an advocate and defender, and later left them surprised that the judges should have interpreted the evidence he offered so differently.

During the whole of the Empire—and what a minute of eternity for spies and intrigue!—these gifted officials were in command of the French secret police. In the archives of France a thousand portfolios describe their farsighted activities; and neither historians nor dramatists for centuries to come shall ever want for material while those records remain. The variety of subjects that interested them, as well as their versatility in recruiting spies who could be made to serve the imperial police loyally and well, even though under compulsion, would seem to show that all modern detectives are gentle and unsophisticated and rather negligent by comparison. Their processes of compulsion were a dreadful enterprise, by which brave and noble men were broken in spirit through every trick of bewilderment and threat, accusations, promises, physical degradation, and moral torture. Réal and Desmarest systematically compelled accused persons having political affiliations to spy for them. A sinister pair of tailors, they manufactured turncoats for every conceivable occasion; and both made use of a disreputable device—euphemistically termed a test of fidelity—in that each victim had to provide them with a

<sup>1</sup> Savine, *Quinze Ans de haute Police*.

permanent hold upon him by committing a crime at the start. Evidence of this compulsory felony was then preserved with the other documents relating to his case, and, if need be, was found useful also in discrediting him with any friends of his that he might be ordered to betray.

, , ,

§ 3. A tradition of secret police power and excellence survives in France to this day, descended from Fouché and his men. All French secret police methods have been related to a body of confidential official information called the *dossier*. This *dossier* comprises a complete life record of everybody in the Republic that seems at all likely ever to be of interest to the authorities, in short, all persons of distinction and their relatives, all persons who appear on the way to achieve public renown and their family connexions, and again, all persons even remotely associated with what is loosely termed the criminal class. Thus, the *dossier* is as well informed about a poet-politician who may one day rise to be ambassador or cabinet minister as it is informed about the woman who goes to do cleaning at the embassy of a foreign power, or about the man who, first a petty thief and army deserter, is now awaiting in prison the ultimate ministrations of the guillotine. It is a sort of Bertillon measurement device attentive to careers and character.

The *dossier* system has become widely imitated. But it remained for the disciples of Stieber in Berlin to apply it to the citizens of other countries and for purposes of espionage and secret service in the event of war. German spies

sent out before 1914 were instructed to report any private information they might obtain that related with some degree of authenticity to a foreigner of social or political prominence, or to a member of his family. Which resulted in the gathering of a kind of encyclopædia of contemporary scandal, wherein there appeared thousands of names of persons important in other countries, who, because of some detected moral blemish or past fault or family "skeleton," were deemed likely to yield to pressure if ever it were exerted.

This was simply a wholesale preparation for official blackmail. It was probably not supposed that such people, however intimidated by the knowledge which is power, could be compelled to spy for an enemy. But they might be persuaded to assist indirectly, or to screen the activities of German agents in the days of conflict that impended. Thus, a spy would report: Lady — who is supposed to spend many of her week-ends at her country estate at — in Surrey, really goes with — to his place at — in Dorset. Just what all this meticulous gossiping accomplished when war came will never be published. But it did result in the creation of the Book of the Forty-Seven Thousand, which was widely discussed in Great Britain at the close of the conflict. It was alleged that the German secret service records contained the names of forty-seven thousand British subjects who might be made use of because something they wished heartily to conceal was known to the enemy. At least one witness in a court of law testified that he had seen the Book and read many hundreds of names, astonishing to behold. "Was my name in the Book you describe?"

inquired the presiding Justice from the bench. "Yes, my Lord, it was," said the witness, being under oath.

This British *dossier* "made in Germany," the Book of the Forty-Seven Thousand so-called, reappeared at that celebrated lawsuit in London in which a statesman's wife was successfully besmirched so that her husband might never again hope to predominate in his party's councils. Ostensibly a dancer was suing a publisher for libel. The libel action was actually concocted by the agents of a statesman in power, and was suppressed as news to be cabled to America, but in no way concealed from the politically influential portion of the British public. The statesman's wife had been on the extensive German list, and in the form of testimony the scandalous nature of information held against her was uncovered to all who had been her husband's adherents.

, , ,

§ 4. It may easily be argued that the Russian people do not understand government without secret police, for no sooner did the Tsarist organization of the *Okhrana* expire in the early weeks of the Revolution than the new Bolshevik masters arose and replaced it with the *Cheka*. And when, after three years, that domestic mechanism of frightfulness had literally been washed away by the torrents of blood it had shed, the surviving skeleton of the Tsar's secret police service achieved a new cloak and so today it is called the *Ogpu*. Lewis Carroll, immortal inventor of fantastic words,



had no influence upon *Cheka* and *Ogpu*. They are really CH.E.K.A. and O.G.P.U., the initials of flowing Russian titles which both describe and threaten. To report their activities would be to write a history of counter-revolution in Russia since the autumn of 1917 and explain its many faults and futile patriotisms and its sanguinary expulsion from the arena. The evolution of the Russian secret police did not mean one sinister, oppressive spy service supplanted by another. The Bolshevik innovators have tried to change and, in their radical opinion, improve everything, and they have delighted in publishing the archives of the Romanoff Foreign Office and many other confidential documents of former administrations. But it will be recalled that they have done very little exposing of the horrors of the imperial *Okhrana*, and for the excellent reason that they decided they had need of an effective internal secret service and, being disposed from experience to respect that of the Tsar, they boldly made it their own.

Many agents of the *Okhrana* served in the *Cheka* and continued on the payroll of the *Ogpu*. The uprisings and street fighting of the spring and summer of 1917 saw the whole or partial destruction and pillage of the principal headquarters of the *Okhrana*; but whatever of records or buildings remained, the *Cheka* commandeered them. The executive heads of the Tsar's police had to be removed, of course, and many agents and spies had run away or been killed. The Bolshevik leaders, who could read history as well as make it, found replacements just as Fouché had done in revolutionary France by taking on exiles and ex-convicts who would know all about the work of the secret

police service from having spent their adult life either avoiding it or in its custody. By studying the *Okhrana*, then, it is simultaneously possible to study the deadly organization called the *Cheka*, save that the agents of the former, for all their vile traps and provocations and illegal efficiencies, were never known to go down into a dim cellar with revolvers drawn and proceed to "execute" two hundred and thirty-one suspected aristocrats or intellectuals who had been awaiting preliminary examination and gradually starving to death. And the *Okhrana*, if using women informers, had no police officers that were girls under twenty. But the *Cheka* did, and one of them, put upon the case of a suspected British agent and riding in a railway carriage with him, having convinced herself by conversation or coquetry or other means at her command that her companion was a Briton, drew a revolver as the train neared the Polish frontier, compelled him to put up his hands, and allowing him a court martial of one second's expediency, fired three bullets into his head.

The *Okhrana* had only two methods of protecting the Tsar and his government officials from the secret revolutionary societies, which was their chief objective: agents of the *Okhrana* followed and recorded the hourly movements of every Russian, regardless of class, who had any degree of intelligence or mobility, and by a very rigid enforcement of the passport regulations they kept track of travellers as perfectly as of those who remained at home; and police agents, going abroad as spies, endeavoured to introduce themselves into revolutionary circles and became wherever possible *agents provocateurs*.

Archives of the *Okhrana* which gained some publicity in Russia during the life of the Kerensky government almost comically disclose the mentality and manner of work of a secret police agent in a Russian city at a period of altogether tropical placidity. The great Count Tolstoy visited St. Petersburg in 1897 and was dogged by the *Okhrana* from the moment he stepped from his train. Only one report condescended to refer to him as the "well-known writer," but to another of his shadows he was "Retired Lieutenant Leo Nikolaievitch Tolstoy." Though one of the world's greatest living artists and a ponderable spiritual force in Russia and the rest of Europe, to the secret police he was only a lieutenant whose card at the Ministry of War had been marked "retired." Tolstoy also at this time was the best-known man in the empire, but the welcoming report, that which begins with his issuing from the railroad carriage, minutely described his costume, even his hat, and the colour of his hair. No disguises were to be allowed this genius during his visit to the capital. His hat might be replaced, but his hair must not darken a shade or turn out blond. And the final eccentricity of those paid to guard the foundations of Russian imperialism sets down the hour and minute of Tolstoy's entering a tobacconist shop, observes what he purchased therein, and when he resumed his stroll, also the restaurant he honoured that same day, what he ordered to eat, how long he remained at table, and what the meal cost him.

This apprehensive tedium was not merely Russian, but characteristic of the secret police over half the continent of Europe. During the Dreyfus case as many as seventeen

agents were simultaneously "at work" upon Esterhazy alone, though what one man, not a noted conjurer, could do to occupy the attention of seventeen French detectives will not immediately suggest itself to the average intellect. Archives of the secret service in Vienna, lately invaded by scholars, have shown that matter relating to Louis Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot of the nineteenth century, was filed under the heading: "Criminals." Not that all police agents were individually obtuse, but they were strictly disciplined and expected to obey orders to the letter, without initiative or regrettable display of imagination. And the headquarters impulses in nearly all countries boasting such a service were identical: the *agent provocateur* planted among malcontent and radical organizations; the domestic spy located in offices, other government bureaux, and even the homes of officials and politicians; and postal supervision or deliberate censorship being the three standbys in addition to wholesale sleuthing and its copious time-table reports upon the apparel, acquaintance, breakfasts, lunches, dinners, and debauches of more or less suspected persons.

In April 1915, the monk Rasputin decided to spend a few days in Moscow. General Globatcheff, chief officer of the *Okhrana* in Petrograd, ordered him shadowed. At this time Rasputin was so powerful at court that the secret police did not even dare mention his name, but referred to him only as "The Dark One." In Moscow the monk stayed at the home of friends, and *Okhrana* agents seem to have penetrated the house from hour to hour. His excessive drinking was noted, also the noise that he made. There

were complaints lodged in the neighbourhood, he was so noisy; and while drunk the charlatan kissed all the servant girls who came within his reach, and even his kisses echoed in the police report. Taken for a ride in a cab, so that the bracing air might sober him up, he was followed by the unblinking eyes of the *Okhrana*. Even the cost of the ride was noted, and since the monk's capacity for enjoyment was only dilated by the oxygen treatment, the next page of the report—made public by the revolutionary authorities—carries him off to various cafés where he passed the whole night carousing with friends. A very little sleep and he was abroad again, this time accompanied by the prettiest housemaid. After three such days—doubtless with thankful sighs—the agents of the *Okhrana* saw “The Dark One” to his train. But what is especially puzzling about it all is that the secret police were responsible to the Tsar, who surely had access to their archives; yet despite the truth concerning him which the *Okhrana* patiently accumulated, Rasputin was allowed to continue posing as a saint at Tsarskoe-Selo for nearly two more years, until the very day of his assassination.

§ 5. During the World War the Hapsburg monarchy developed a very natural dread of the subject races within its badly jointed empire. In particular the most intolerant and abominable activities of the Austro-Hungarian secret police were concentrated upon Prague and Brünn and the surrounding communities of Bohemia and Moravia. The

Czechs and Slovaks had been resisting oppression for five centuries, and with the utmost tenacity had clung to their nationalist ideals and preserved their language and customs and honoured their heroes, from Huss, the martyr, burned at the stake in 1415, to Masaryk, the scholar, whose republican dream was realized in 1919, but who had been driven into exile by a sentence of death—his treason being a logical and profound exposition of the Czech national rights—in the opening months of the war. Besides intern-ing a great many Czechs in an insanitary camp at Talerhof in Styria, the Austrian police and secret service at once reduced the cities of Prague and Brünn to a virtual state of siege upon the excuse of the first food riots. Excelling even the rigours of the German military police regulations in Alsace, they treated all citizens of Bohemia and Moravia, including in time those formerly more favoured German portions of the population, as enemies to be held in check by the vigilance of spies and by force. In Prague, for example, tenants and householders whose dwellings or places of business adjoined the intersections of important thoroughfares were evicted without offer of compensation; police posts were installed in their stead, with machine-guns mounted to command the streets in all directions; and in more than one instance an attempt to recover a forgotten article led to a charge of espionage against some member of a family which had suffered eviction.

One Austrian girl living in Prague, whose only disability was belonging to an impoverished family intelligent enough to be suspected by the secret police of Socialist affiliations, returned thus to a corner house from one room

of which her scanty possessions had been too hurriedly removed. Her purpose seemed so normal, her destination so ordinary, it never occurred to her that a police permit might be needed. Nor was one demanded when she came to the vacated building. But the entry of a police spy and her sudden discovery while searching for her small treasure resulted in prompt arrest. In Prague at that time—because of official “nerves” as the disruptive conflict dragged on, and the impact of poverty, casualties, and food shortages rocked the flimsy imperial edifice—arrest and conviction had become more closely synonymous than anywhere else since the Dark Ages. Caught under such obscurely questionable circumstances, this girl of nineteen was convicted of spying upon the Austrian police. Her sentence of death was miraculously commuted to five years of imprisonment. But not that of a hardly less innocent victim of internal espionage, a young woman of Brünn, who, having served from the beginning of the war as an army nurse unwisely believed she had some surviving civil rights and accepted from a wounded Croatian gunner, one of her patients, a copy of a Russian revolutionary proclamation to the dominating nationals of Austria-Hungary. She inclosed it in a letter to her uncle, which highly treasonable act was detected. She was arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. The uncle had copied the proclamation into a notebook and read it to a friend. Both being residents of Bohemia, they were spied upon; and the uncle’s notebook brought him a capital penalty for treason.

To the secret police it was civil war. so the end was not yet. The uncle’s friend to whom he had confided the Rus-

sian message had been permitted to make himself a copy, promising to distribute it no further. But forgetting his promise, he made three copies, every one of which fell into the hands of the police; so that he was convicted and executed like the others, and one of his copies, reaching a school director of Brünn, an ardent Czecho-Slovakian Nationalist, promoted another death, for, arrested and searched, the director's copy was found upon him and that was enough for the Austrian court. Leniency began to set in about this time, if belatedly, and the other two copies contributed punishments of four and seven years' imprisonment respectively. The industry of the secret police persisted, however, until the young nurse's copy of the proclamation and its copies had netted thirty-nine convictions out of forty-two accused. These convictions comprised six death sentences, uncommuted, and one commuted, and a total of ninety-one years of imprisonment.

Fearful as these repressive measures were in the tottering empire of Franz Josef and Karl, they now seem mild in comparison with that plague which was the administration of Bolshevik justice by the *Cheka*. Austrian leaders, forgetting the five centuries, honestly believed that the Czechs were traitors, and were exasperated when regiments, like the 28th, deserted in a body, not to escape from the war, but to join the other side and fight furiously against the government oppressing their people. In panic the police of Austria-Hungary retaliated upon the civil populations in Bohemia and Moravia, and those provinces, having civil war thrust upon them, were ready for independence as the substantial republic of Czecho-Slovakia as soon as the



Hapsburg monarchy collapsed. Today in defending the extremely repressive measures of that time, former Austrian officials cite the examples of the Irishmen, Pearse and Case-ment and their adherents, who were executed for high treason. No government, even if elective, when engaged in a desperate foreign war, will endure what it interprets to be a treacherous stab in the back without taking up very sharp instruments to defend itself.

, , ,

§ 6. American readers, contemplating the *Okhrana*, the *Cheka*, and other unmitigated secret police organizations, will enjoy a democratic shudder and be glad that nothing so arbitrary intrudes upon their happy home life. But let them pause and then with candid arithmetic add to the agents and spies of the Federal Department of Justice the special detective force—the Secret Service—of the Treasury Department; let them add the innumerable city and county detectives, the state police now in many investigations available as a plainclothes force, the inspectors of customs and customs spies both amateur and professional, the far-flung agents of American prohibition enforcement and allied industries, also the Coast Guard units no longer associated with the beach patrol and marine life-saving functions of that salty force, the considerable investigation services concerned with national or state income tax returns, the new and doubtless necessary detective patrols that are to supervise immigration on the Mexican and Canadian borders, and finally the hordes, masses and unchartered battalions

of labour spies, industrial police, and all sorts and kinds and calibres of long- and short-range private detective agencies and their regular or occasional operatives—let all these be added together, marshalled and arranged according to ability, age, income, height, or character, and the most diffuse system of secret police supervision ever known can be viewed from whatever distance the individual taste may suggest. Foreign observers are appalled by mere enumeration. Excepting Russia in the grip of the *Okhrana* or its Bolshevik substitutes, or possibly India under the Mogul emperors, it appears that no country or people has ever required so many spies per capita or suffered such generous official, semi-official, and purely officious espionage as the American nation today.

## XI

### PROPAGANDA AS SECRET SERVICE : THE BLUFF BARRAGE

§ 1. The combatants in the World War did not pause after revising the art and procedure of spying upon spies. The struggle of the great European contest had perfected a new kind of attack; and thus, associated with espionage and secret service, and in defiance of counter-espionage, we have to contemplate the assaults of propaganda, the attacks on army and civilian morale, defeatism of the 1917 model, and that intangible curtain of bitter truths and half-truths, democratic ideals, false rumours, and deliberate libels dropped upon all peoples, both belligerents and neutrals, which is fairly well defined by the title of Bluff Barrage. Counter-spying could betray an Edith Cavell, or send a Russian Minister of War to a dungeon; but the defeatist, Bolo Pasha, was only destroyed at last by his own blatant stupidities; and a more wisely tempered propaganda that urged the Germanic peoples to dispense with their autocrats could not be checked and was scarcely counteracted at all.

After a great war has passed into history the villain of the conflict is war itself; but while hostilities are actually in progress the enemy is the culprit, and every effort must be put forth to convince all the world of his guilt. This is

not a modern process; nor is it a military or judicial one. It is a feat of strategic propaganda. As a weapon of offence propaganda goes back to antiquity. The warrior Greeks, being blessed with imagination, excelled in it. But in the World War systematized propaganda won a great battle, and also disarmed a fleet; it demoralized nations and turned a dozen irresolute neutrals into energetic combatants. Its scientific manipulation absorbed the time of companies and battalions of individuals possessing every known trait from mere intellectual agility and talent for news distortion to imaginative genius and the persuasive resources of a founder of religion.

Propaganda gave as venerable a thing as falsehood a whole new set of patriotic disguises. It spread to Oxford and Heidelberg, and to Labrador, Tierra del Fuego, and Tibet. Beginning as a kind of solemn façade of Foreign Office apologetic, it became a tissue of deceptive transparencies and amazing elasticity, and finally a blinding vapour that hung over Europe long after the smoke of the battles had drifted away. It not only discomfited its victims but also screened the truth from its own manufacturers. Like bombs of high explosive, propaganda was dropped upon camps and combat zones and unfortified cities, and like the bombs it exploded in millions of harassed minds. It consumed paper and ink as the guns consumed shells. It was packed with the sausages distributed to troops in the line; it was pictured to multitudes unable to read, and played and sung to many who would rather listen than think. Propaganda in five years—from 1915 to 1920—surpassed all the lies ever told to ballot-bearing or turbulent

mobs, while also achieving the highest birthrate of misshapen facts and statistics on record. It came down as a creeping barrage of bluff on five continents, and the fragments of its biggest shells are still imbedded dangerously deep.

Very soon after the outbreak of the war in Europe the grouped belligerents began to make a case for themselves as to their guiltless share in causing hostilities to begin. A series of so-called Blue, White, Green, Orange, and Yellow Books poured from the presses bearing the governmental imprimatur, containing ostensibly undoctored telegrams and diplomatic dispatches, and proving at least that very clever attorneys were at work. Since every combatant discharged itself of blame, disputing the evidence offered on the other side, a controversy ensued which mere haphazard patriotism was not considered able enough to sustain. Gentlemen gifted in logic were mobilized and when a second class was called to the colours there was a perceptible emphasis on other gifts. The heavy guns of international law were still pounding away; but for the benefit of great masses of people whose young men were going to die in battle, and for the populations of neutral neighbours, it seemed desirable to have spokesmen who understood emotional appeal. Since average people believe most readily what they want to believe, war propaganda must always aim to stir the emotions. In the modern instance of nations at war nothing written or spoken against an enemy may be too extravagant to move a partisan audience; in the case of neutrals, wonder must be excited so that believers will spring up to repeat the canard because it is so peculiarly worth the telling.

As espionage was curbed and suppressed by counter-espionage, so propaganda discovered contrary winds of counter-propaganda. And perhaps more than any other form of secret service in the World War, propaganda was checked and disturbed by censorship. Now the work of the censor is an irksome thing to free peoples, and it is here to be noted that propaganda as a weapon of future offence gives odds to the autocrats and the absolute monarchs. The people of Russia before 1914 were so unaccustomed to getting all the facts, that the regulations of military censorship when introduced caused no great hardship and enemy propaganda never made important headway among them. But in Great Britain and France, in Italy and America, strict supervision of the news was constantly under fire and caused such tension and popular disquiet that the censor's regimen seemed to be doing more harm than good. Enemy propaganda took full advantage of this condition of twilight in public information. Persons half informed are eager to hear more, and are a godsend to the propagandist; whereas persons having no information whatever and being used to the official silences are much less responsive to distortion and subtle persuasion; they baffle the propagandist by sheer unfamiliarity with that on which his cunning contrivances must build. At the moment, then, Russia and Italy are, with regard to a propaganda war, the only well prepared nations in Europe. Being told to read and work and think in accord with government policies, the people of Russia or Italy are always by way of being mobilized against exterior influences; and the regulations directed against enemy propaganda in the event

of war would scarcely be noticed and certainly could not seem abnormal. It is no argument against democracy, but it is now established as an affliction of modern warfare that free peoples will be victimized more easily by the propagandists of the foe and will likewise suffer the most from their own governments' attempts to shut out and counteract that propaganda.

It has been explained that Austro-German propaganda made poor headway among the Russian troops and civil populations while the Tsar really reigned. But recall what occurred in Russia as soon as the frank tyrannies of imperial government were tempered by innovations of liberalism. The Russian armies decided to try going home. Before their going, however, the enemy commanders attempted to encourage haste by a brotherly scheme that invited them to lay aside their arms and visit the opposing German or Austro-Hungarian trenches. These trenches were now everywhere thrust far inside the old Russian frontiers, and the idea held that any peace which could be arranged at once would make Russia pay in territory for the privilege of calling the war a draw. Then the German General Staff, dominant in this as in everything else, discovered that the fraternizing instigated for the sake of peace propaganda was likely to corrupt the morale of its own divisions and make them unfit for the desired transfer to the Western front. A gigantic boomerang was avoided just in time; but a much better device for mangling the military power of Russia already had been revealed.

The famous sealed car that was permitted to pass from Switzerland across Germany to the Russian border carried

home from exile such trusty trouble-makers as Nikolai Lenin and his Communist lieutenants. Austro-German propaganda had failed in Russia, despite the successes of spies and bribery and treason; but these Bolshevik agitators, who were not permitted to leave their car while being delivered to the revolutionary scene, were propagandists of great ability, and only very indirectly pro-German. They were Russians, and they had a program and the eloquence to describe it. With winning simplicity they told the common soldier—go home, and the land will be yours! And Russian resistance melted away by the hour, while the Germans waited patiently, and contemplated similarly inexpensive stratagems.

On a different front Austro-German Intelligence, early in October of 1917, had been acquiring accurate information relative to civil disturbances of a grave nature in northern Italy. There had been rioting in Turin, a mob had been fired upon and dispersed with some loss of life. Through spies the names of those slain in the streets were obtained, and such other authentic information of the trouble as would be unmistakable to any resident of Turin or vicinity. Expert propagandists now set to work; copies of certain well-known north Italian newspapers were printed in Austria, with terribly real and moving, uncensored accounts of this recent turbulence and bloodshed. Lists of the killed and injured were prominently published, and editorial comment was introduced which did not heed wartime observances or spare the authorities. North of Gorizia in the last week of October divisions hailing from Piedmont were in the line, and showering upon them from



the air came bundles of the apparently genuine newspapers—so dated that it seemed they had been procured in Italy and secretly conveyed to Austria. The Piedmontese read them and the effect was electrical; it appeared that while they fought for Italy their kinsfolk were being ridden down and sabred by other Italians acting for the government. They decided to go home at once to Turin and see about it—and impregnable trenches emptied in a part of one day, the 24th. On October 25th came the battle of Caporetto in which the Isonzo front was broken and Cadorna's army routed in one of the most disastrous actions of the war. The Italians had outnumbered the Austro-German forces by nearly seven to four, but retreating lost almost half a million men in casualties and prisoners before coming to the Piave, where a successful stand was made with the timely arrival of six French and five British divisions.

In the final months of the war, July to November 1918, the propaganda of the Allies falling gently and incessantly upon all the enemy peoples had a cumulative and corrosive effect making November 11th inevitable. Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary were detached, leaving Germany alone and eager to sue for peace. Included in the terms of the Armistice that Foch dictated was the famous surrender of the German High Sea Fleet, with submarines, and other formidable secondary craft, virtually comprising the whole strength of the German navy. Now at sea the Germans had fought well; von Spee and other commanders had not elected to surrender when encountering a superior force. But the Germans had not been to sea in force since Jutland, May 31st, 1916, and it was deemed highly probable by the

Allied naval chiefs that when the High Sea Fleet came out to surrender, its officers and men would forget the Armistice and remember von Spee, and choose to go down fighting. The assembled British, American, and French war vessels were not at all alarmed about their prospects of policing the ceremonial of surrender. The British alone would have cheerfully undertaken it, as, in fact, they had been offering to do ever since Jutland. But the war had come to an end, and a great post-Armistice sea fight with the consequent heavy losses of life, however dramatic in history or fortifying to the German national pride, was a thing to be avoided if strategy could accomplish it.

Propaganda—the bluff barrage—had already set to work to score its second success of the month, the first having been the Socialist uprisings in various German cities and the impulse toward civil war which led to the overthrow of the imperial Hohenzollerns together with many less execrated royalties. The sailors at the German naval bases had been among the first to raise the red flag; and a very subtle propaganda at once began convincing them that the men on board British and French warships had done likewise. When the German fleet came out to surrender its navigating and engine-room officers were only nominally in control and the others not at all. The seamen, moreover, had a lively expectation of meeting enemy vessels whose crews were in possession of a similar authority. The red flag of radical revolt at the masthead of British battle-cruisers and destroyers was what they believed they would see. What they had accomplished, it had been shrewdly rumoured, all the rank and file of the navies

of the Allies were imitating; and before they learned their mistake they had brought their ships close under the guns aimed and ready to sink them. When naval officers of the Allies went on board them they found a complement of German officers that could give no command which would be obeyed. The newcomers, taking formal possession of the surrendering vessels, began to issue orders and at once discipline reasserted itself. As prisoners the German seamen were brisk and obedient. Subsequently while they lay at anchor in Scapa Flow in June 1919 the ships were sunk by their own crews as an act of patriotic defiance. In the intervening six months the sailors had been cured of their radicalism to that extent. Probably they had learned with disgust how enemy propagandists had deluded them.

§ 2. Like any other unscrupulous resource, propaganda can work grave harm to the very cause it is intended to assist. At the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 the French, endeavouring to avert the war, recklessly delayed mobilization, with much subsequent disorder and numerical inferiority on the left flank. The German public, however, was informed that French cavalry patrols had crossed the frontier in Lorraine, making a defensive war imperative. And from then until after Verdun, where a great paper victory was won from day to day, and where six hundred thousand German soldiers were marched out to perish, the highest authorities in Germany relied upon propaganda as a substitute for every unpalatable reality. This official

optimism, this stream of falsely heartening news stories, in the end brought the German public to desperation and revolt. That it took so long bespeaks the patriotism of a warlike nation trying anxiously to believe what it is told.

On both sides the official account of the progress of the fighting was, in the happy phrase of M. Jean de Pierrefeu, a "vast enterprise of attenuating the truth." But the endlessly hopeful announcements were more often of political inspiration, intended to impress the existing civil government and to confound parliamentary critics of the opposition, or those partisans of rival commanders and military cliques that considered a victory or defeat only in terms of the influence it supported or dispersed. The communiqués were not propaganda of the missile and high velocity school, though always a part of the general smoke screen separating the weary public from the disquieting facts. The propaganda which counted most heavily in the negative outcome of the war was the succession of baseless rumours, devised cleverly enough to influence public opinion, but doing fearful execution to loyalties and patriotic aspirations at last when the futility and downright silliness of the false reports was exposed. The populations of the Central Powers nearly perished from over-stimulation. The Germans sent defeatists like Bolo Pasha into France to purchase a section of the press. Defeatism, if for a time working great harm, eventually resulted in a stiffening of the French resistance. But defeatism flourishing in France was reported back to Germany and the people there became convinced, perhaps for the five hundredth time, that the French foe was about to collapse and abandon the

English alliance. But presently defeatism had been cured and its propagators shot or exiled, and the darkening reaction in Germany was worth to France all the risk and tremor it had cost.

America came into the war, and the German public would have worried about it, save for official assurances that the American motive was pure greed, and the American army unprepared, inexperienced, and more or less microscopic. A huge American army being raised and sent overseas, propagandists of the Allies working from neutral countries saw to it that the German public should hear of their leaders' mistaken judgment. Then, being aware from the reports of spies how close to breakdown were the French railroads, the new German headquarters' bluff announced that France might well allow a great American force to land but could never bear the extra traffic necessary to the supplying of such a force at the front. Whereupon the Americans, with annoying facility, built a railroad line of their own, and brought over rolling stock from home and put a million men in the line; and another black moment came when the truth leaked out in Germany and Austria as it almost always did.

It seemed astonishing to the Allies that sixty millions of people could be kept all in the dark and fed so upon misinformation that they, for example, were sincerely certain England was starving and that London had been reduced to ashes by the bombs of the raiding Zeppelins. Both sides hailed Jutland as a great naval victory. The British took account of their losses while the schoolchildren of Germany were given a holiday; but the German fleet came into

port to stay. On the side of the Allies there was a good deal of silence which can be a form of propaganda almost akin to misinformation. How many in France, Great Britain, or America heard at the time of the battle of Pillkallen, fought by an ally, Russia; and how many intelligent students of history even today know the costs of that battle, in which the Russian losses included more than ninety-five thousand prisoners?

The genial director of the British Naval Intelligence, Sir Reginald Hall, quickly mastered innumerable facilities for influencing enemy public opinion. But in at least one instance Hall produced something which rebounded with a surprising impact. He had it reported in Germany during December 1914 that the British navy was assembling a force which would cover the landing of British troops to the north of Holland, somewhere between the Ems and the Weser. It has been said his spies did the spreading of this fiction, but Hall was altogether too wise an espionage director for that. If any secret agents were employed in the scheme they were double spies whose unreliability had already been well established, or they were German spies that his men had covered, whose reports were being interrupted and altered for the benefit of their masters whenever that favourite duplicity of counter-espionage seemed advisable. In any case, the rumour travelled straight to German army headquarters and was there taken to be authentic and so portentous that reserve divisions were moved over into the threatened region. This disturbing measure alarmed The Hague. Presently news of it was back across the North Sea worrying the British. Agents of the British army in-

telligence corps had reported the inexplicable presence of the German reserve force on the coast. It appeared to indicate the beginning of that long dreaded expedition which would attempt to invade Scotland or northern England; therefore, British divisions were ordered away to be ready for the emergency. Only after some days of tense immobility on both sides did Hall discover how his hoax had outgrown his intentions, and then he put an end to the disquiet of the military staff at Whitehall.

No matter what importance may come to be attached to the spreading of certain forms of propaganda in time of war, it will never be work for spies to undertake. Capable espionage agents in the World War who attempted to be propagandists on the side invariably lived to regret it, and some of the more foolhardy among them did not live long. Bolo Pasha, who had been a lobster dealer and a soap manufacturer, and who had speculated all over southern Europe and the Levant, was a plotter of no little capacity. Because of this, when war came, Bolo might have served either side advantageously as a spy or political agent. But he was resolved to bestride the world as a financier; it pleased him to deal with bankers and to have large credits placed at his disposal. Bolo, having visited America and received funds forwarded through American banks, returned to France and began buying newspapers with which to cultivate sentiments of defeatism that Germany supposed would remove the French armies from the field. Bolo could only get hold of small, shabby publications whose influence in a republic at war was nearly microscopic. When he went after a big newspaper and at last obtained control of

Senator Humbert's *Le Journal* his own end was clearly indicated.

Suspicion immediately focused upon a man who had found vast resources suddenly and who bought newspapers at a time when public opinion was a precious commodity; and the echoes of defeatism, which had been shouted in vain by Bolo's paltry press, were soon interrupted by the sound of Bolo defending himself in court, and being condemned, and being taken out to Vincennes and shot. The miracle of the defeatist campaign in France seems not that it stirred up mutiny in the ranks and spread such a thick depression; but that, commanding the shrewd brains of men like Paul Bolo, it did not achieve much more of its aim, that it was not manipulated with greater pose and histrionic cleverness. The French were so fearfully tired, they had endured so much and spent so many lives, it ought to have been easy, with Russia ebbing away and America just in, to swing them toward a negotiated peace. But who would have believed men would try to do this as Bolo did, buying shady papers—with the one exception—and setting them to shrieking at the weary nation in a German accent? It was not secret service and not conspiracy, for Bolo it was suicide. The French secret service, New Scotland Yard, and agents of the United States Department of Justice had combined on his case. The court deliberated upon a verdict just fifteen minutes. He was executed April 17th, 1918.

‘ ‘ ‘



§ 3. In 1915 German agents were arriving in America, not as spies but as propagandists and with a seemingly absurd objective. They had been instructed to circulate rumours against their fellow Germans, whether at home or abroad; they had come a long way just to spread stories inimical to German national repute. And what was the purpose of this circuitous campaign? In the first place, when the stories circulated were discovered to be false or exaggerated, it could be said by sincere German partisans that they were the vicious canards of the Allies; and this would be believed, for who would imagine them of Wilhelmstrasse inspiration? Again, and here perhaps was the primary motive, these stories were of precisely that overdrawn sort which gains the greatest muzzle velocity. People would enjoy repeating them, even if they questioned their accuracy, for they were extravagant, dramatic, and controversial. German-Americans naturally would resent them, argue against them, and dislike those among their neighbours who gave them currency. Here, then, was the propagandists' greatest hope of attainment. If the German-Americans could be made antagonistic to America because other Americans helped circulate these fabled indictments of Germany, and if Americans, crediting the indictments in circulation, showed growing antagonism toward German-Americans, then a nice balance of antipathy would be struck. The German-Americans would be faced about toward the Fatherland, they would begin to feel less American and more German, because of what they fancied to be the unfair prejudices of other Americans. They would become a more

cohesive group, and a more formidably compact unit of opinion in the American public; and this was the condition that Wilhelmstrasse believed greatly desirable in all overseas populations of Teutonic origin.

But in the end the scheme prospered too handsomely, and without doubt pro-Ally propaganda fattened itself upon it. Perhaps two thirds of the stories in circulation about German oppressions and atrocities were specifically false. The other third, such as stories of Louvain, Nurse Cavell, Captain Fryatt, were true. The result is a chapter of American history labelled A. E. F.

When American forces came upon the field the propaganda of both sides was nearly at a deadlock. Austria had wavered when secretly queried about terms of peace. Defeatism had beaten upon French morale and brought old Clemenceau to the helm again in this worst of storms. American propaganda developed naturally, since most of the government leaders were pacifists at heart and felt constrained to tell why they had not been able to avoid entering the conflict overseas. These statements of the American war motive were the first great pieces of constructive propaganda put forth on either side. It may not be said that they won the war, but they surely shortened it by many months. In Europe from 1917 to 1919 it would have been just about impossible for an American secret service agent or project to meet with failure; for the one advantage upon which any successfully managed secret service will depend if it can is a friend in the opposing camp, and America then had multitudes of friends and a foothold

in every camp. Perhaps never before had a great nation gone to war with a majority of that vast rank and file of all the belligerents so aware of its essential disinterestedness. Even violent new outbursts of domestic propaganda could not convince the socialist and republican segments of the Teutonic populations that Americans were fighting to conquer them—fighting to win, yes, for published German Intelligence reports comparing the first American divisions to shock troops convinced them of that—but to win without annexations or indemnities or rancour.

Insurgent groups in Germany, resentful subject minorities in Austria-Hungary and Turkey, did not have to be urged to a secret alliance with Americans. They all were hoping for the downfall of the imperial governments and eager to be of service to any powerful friend having the same aim. So that even before the actual declaration of war in April 1917, many private citizens and some few public officials in the United States were in receipt of authentic intelligence of the Central Powers from voluntary sources surpassing anything to be gained by purchase or force or threats. And when the American propagandist really got to work, these same channels were open to him, leading into the heart of the enemy country. Agitation and advertising from nearby neutral states such as Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark may have assisted. Dropping leaflets upon towns and camps and trenches from airplanes, though ridiculed in the army, was not always ineffectual. But having the true story of American intervention told to Germans by Germans in all parts of the empire was the

final barrage of liberal thought which visibly helped to terminate the conflict.

§ 4. An exploit of the World War which combined in itself both secret service and propaganda was the publishing of the little newspaper *La Libre Belgique* by M. Eugene Van Doren and his associates. This group of patriots, oppressed but not discouraged by the German invasion, felt an undeniable impulse to tell their country's conquerors what they thought of them in general and in particular. The widely disesteemed Governor-General von Bissing was especially their target; and once Van Doren had his paper started he did not permit it to be suppressed.

It must be understood that the Germans, instantly condemning such impudent publication, subjected the perpetrators of the outrage to a most intensive search and pursuit. M. Van Doren and his friends were virtually spies in an enemy territory who insisted upon complicating their mission by printing a newspaper to tell the world all about it. What they never did tell was their publication address; and though it was a grim affair, with death to all concerned the certain penalty, the populace of Belgium and finally all peoples allied against Germany laughed at their triumph over oppressive officials, much as though it were some prank that boys were playing.

Several different printing presses were used successively; more than once the military police located the plant a few hours after an edition had gone derisively forth to a wait-

ing nation of readers. The problem of distribution was no greater than the problem of obtaining paper and ink. Von Bissing made it a criminal offence for a Belgian to be found with a copy of the paper in his possession. Yet complete files were saved and cunningly safeguarded, and today, bound, are eagerly sought by libraries and wealthy collectors.

Some of Van Doren's associates were engaged in other secret service operations. From time to time they would be arrested and imprisoned. Every suspect was rigorously questioned; but such was the loyalty of these Belgians to each other that none ever spared himself by exposing the project von Bissing's agents most desired to demolish. The printing plant was closely guarded and moved expeditiously at the first alarm. Possibly the best refuge ever found for it was in an alcove in the cellar of a factory, which was walled up when the printing was being done and a portion of the wall removed when the venturesome printers had finished their task and desired to emerge. The noise of the factory covered the sound of the press in operation; but even this hiding place had eventually to be abandoned. Besides playing a daring game, M. Van Doren and his associates provided a rare tonic to civilian morale. As a nagging, witty form of propaganda it inspired their afflicted countrymen, and made friends for Belgium to an important degree shown by nothing so much as the ardour with which the German secret police agents sought in vain to suppress its buoyant scorn.

*Part Three*

CELEBRATED SECRET AGENTS



## XII

### WILHELM STIEBER, THE GREAT SPY-MASTER

§ 1. Stieber, celebrated spy-master of Prussia, has been called "the father of Prussian spies" and "the father of espionage service." He was really neither of these parents, for Frederick the Great was the former, while the latter was assuredly Oriental, and very likely prehistoric. But Wilhelm Johann Carl Eduard Stieber was one of the greatest spies and secret service organizers of modern Europe. Prince Bismarck called him "my king of sleuth-hounds," and honoured him accordingly; and as there seems to have been a lavishness about his christening which suggests royalty, the title the Iron Chancellor conferred may be allowed to stand. Schopenhauer said somewhere that Germans are "remarkable for the absolute lack of that feeling which Latins call 'verecundia'—sense of shame." This may have grieved the philosopher and inconvenienced a number of his countrymen, but it has accounted for many startling developments in espionage. Stieber from youth was afflicted with that "absolute lack"—it proved a continual boon to his king and country, helping to make them respectively emperor and empire, and immensely improved his own standing with influential officers and gentlemen that otherwise might never have heard his name. Stieber enriched



the records of European treachery and intrigue for nearly four decades with the pride of a pioneer and the zest of a fallen archangel. He was one of those fortunate malefactors who are able to serve the State without putting any tiresome curb upon their own criminal inclinations; and, though in time he uncovered for patriotic use all the more subterranean talents of a Metternich, Mazarin, or Machiavelli, his singular ability was displayed from the first, in being able to enlist himself among the Prussian police before anything he had done could be charged against him.

With Napoleon banished to St. Helena, his spies and armies scattered, and reaction strong in Europe, on the 3rd of May, 1818, Wilhelm Stieber was born, the son of a petty official of Merseburg, a small town in Prussian Saxony. A few years afterwards his father removed to Berlin, and the boy was soon being educated in the general direction of the Lutheran ministry. Sundry minor geniuses of secret service and espionage have come from the clergy, but Stieber seems to have altered his own course toward the legal profession, and upon becoming a lawyer to have turned at once to criminal cases and the inevitably congenial police work. In 1845 he was already a spy, for he denounced to the Prussian civil authorities a man named Schloeffel whose offence was alleged to be liberalism and labour agitation, but who also happened to be the uncle of Stieber's own wife. After this demonstration of ethical atrophy his progress was rapid. The year 1848 found Europe in a very disturbed state, with Continental kingdoms and their autocrats likely to be swept away by revolution. France was again republican and the recent advances

of industrialism had aroused a new kind of agitator whose leader was Karl Marx and whose doctrine was called Socialism. Stieber needed just this intense political situation to set him apart as a useful man, a loyal monarchist, and an informer fit to whisper into the ear of the King himself.

The evidence he had given against Schloeffel was not strong enough to convict that relative by marriage, but he so managed his own participation in the case as not to endanger his contact either with the government or with the suspected radicals. Stieber posed, of course, as an ardent liberal, chum of the workingman and champion of Socialists. Whenever radical sympathizers were brought to trial he volunteered his professional aid, and "defended" them floridly and without charge, thus winning his way into the very directorate of Prussian liberalism that his friends of the police were scheming to suppress and imprison. King Frederick William of Prussia was about as timid a ruler as the ascending House of Hohenzollern had thus far enthroned. He lived in terror of mob violence, and Stieber quickly contrived to turn the royal agitation to his own account. As an *agent provocateur* it was desirable that he frequently show off his partisan ardours and reassure the radical leaders and the turbulent rank and file. One day he put himself at the head of a particularly riotous throng and in the guise of its spokesman penetrated close to the quaking person of the king. But at once he revealed to Frederick William that he was Stieber the spy and whispered that all would go well, since His Majesty was safely surrounded by him and his assistants. With those few words the young

lawyer literally welded himself to the secret service of Prussia's timorous sovereign.

A sublimated stool-pigeon and simultaneously a radical plotter and defender of the oppressed, he yet had time to build up a very lucrative law practice. It is a matter of record that in the five years of his young manhood, between 1845 and 1850, Stieber had no less than three thousand clients for whom he appeared in court, and this among a conservative people to whom age and experience meant everything. The bulk of his many cases had to do with crime, and he directed his amazing energies almost invariably in the criminal's behalf. Since Prussia was never lawless to the extent of a modern American crime wave, Stieber must have been virtually legal adviser to the whole underworld of Berlin. And then, when his success had excited much envy or admiring notice, its basic secret was exposed. Stieber had still one other employment—as editor of the police periodical. This excellent inside connexion, a part of his reward from the grateful and dependent King, he was using to acquaint himself with whatever evidence the police had gathered to produce in court against any one of his clients. It was, therefore, hardly remarkable that he could achieve his rapid fame as a criminal lawyer, the magical confounder of prosecutions, and one who, concocting impregnable pleas and alibis, was never to be overthrown by surprise testimony in the midst of a trial.

Revelations concerning the documentary source of his brilliance caused a great scandal, but nothing came of it while the faint-hearted Frederick William—who never forgot the riots—governed from Potsdam. Stieber in 1850 was

even appointed Commissioner of Police, a job so much to his liking that, being unable to foresee the future with its sweep of imperial conquests, he must have believed himself, at thirty-two, to have achieved the very pinnacle of his aspiration.

The following year he set forth for England, attended the World's Fair, and eagerly spied upon Marx and the radical groups of expatriated Germans then in London. He reported to his superiors that the British authorities would not co-operate with him in a scheme to harass these subversive elements of his own race. He began to feel snubbed and crossed to Paris; but there he contrived to emerge as an exile and was befriended by Socialists and liberals, so that he obtained a list of the radical sympathizers still resident in Germany and at once hurried home to supervise wholesale arrests. Thus he caused hundreds more to flee from Germany and seek refuge overseas; and we may reflect that Stieber directly influenced much of the best immigration to America in the decade before the Civil War, including such desirable types of citizen as Schurz, Jacobi, and Franz Siegel.

Thus far the "king of sleuth-hounds" was only a kind of mongrel dog in the manger. The Prussian throne had become his altar, the favour of its royal occupant his household god; and if not yet a king he was both a sly and rabid royalist who would not cease to employ his spies and policemen until he made every Hohenzollern subject a submissive copy of himself. Presumably the army of Prussia at this period meant to him no more than a force which might be used as gendarmerie should insurrection ever

again threaten the government. He was pleased when Louis Napoleon's adherents contrived the *coup d'état* of 1852 establishing an empire in France, simply because it promised the wiping out of a radical haven and all those French headquarters of Communist agitation he had found so unpleasantly near. Stieber's problems were international only when a Prussian whose liberty he hoped to impair eluded him and got across the frontier. He complained bitterly of both the liberals who stayed and the radicals who fled. Germans having moved to North America disgusted him particularly by their unanimous and unceasing outbursts in praise of the freedom which that refuge offered. He could not resist intercepting their letters, but, reading them, fumed over the glad cries of democratic discovery. Any such republican recruiting he considered an affront to his own patriotism; he was righteously inflamed when German-Americans published opinions detrimental to autocrats and their secret police.

It was now five years since the social tumult of 1848. Having contradicted by force the assailants of absolutism, Stieber and his kind could proclaim their gift to the German people. He collaborated with a police official of Hanover in preparing a book that depicted their battle with the dragon of Marxian revelation.<sup>1</sup> And it was very characteristic that he should include in his publication a list of dangerous radicals and Socialist or Communist agitators then at large, so that conservative authorities everywhere might know whom to be on guard against and join him and his German

<sup>1</sup> Wermuth und Wilhelm Stieber, *Die Communisten-verschwörungen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*.

colleagues in refusing asylum to persons whose liberal ideas were worse than cannon. But another five years—and the reward of autocracy's good and faithful servant came in the form of dismissal. Stieber could strengthen King Frederick William's throne but not his wits; and when the Prussian monarch was recognized to be imbecile, he was relieved by an obstinate relative—afterward the Emperor William I—who considered that the feeble-mindedness of his predecessor had never been more abundantly exposed than in conferring upon such a man as Stieber the powers of the police.

, , ,

§ 2. No sooner was it understood that the Regent thought Stieber a detestable and needless functionary than the troubles of the tireless *Polizeirath* began in earnest. For all his subtle efforts he had never been popular, not even when he was posing as a public defender and offering his legal services free to the deserving. He had then come up for election to the Landtag—of course, as a liberal—and had been signally defeated. But now the many enemies he had acquired in the thirteen years since he began as a spy gathered together all their charges and grievances and were successful in having him brought to trial. Stieber, badly cornered, saw no chance of retaining any position in the government or at the bar and that counted terribly with him; yet he had not defended three thousand persons of doubtful innocence without learning all the devious routes to acquittal, and the record shows that he handled his own

indictments magnificently. By proving that he had done his plotting and spying and betraying with royal authority, by showing that, however numerous and grave the offences of which he was accused, he had never acted thus except by the King's command, Stieber manœuvred the court and his foes entirely out of position. To convict him they had to condemn publicly the ethical standards of a royal Hohenzollern and a very pitiful one, now imperfectly resting within the confines of an exclusive sanitarium. It was impossible to prove that Stieber's conduct ever had been disloyal, privately vindictive, or—within narrow monarchical limits—unpatriotic. He was subsequently deprived of his office, but in court he was acquitted.

In view of his place in the history of secret service it is informing to study this notorious spy in the years between 1858 and 1863 when private life was curtly thrust upon him by the Regent of Prussia. He was not idle but busied himself in helping to organize the secret police service of the Tsar. He had once been able officially to arrange the suppression of a scandal involving the wife of a Russian attaché in Berlin; and for his light touch in that instance he was remembered at a time when foreign employment was welcome to him. However, he did not remain in St. Petersburg, but was assigned to concentrate on a noble device that would henceforth enable the Tsar's agents to trace and apprehend criminals even after they had vanished from Russia. He had a sweeping commission—as well as generous pay and allowances—being expected to run to earth not only ordinary malefactors, forgers and counterfeiters, robbers and the like, but also political offenders

and suspects, demagogues and all manner of dangerous malcontents. So that he really founded that system of external and nearly world-wide surveillance, the foreign branch of the *Okhrana*, which continued in operation until 1917. And in further proof of Stieber's unyielding if perhaps curiously deformed patriotism, it is known that, though disgraced as a police official at home, he never ceased spying for Prussia and gathered valuable information all the while he was in the employ of the Russian crown.

Military items were still an unimportant matter with him, his most notable tricks of espionage having to do with the suppression of democratic tendencies; until there came that momentous day in 1863 when the course of his whole life was altered and the outcome of two European wars began to be determined years in advance. He was introduced to Bismarck. A newspaper proprietor, Brass, the founder of the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, took it upon himself to present the spy to the statesman, and to recommend him, too, in spite of Stieber's unpopularity with the Regent who had become King. Two born conspirators thus brought together were never again to leave off a congenial dependence upon each other till the one had died and the other been thrust aside. Bismarck was contemplating his first broad move on the Teutonic checkerboard. He had decided that overthrowing Austria would get him all the other stage effects he required for his imperial production. The new Prussian army was fit and finished; but it seemed a commendable project to try to learn exactly everything about the military readiness of Austria. He suggested to



Stieber that he undertake to manage this preliminary incursion. The spy eagerly accepted and said he could do it alone.

In his own day a repellent and menacing personage, Stieber seems almost a humorous figure now, not because of any inherent wit or irony, for he was intensely serious, but because of his absolutely cynical realism in appraising human nature. With a horse and wagon he proposed to drive about and investigate the Austrian military establishment while apparently devoting himself to commonplace transactions. He wanted to go everywhere and be welcome, so he loaded his wagon lightly—with cheap religious statuettes and obscene pictures! He could be blandly commercial and seem to enjoy driving a bargain. Though he trusted nobody, he was a “good mixer.” And so he travelled for months, gathering such data that von Moltke is said to have marvelled at its minute accuracy.

The Prussian conquest of Austria in 1866 was one of the shortest and most decisive campaigns of modern history. Thanks to the intelligence supplied by Bismarck’s spy, the army staff had been able to draw up practically a timetable of victorious advances. The soldiers of Prussia and its allies were better trained and equipped than their adversaries, and had no difficulty in reaching all objectives according to schedule. The one important battle at Sadowa ended hostilities and also the major influence of Vienna in the politics of Germany. In this glorious spree of invasion Stieber played his first conspicuous part in eight years, having been placed in command of a new squad of political police designed by the Chancellor for field service. But he

seems to have pushed himself forward a bit too suddenly around general headquarters. Arrogant staff officers resented it and refused to have him seated at their mess. Whereupon Bismarck rebuked them by inviting Stieber to lunch with him privately, and later urged Moltke to decorate the spy on account of the thoroughness of his work in Bohemia. Moltke yielded up a medal, but also apologized to his aristocratic associates for having honoured one whom they despised. Bismarck countered by having Stieber appointed governor of Brünn, provincial capital of Moravia, during the Prussian occupation.

Social friction may have dismayed Stieber, who complicated his sinister attainments with every aspiration of the parvenu, but his secret service activities smoothed the way for all the uniformed nobility. He was specifically charged with the full protection of the Prussian headquarters. He and his agents had to guard the persons of the King and Bismarck and generals like von Roon and Moltke, and see to it that no enemy spies were allowed to approach near to any precious secrets of the army. Thus Stieber did institute the first German counter-espionage, but his innovation had been anticipated by French imperial guardians sixty years before. However, as always, he added those systematizing touches peculiarly his own, and then went on to create the novelty of an exacting military censorship which covered examination of all dispatches, telegrams, and letters from the front. Since the Austrian forces were on the defensive from the beginning and Stieber's own observations had disclosed their weapons to be obsolete in comparison with the new Prussian rifles, it is probable that

he established himself as censor mainly to enlarge his own authority. For what was there now to be written or telegraphed which would have bogged the steam roller of Prussia or even disturbed its engineers' schedule by so much as one day? While reviewing this condition of enemy helplessness and despair, Stieber came to his next invention—military propaganda.

It occurred to him that the spirit of the German army, and of the civil population as well, would mount upon wings of his own manufacture if he spread from day to day the choicest news of Austrian losses and panic, sickness, shortage of supplies, divided counsel, depression and disaster. He really discovered a tonic cure without having had the disease, for both civilian and military morale on the side of the Prussian alliance must have been all that could be desired in a victorious conflict lasting a little more than forty-five days. But Stieber suggested to Bismarck that there be organized a Central Information Bureau with himself in charge, and using what he called this "unobtrusive title" he began pouring forth the first unadulterated samples of one-way war correspondence. Subsequently he shut out the powerful Reuter telegraphic news agency, and detected the subterfuge when a subsidiary of Reuters began to flourish in Berlin. He excluded this and invited Dr. B. W. Wolff to start the semi-official Wolff bureau as a rival organization. In the public celebration following upon the triumph over Austria, Stieber's merits were not neglected. He was appointed a privy councillor; and the King, who had formerly joined with the foremost in disliking him and mistrusting all his works, now pronounced him a mis-

understood and invaluable fellow, and as a spy deserving not only the customary cash rewards but honour also and the public distinctions of the soldier.

Between 1866 and 1868 Bismarck and Stieber pondered the coming war with France. Napoleon III had been badly informed, as he usually was in external affairs, and believed that Austria would defeat the new army of Moltke and Roon. As soon as Prussia had finished dictating terms of peace, the French Emperor wanted either to attack the victor or else extort an unearned share of the spoils. Bismarck, remembering Sadowa, presented a bold front. Napoleon's army chiefs advised patience, reminding the great politician and unwary diplomatist that his soldiers were in need of more modern weapons. Union infantry in the last year of the Civil War had taken the field with Enfield repeating rifles, which the wondering Confederate described as magazine implements loaded on Sunday and fired all the rest of the week. Military attachés must have reported upon these highly educated muskets; but in Europe the Prussian breech-loading needle-guns were still the best available arms for riflemen, and France had nothing so good. Correcting this omission produced the chassepot and the mitrailleuse, at once believed to surpass every other type of rifle and machine-gun then in use. Stieber, in 1868, visited the French to ascertain the deadly virtues of their new equipment.

But before his most destructive tour of secret service began there occurred an incident that, if not illustrating any remarkable piece of espionage, will show how he endeared himself to a conspirator of Bismarck's gauge. Through one

of his formerly numerous Russian connexions he had obtained information concerning an attempt to be made upon the life of Tsar Alexander II while that autocrat visited Paris. As the guest and potential ally of Napoleon III, the Tsar was to attend a grand review in his honour at Long-champs and here the Polish assassin would try his hand. Stieber, after consulting his astute master, withheld a warning of this revolutionary plot until just before the afternoon of the review. Had French police officials been informed far enough in advance they could have so completely exploded the affair that it would have attracted almost no attention. Stieber's intentional delay—which was made to seem like a last-minute discovery and sprint to aid the French and save their reigning guest—forced the Parisian officers to alarm the Tsar and his suite and then seize the plotters with sensational quickness. But no crime had been committed; Stieber's warning was not evidence; and according to the French law a severe penalty was impossible. Suspicion of intent to kill Russia's ruler was not a charge grave enough to get the alleged assassin and his accomplices transported or sentenced to prison for long terms.

The Tsar, as Stieber had anticipated, declined to see the judicial nicety in this, his host's dilemma. The Napoleonic upstart, he maintained ever after, had cared so little about a real emperor's life that he did not trouble to punish a murderer who had all but succeeded. The result was estrangement between the Tsar and Napoleon III, and this was precisely what Chancellor Bismarck needed, if the French ruler and his marshals were presently to be led to the slaughter. Having done so much for the next war,

Stieber proceeded to do ten times more in making certain of German victory. He and his two assistants, Zernicki and Kaltenbach, now spent some eighteen months in France, spying, recording, measuring, and also boldly placing whole battalions of resident spies to await the expected invaders. During this fruitful trip the three sent any number of secret and coded reports to Berlin announcing their patriotic progress; yet when at last they returned home they brought with them additional data filling three trunks, which they checked through like ordinary luggage in an express car attached to their train.

‘            ‘            ‘

§ 3. Stieber afterward boasted that he had nearly forty thousand spies in the invasion zones of France when, on August 6th, 1870, the defeat of MacMahon at Worth predicted the shattering of one empire and the fabrication of another. Dr. Leopold Auerbach has conveyed the impression that, if challenged, he would supply names and even addresses.<sup>1</sup> But there is no good reason for believing that the spy-master had to exaggerate his strength or his thoroughness. The imperial secret police of France—who might have opposed him with counter-espionage—were instead devoting themselves to the same internal quakes and recoils which had nagged Louis Napoleon and his ministers, until declaration of war seemed the only dynastic refuge in a country overfond of its tradition of foreign adventures.

<sup>1</sup> Auerbach, *Denkwürdigkeiten des Geheimen Regierungsrathes Dr. Stieber, aus seinen hinterlassenen Papieren bearbeitet.*

And if this last diversion proved tragically domestic, Stieber's prodigal secret service must be counted first, since it came first, in the array of German arms, organization, strategy, and preparedness that guaranteed French surrender.

It seems strange that in all that has been written about the Franco-Prussian War, so little of it—outside of a few special treatises—should relate to espionage and Wilhelm Stieber. France was still the most warlike nation of Europe. It was the customary thing for French troops to be brave and well led and—on the Continent—generally victorious. The giant strides of Moltke and Bismarck, the incapacities of Napoleon and his henchmen would scarcely account for the whole bewildering reversal. Worth on August 6th, Sedan twenty-five days later, and a formidable military power had vanished from the contest! Auerbach quotes Stieber, writing home proudly to his wife at this time, upon the thrilling topic of his intimacy with the Chancellor. He and his two lieutenants were commanding twenty-nine other officers and one hundred and fifty-seven subordinates, a magnified force of field police, who operated just as he and a much smaller squad had done during the campaign against Austria. But Bismarck kept the chief spy within call and chose him as a confidant on successive occasions while the disaster they had plotted together was manifesting itself with spectacular punctuality.

Stieber had known, when he went into France to study the chassepot and mitrailleuse, that should he report them greatly superior to German arms, the Chancellor would wait and try to adjust his carefully trained war provoca-

tion to whatever indefinite time it might take to deliver improved weapons to their regiments. In short, Stieber's admiration for the new French guns could have embarrassed Bismarck and obstructed his plans as German politics or foreign diplomacy never had done. But again, if Stieber had underestimated the possible resistance of the empire—blundering as, in fact, German secret agents during the World War repeatedly did when trying to judge morale, resources, and potential fighting power of an impending opponent—the effect upon Germany in the critical year of 1870 would have conferred a kind of suicide on the Prussian leaders. The spy-master, therefore, declared for war upon his own responsibility. And he anticipated his own faults of military observation or judgment by preparing to encounter much less advantageous odds than his near view of the sagging imperial régime entitled him to estimate. Overconfident and habitually slack, Napoleon's ministry of war would have intoxicated a less methodical spy. One of its spokesmen assured an anxious Chamber that the French army was ready "with not even so much as the button of a gaiter wanting." Stieber, hearing that, might have justifiably telegraphed the Prussian army to join him in Paris, or at least urged his superiors to attack before the imperial incompetents could be found out and replaced by able men. But, no doubt possessing encyclopædic knowledge of gaiter buttons, Stieber merely consulted his notes and went diligently on.

He was the first spy ever to work as a census enumerator. Roads and rivers, bridges, battalions, and fortified places were, of course, his foremost consideration. But he added



an intensive interest in the population, in commerce and agriculture, in farms, houses, inns, and in local prosperity and patriotism—in anything at all which seemed to him likely to expedite an invasion or provide for the invaders. When the Prussians came—with Stieber's data—foraging and civil requisitions were made easy. The village magnate with a hundred hens could expect to be called upon for so many dozen eggs. If the hens were not laying and had been going to market in person, Stieber's nearest resident spy would probably report the change in accounting for maximum local provisions. While if the villager refused to contribute eggs or fowls or whatever else he was known to have on hand, he would be taken before a provost with a hanging warrant in blank on his table.

More than one good burgher fainted when the cash assessment demanded of him showed a quick understanding of his fortune as exact as a lifetime acquaintance with it. Because of Stieber and the horde of agents he had ready to report to him, privacy in France was the first casualty of the war. But though this omniscient kind of intelligence has seemed admirable to many and the method of it in military preparation supremely crafty and unique, Stieber's manner of gaining his victorious ends was always lawless and often possessed of a cold ferocity. His own men mercilessly punished anything suggesting French espionage, and disregarded the circumstance of war being waged entirely in the enemy's country with a dense population inevitably hostile and curious. Peasants were strung up and slowly tortured to death when they had done no more than peer

out at an ammunition train or cavalry column. Bazaine and his best troops were shut up in Metz; Paris had been invested soon after Sedan saw the surrender of Napoleon himself and another army. There was nowhere in particular for the trained French spy to take his information. But even very doubtful cases of spying were handled by Stieber with unwavering severity. In a celebrated instance the victim was obviously no spy at all, but a young man, M. de Reynal, who had just returned to Versailles from his honeymoon. With a pardonable indifference to the national calamity, this bridegroom not only ventured back into a city which had become the German headquarters during the siege of Paris, but also he kept a diary recording daily events of the occupation. And with his diary in court Stieber—who said he “needed an example”—convicted him of espionage. Prussian officers, detesting Bismarck’s police agent and convinced of de Reynal’s essential innocence, endeavoured to intercede for him; but when told that the young man had recently been married, Stieber observed—“That only makes my task the more painful.” De Reynal was executed.

In Versailles Stieber and his assistants occupied the mansion of the Duc de Persigny. He had conducted himself with intolerable insolence throughout the campaign, but here, in September of 1870, he began treating Germans and French alike to the nasty condescensions of an upstart whose authority comes from obscure and lofty places. He always acted independently of the military chiefs; though the existence of martial law increased his tyrannical powers, he obeyed only Bismarck and the Prussian King, and none

of the generals dared to interfere with him or his agents. It was his favourite boast to them that his army had entered France six months ahead of theirs, and though repeatedly snubbed and insulted, he grew in the arrogance of the rascal who has learned how to make others fear him. For some trivial disorder he threatened to hang ten members of the municipal committee of Versailles, and wrote to his wife describing the terror he had inspired with much gleeful satisfaction. It is said that he engaged ten thousand of the poorer citizens for a franc a day to gather in crowds and cheer the Prussian ruler and other German princes whenever they appeared in the streets. And when at last the negotiations for the surrender of Paris commenced, he accommodated Bismarck by posing as a valet.

Jules Favre came to Versailles early in 1871 to treat with the besiegers. He was escorted to the house that had been Stieber's secret service headquarters; and all during his stay inside the enemy lines he was there waited upon so expertly that he had occasion to compliment his German hosts upon the service accorded him. Stieber often candidly explained that he depended upon Zernicki for any useful display of courtesy and kindness, since he himself cared only for action and results and wasted no time upon formalities. In dealing with the Parisian envoy, Stieber elected the role of servant, and discharged his menial duties with a certain relish since Favre was utterly deceived and every letter he received, every telegram, every secret document in his possession was exposed to the ransacking patriotism of the indispensable valet. Favre slept in Zernicki's bed, in

a house staffed exclusively with Prussian police agents.<sup>1</sup> Stieber claimed that the terms of capitulation Bismarck dictated were solely in accord with the information derived by him in this final triumph of espionage. But even his contemporary admirers found this exaggerated, since the Chancellor knew what he wanted and intended to get, no matter how many confidential messages came to the French negotiator.

§ 4. The French General de Cilley in 1875 was serving his second term as Minister of War. France was already lifting its head, the German Empire was still very new, and in both Paris and Berlin there was much thought of a war of revenge. General de Cilley had been a prisoner-of-war in Hamburg and had there been intimate with a charming woman, the Baroness de Kaulla. Stieber, ever well informed, now contrived to enlist the services of this not very fastidious lady. He gave her a large sum of money and sent her to Paris to reawaken in the Minister of War those ardours which so often unlocked official secrets. The Baroness was not obliged to exert herself, for the General seems to have been disengaged at the moment of her arrival and to have eagerly renewed the pleasant relationship that had ameliorated his captivity. Whatever scandal followed was due to the General's verbal indiscretions. Paris, never more than fashionably interested in the mistress of a minis-

<sup>1</sup> Paul et Suzanne Lanoir, *Les grands espions*.

ter, could be profoundly stirred by anything endangering the new republican military policies. After an all-night secret session of the Chamber, de Cilley would hasten to have breakfast with his Baroness, whose Teutonic connexions were more readily discovered than Stieber had expected. In the ensuing public commotion the General went from office, and the Baroness from France, but not before he had prattled to her of many matters never intended to reach Berlin.

The Baroness de Kaulla was a Jewess and her notoriety did much to nourish the anti-Semitic suspicions complicated with fear of Germany and counter-espionage that boiled to a culmination after the arrest of Alfred Dreyfus. Stieber had died before the misfortunes of Dreyfus overtook him, but the shadow of the Prussian spy-master lay darkly upon the famous treason trials. The new corps of resident agents that he had begun to distribute throughout France as soon as the Franco-Prussian War came to an end did not include any great number of Germans as had the legions imported before 1870. He understood the antagonisms of the French after their humiliating defeat—chiefly at his hands—and he therefore enlisted French-speaking Swiss, but also other nationalities of the Continent, so that almost any alien might be mistrusted as his possible hireling. French counter-spying was not for more than a decade to become sufficiently organized or forceful enough to battle with this veteran on even terms; and Stieber, meanwhile, found a new reservoir in the populations of Alsace and Lorraine, getting either pro-Germans or persons of the sort easily controlled by the police as valuable recruits for his spy service. In

1880 he informed the old Emperor that, so thoroughly had he worked this vein, he could count upon more than one thousand Alsace-Lorrainers whom he had sent into the employ of the French railroads, paying them only twenty-five per cent of their regular wages as a kind of secret retainer. Should another war come, at a word from him these trusted agents would begin destroying locomotives and rolling stock to paralyse French mobilization the very day it began.

Spies of his not in the public service he planted as shopkeepers or as employees in hotels. Stieber rightly discerned that if German capitalists erected luxurious hotels in foreign countries, he could insert many of his own secret service creatures into their staffs, and thus not only spy upon mysterious travellers but also upon the rich and distinguished persons who would come to reside in them. His hotel spies he expected to obtain for him information eventually useful in blackmailing enterprises abroad; nor was he blind to their chances of actually stealing important private documents from the dispatch cases of notable guests. Stieber had so formidably organized imperial espionage and counter-espionage that he could command a huge slice of all German military appropriations. Some of this money he poured into the international hotel industry; so that for years the best hotels everywhere were largely German owned and predominantly German in personnel; and not all the attentions they rendered were itemized in the bill. Stieber next tried to extend his influence by way of subsidies to banking and other international businesses, always with the idea of enlarging an already overgrown intelligence system. Undoubtedly in some cases he succeeded, or

established concerns that were simply masked bureaux of the secret service. But the German was a foreign trader from the distant day of the Hanseatic League, and it would be foolish to represent—as many commentators did during the World War—that all Germanic commercial enterprise overseas from the time of Stieber to 1914 had the primary purpose of governmental conspiracy and espionage.

Having instigated the Wolff telegraphic news bureau and determined the growing power of the press, Stieber maintained a special service section that watched over all foreign publications. He made it a point to learn what motive or grievance lay in back of any anti-German editorial or article. If a publisher or writer seemed to hate Germany, he sought to know the reason for it; and if any sort of cash transaction would correct this enmity he was ever inclined to buy liberally in the right places. It is understood that he purchased newspapers in nearly every neighbouring country to popularize simultaneously anti-militarism, the ideals of pacifism, and pro-German sentiment. But even without his natural inclination toward every new form of political domination or deception, Stieber would have been forced to institute government propaganda. Both before and after the proclamation of the Empire, the Prussian yoke had rested heavily upon the smaller German states; and Hanover especially caused much disquiet in certain quarters. Stieber had agents continuously assigned to look out for and counteract dangerous internal resurgences. Bismarck would not permit him to dispose of German hostility with the same harsh measures he had taken against the French noncombatants. Yet he proudly records

having received from the Chancellor a bonus of two hundred thalers for having managed to suppress a bitterly anti-Prussian article before it sprang from the Hanoverian press.

Stieber's sharp abilities as a plotter did not rust no matter how peaceful the horizons of Europe became; he was always inventing new jobs for himself, and, if he could not recover the raptures of invasion in '70, he could continue as Minister of Police to delve into sundry dark crimes and conspiracies. After the imperial machine began running smoothly, he habitually saved William I and Bismarck from cunning assassins and divers other perils, many of them now believed to have been instigated by his own agents. On the surface it was a great day of German unity and patriotism and of stirring acclaim for the war-born Empire and Fatherland. Stieber grafted his espionage schemes upon "*Deutschland über Alles*" and made it seem a good citizen's privilege to undertake some secret mission which to the private individual acting for himself would have meant contemptible deceit and deserved ostracism. He knew how to handle the zealous rank and file with unscrupulous appeals to patriotism and duty. Yet he had learned that the rich and influential, the minor royalty and nobility had always a much more worthwhile access to the impressive secrets than any spy he might train or hire; and this led him to the concluding innovation of his long and artful experience in mingling underworld methods with government.

He opened in Berlin the notorious Green House as a resort for people of consequence, where every form of



vicious indulgence and excess was sumptuously encouraged and under the pretence of offering notable libertines an almost providential privacy. But since they came there to forget themselves, Stieber arranged to remember for them; and while there was no limit put upon his clients' behaviour, if they were prominent persons the memory of it would be made to last forever. Every event at this rendezvous was, in short, known to the police because their agents conducted it, and its history was hidden away in a private file which Stieber used to extort co-operation—even from royalty—so that the imperial secret service when operating in the highest places might never move ineffectually.

Social ambitions persuaded Stieber to promote himself and his family through the same kind of blackmail as always had been used by him in behalf of the government. He was wealthy now and the confidential adviser of Bismarck, who really ruled the empire; but whatever pressure he exerted as a police official, it seems not to have carried him far in society. Dread opened some doors to him, but apart from the affairs of state his intimate acquaintance was as parvenu as himself. Yet if he received only inferior invitations, he had been decorated twenty-seven times, and had diplomas and medals to prove it; and so when he lay mortally stricken with arthritis in 1882 there is no doubt but that he deemed himself great, his official life a useful and honourable one. Useful it surely had been. Bearing witness to that and to his long devotion to the Prussian throne—or to the fear that had died with him—a throng of distinguished men, including personal representatives of

the Emperor and of the other rulers of states, attended his funeral.

Wilhelm Stieber made himself a giant in his sinister profession; his career will be studied and imitated so long as there are spies and secret agents as an integral service of government.

## XIII

### SCHULMEISTER, NAPOLEON'S DARING SPY

§ 1. In a century and a quarter of almost continuous warfare, and of incessant intrigue and international secret service there has not appeared a more daring spy than Karl Schulmeister, the Alsatian who served Napoleon I. Stieber of Prussia, a half century later, was at least as unscrupulous, and probably a more gifted organizer of wholesale espionage. The American, Lafayette Baker, was possibly as bold as Schulmeister. Montgaillard was a more devious plotter. But none of these three, and no other engaged in secret service, combined all the qualities and resources which made the Alsatian the most dangerous man of his day.

Schulmeister, as reckless an adventurer as Bonaparte himself, possessed not only the cruel audacity common to all great espionage agents but also he had talent as an actor, astounding wit, and extraordinary physical courage and endurance. Born on August 5th, 1770, in Neu-Freistett, he was the son of an unattached Lutheran minister; but he grew up to have the pleasant conviction that he was of noble Hungarian lineage, and the time came when he helped to forge the documents which "proved" it. An eagerness for elegances suitable to exalted rank led him, when at length he could afford it, to employ the most noted dancing masters of the Continent. He aspired to wear the

Legion of Honour, but, failing in that, he insisted upon learning to dance like a marquis.

However, the spy began life very modestly, marrying an Alsatian girl named Unger and conducting jointly a provisions shop and ironmongery. His income was also derived from a very brisk trade as a smuggler. Being an Alsatian, he saw no reason for living so close to the frontier without making that circumstance help to support him. And his immense popularity among all classes of society suggests to us that the smuggler—or contrabandist, as he would have described himself—then had a certain harmonious relation to public habit or desire, not unlike the American rumrunner of the present day.

It is said that Schulmeister was already an accomplished smuggler at the age of seventeen, and he was never ashamed to admit it, since he maintained that it called for unusual resource and daring in that locality. And though he achieved note and great wealth in Napoleon's service, he never so long as he lived ceased entirely to participate in smuggling enterprises. In 1799 he had become acquainted with that Colonel Savary who, as Duc de Rovigo, was one day to be Napoleon's Minister of Police, succeeding the famous Fouché. By 1804 Savary, a general now and one of Napoleon's favourite officers, had definitely enlisted Schulmeister, the smuggler, as a secret agent. Schulmeister was charged by Savary with the task of luring into France that remarkably harmless Bourbon prince, the young Duc d'Enghien, then living modestly in Baden upon funds supplied by the British and taking no interest whatever in French politics. But Napoleon wished to intimidate Royal-

ist partisans all over Europe, and believed that the execution of an innocent relative of the proscribed Capets was just the terrifying stroke he required.

The Duc d'Enghien was accustomed to visit a young woman of Strasburg to whom he was deeply attached. Schulmeister learned of this and straightway sent his assistants to remove her to Belfort, where she was detained in a country house near to the frontier upon the pretext that local French authorities considered her a suspicious person. Schulmeister now forged a letter in her name and sent it to Enghien, entreating him to effect her release from this unjustifiable internment. Her lover responded immediately, believing that he could bribe her captors to allow him to convey her the short distance from Belfort to the territory of his protector, the Margrave of Baden. Schulmeister was ready, and before the prince himself had actually set foot on French soil, he was seized and hurried to Strasburg, and thence to Vincennes. Six days after his lawless arrest, as a Bourbon forbidden to return to France he was condemned by a preposterous court martial. One of his last acts was to write a letter to his mistress, explaining why he had failed to assist her. But she, having served Schulmeister's purpose, had already been released, pathetically unaware of her part in the intrigue. That same night Enghien was shot, his executioners compelling him to hold a lantern so that they might see to take aim.

Savary, it is said, paid Schulmeister a sum equal to \$30,000 for arranging this matter. Talleyrand observed that the killing of the young Duc d'Enghien "was worse than a crime—it was a blunder." And largely for this epigram

has the savage incident been remembered; not because it exposed Bonaparte's barbarous conception of internecine politics, or because it marked the debut in European secret service of a man who was soon to become one of the most formidable espionage agents of modern times.

Schulmeister was the type for whom conflict on a Napoleonic scale was made to order. He was also that devil of a fellow for whom phrases such as "clever rascal" and "plausible rogue" and "lying impostor" must have been coined. If not so great an organizer as Stieber, as an active spy operating within the enemy's lines during hostilities he attempted and achieved stratagems which the Prussian—if he ever had conceived anything so superb and hazardous—would have divided with a subordinate, reserving the credit for himself and the dangers for his hireling.

Savary, who, with the murder of the young Bourbon, had again moved nearer his goal of a ducal estate, said when presenting Schulmeister to Napoleon in the following year: "Here, Sire, is a man all brains and no heart." The Emperor and his favourite appear to have chuckled over this, as though *they* had specialized in all heart, but could endure the difference in a smuggler and paid spy. Napoleon was himself fond of saying: "The spy is a natural traitor." He often mentioned it to Schulmeister during the next four years. Yet there is no record of Napoleon ever having been seriously betrayed by a military spy in any of his campaigns; and in contrast he disbursed large sums to corrupt more distinguished gentry, who might be persuaded to sell out to the conqueror and spare French armies from greater costs.

Descriptions which we have of Stieber are uniformly repellent, portraying him as swarthy and hard in countenance, with eyes almost white in colourlessness, and with manners at once arrogant toward his inferiors and servile, acquiescent, ingratiating in the presence of any authority greater than his own. But even the enemies of Schulmeister could not deny his personal bravery or charm or extraordinary physical endurance. The spy is said to have had a face like a mask, but probably none noticed this before his triumphs in secret service; he was broad of shoulder and imperturbable, not tall but very muscular, with a deep chest, and such manner and assurance that he passed for an officer and gentleman at the Austrian court, and could impress and captivate women and children, and generals and nobles alike.

Napoleon's campaign in 1805 against Austria and Russia was one of the most perfectly timed and manœuvred military disasters ever contrived in Europe, and that Schulmeister initiated his career in military espionage during this same campaign is significant. Napoleon had always endeavoured to study the character of the commanders his royal foes were sending against him. In 1805 the Austrian hopes rested upon Marshal Mack, a general of no striking ability but great family influence and a special desire to atone for his previous defeats at the hands of the French. Mack, a confirmed monarchist, would not allow himself to perceive that the Corsican usurper was really popular in France, or that the nation generally supported him as its heroic sovereign; and Schulmeister prepared to prey upon this dull, simple-minded, and easily led officer in terms

of his own astigmatism. He first appeared in Vienna as a young man of noble Hungarian ancestry, who had lived in France, but had lately been exiled across the frontier because Napoleon believed him to be an Austrian spy. In advance of his journey to Austria, Schulmeister had addressed a letter to Mack, describing his plight, his hatred of the French tyrant, and offering to serve the Austrian army in any capacity that might yield him some measure of vengeance. Meeting the alleged exile and hearing how much he seemed to know about the military and civil condition of France, Mack gladly availed himself of such fortuitous espionage. He introduced the spy as his protégé into the best army clubs of Vienna, obtained him a commission, and in the fateful autumn of 1805 attached him to his personal staff as chief of intelligence.

Schulmeister's operations at this time appear to have been almost fantastically deceptive. He was in constant communication with Napoleon, keeping the French command advised of every Austrian move and receiving for his expenses large sums of money which he seems to have spent lavishly but to good effect. Like most educated Alsations, he spoke German as fluently as French; but more than merely linguistic gifts were required to make him the favourite he became in the exclusive Viennese society of that day. He found two officers of ability, Wend and Rulski, who let themselves be bribed by him. When he gave Mack false information, it was confirmed by the presumably independent report of one or both of these traitors; so that Mack understood that all his monarchist expectations of French disunion were actually coming to



pass. Schulmeister was provided with letters written to him by supposed traitors in the armies of France, depicting civil turbulence, military disaffection, and kindred national ills that would seem to make a vigorous foreign campaign impossible. Mack read these joyfully, and also a newspaper that Napoleon had arranged to be printed especially for Schulmeister and dispatched to him with elaborate furtiveness, in which items supporting his mischievous intelligence were inserted to convince the Austrian marshal.

Mack was not a blunderer, not an elegant old idiot of exalted connexions and unfit to command a guard of honour. He was an experienced leader of fifty-three, and determined to succeed, hence over-anxious, and all too ready to believe what he wanted to believe—an easy target for the sharpshooter from Alsace. Schulmeister caused Mack to feel sure that France tottered on the brink of civil war, with Napoleon having to recall his forces to the Rhine frontier; whereupon Mack marched out of the strategically pivotal city of Ulm with thirty thousand men, intending to pursue Marshal Ney and the retiring French vanguard. Instead he found Ney still at the head of an advancing army, ready for battle, which was surprise enough; but then Marmont, Lannes, Soult, and Dupont appeared on his flanks, and the cavalry of Murat closed the ring of steel. Three days later, on October 20th, the still bewildered Austrian surrendered.

Schulmeister was not captured, but returned to Vienna and there boldly intruded upon the war councils presided over by those disquieted imperial allies, the Tsar and the

Austrian Kaiser. Astonishing though it may seem, the military leaders of Russia and Austria listened to him and pondered his suggestions of strategy that would discount their losses at Ulm. Mack was thought to have been treacherous. He was subsequently deprived of his rank and imprisoned in disgrace until the truth of his betrayal was established by his friends. But in November 1805 there was hardly a rumour discreditable to Schulmeister and, again equipped with forged documents which seemed to prove his points, he led Napoleon's foes astray while maintaining constant communication with the Emperor. The result—on December 2nd—was Austerlitz.

But directly after that majestic victory, persons in Vienna who had mistrusted the engaging spy caused his arrest. Undoubtedly he would have been tried and executed had not the French advancing upon Vienna moved so rapidly that they took the city and set him free with dramatic timeliness. Schulmeister's character was unpleasantly regarded after this signal success because of his boasting.<sup>1</sup> He had received a small fortune from Napoleon and, said he, nearly as much for his "services" to Austria. It would, of course, have been impossible for him in his loyal disguise to refuse payment from Mack or the Emperor Francis for the intelligence with which he imposed upon them; but his pride in these gains reveals the small and criminal mind. Napoleon, with perhaps the feeling of the professional soldier, seems never to have valued Schulmeister as Bismarck valued Stieber, nor ever to have rewarded him in proportion to the titles and estates he

<sup>1</sup> Diffenbach, *Schulmeister*.

showered upon adventurers of no more consequence. Schulmeister was permitted to risk his life, not only in espionage—when he went as an observer into hostile countries, even undertaking a mission to England and Ireland—but also in battle where he proved himself a man of action and of soldierly courage.

At Landshut he captained a troop of hussars, led a charge, and captured enemy positions. Acting for Savary, whose confidence he always retained, he went back to Strasbourg to investigate civil disturbances and in the course of an open revolt again distinguished himself by shooting the principal agitator, thus eliminating the mainspring of trouble with one pistol ball. Upon Napoleon's second occupation of Vienna, Schulmeister was appointed censor of newspapers, the stage, publishing houses, and religious establishments; and with this opportunity he displayed another sort of sagacity, causing to be circulated broadcast among the races of Austria-Hungary the works of Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot, Holbach and Helvetius, which thus far in that land had enjoyed prominent reservations upon the Index, both religious and political. For a time in 1809 he was Commissary General of the imperial forces in the field. Regardless of what benefits he may have hoped to gain from the lucrative dispersal of army contracts and commercial favours, he was soon returned to secret service duty; but he was already rich, having purchased some years before the splendid Château Le Meinau in his native Alsace, and in 1807 another large estate near Paris—the two having an estimated value of more than a million dollars today.

He had frequently directed a corps of spies, though never with Prussian thoroughness, or without being responsible to Savary, and perhaps making some reports directly to the Emperor. In short, though he might style himself M. du Meinau and live as generously as a lord, he was just an adroit and daring secret agent to the imperial military caste. He begged his humorous friend, Lasalle, that crack commander of light cavalry who perished at Wagram, to persuade Napoleon to confer upon him the Legion of Honour. Lasalle came back to say that the Emperor refused, believing that gold was the only suitable reward for a spy. Nothing would seem more clearly to expose Napoleon as an upstart and parvenu himself than his treatment of one whose duplicities he had been guiding and profiting from extensively ever since the tragedy of young d'Enghien. Fouché, disreputable, ruthless and disloyal, as Minister of Police had been created the Duc d'Otrante. Fouché—as Stieber afterwards did—was not above having his own men devise dangers from which he breathlessly “rescued” his beloved Emperor. And even greater scoundrels, like Radet, paraded the ribbon which Schulmeister was loftily denied.

The spy's last chance came at the Congress of Erfurt, where through the representations of Savary he was chosen to direct the French secret service. It would appear that he outdid himself in the substance and variety of intelligence he conveyed to Napoleon each day, for there were many notable persons to be spied upon, and the Emperor had a villager's dread of missing any choice bit of gossip. The Tsar was there, enjoying himself with Russian abandon;

and Goethe—whom Bonaparte had always professed to admire—was there also, in a diplomatic mood which caused his fellow genius some concern. Schulmeister wrote Savary that Napoleon asked him every morning: whom has Goethe been seeing?—and, with whom did the Emperor Alexander stay last night? Another job of Schulmeister's to which Napoleon repeatedly alluded was keeping watch over the lovely Queen Louise of Prussia. The Russian autocrat had shown himself disposed to admire and befriend this greatly humiliated lady; Napoleon wished to continue to humble her by blackening her character to the Tsar if he could, and his chief spy—unimpeded by the Legion of Honour—was expected to supply the smut.

By 1810 Napoleon's domination over Vienna—which Schulmeister had helped to assure—culminated in the marriage that brought an Austrian empress to Paris and such Austrian influence with her that the spy was driven into retirement. Ironically enough his intrigues before Ulm and Austerlitz had never been forgiven, though the one gaining the most from them, who had been raised up to equality with the proud Hapsburgs after Austerlitz, was being accepted as the husband of Maria Louisa. Schulmeister, avoiding vain resentment, retired but not into the camp of Napoleon's enemies as many another of his kind would have done, and as Fouché did do with infinitely less provocation. He appears to have been grateful for his riches and estates. He was still the post-graduate smuggler and backer of smuggling projects, so that he went to live at Le Meinau where his hospitality and charities won him the sincere homage of his fellow Alsations.

The Austrian vindictiveness lasted until 1814. After Leipzig and the defeat of the French, Alsace was invaded and a regiment of Austrian artillery was detached to bombard and demolish Schulmeister's home. During the Hundred Days he rallied to the Emperor; but when Napoleon left Paris for Belgium the former spy was one of the first to be arrested and he only saved himself by paying an enormous ransom. This seriously crippled his finances. He attempted to rehabilitate them with speculation and lost all that he had. For five years he had known a steadily rising fortune; for ten he had enjoyed wealth and considerable authority. He might have kept something of both—for most of the really unscrupulous Bonapartists managed to—but instead chance brought him down even as the meteoric pageant of empire came to an end. Presumably Schulmeister retained besides his good nature the regard of his Alsatian neighbours; perhaps he still danced like a marquis, though the estates to match had slipped into other hands. He was destined to live nearly four decades more, until 1853, a poor but not unhappy man, granted a tobacconist stall to tend in Strasburg. And it is recorded that another Bonaparte who came to be Napoleon III, with ever a politician's eye for neglected henchmen of his illustrious uncle, sought out the former secret agent in 1850 when making a tour as President and warmly offered him his hand.

It is possible to write of Schulmeister with a degree of sympathy, not only because of his final failures, but also on account of the quality of the man. His successes seem now so personal, and have not that systematized and Juggernaut certainty that made much of Stieber's spying a

road-roller demonstration. Schulmeister was treacherous when treachery was expedient; but whatever his practices, he never preached a debasing philosophy of patriotism which honoured the impostures, bribes, and betrayals of espionage as national virtues. Schulmeister had engaging characteristics that were both French and German, in keeping with his geographical origin. Stieber was all Prussian.

It is worth noting that of all those who served Napoleon and described him in letters at the time or afterward, in memoirs, Schulmeister alone took notice of the conqueror's voice. He reports it as being crisp and strident, rather high pitched, and adds that the Emperor's habit of speaking through his teeth gave a hissing effect to nearly everything he said. Perhaps the spy lacked the one deceit of flattery to make him an appreciated courtier. More probably his notorious talents arrived upon the imperial scene too late, when Napoleon, engrossed with dynastic foundations, was growing tired of the parvenu aristocracy his victories had elevated. He would call the spy "Karl," but he treated him like a lackey, and, apart from the generous expense allowance, never conceded any merit to Schulmeister's audacious and fearfully effective performances in espionage.

## XIV

### TWO WOMEN: MADEMOISELLE LE DOCTEUR AND MATA-HARI

§ 1. There was at least one woman connected with the German secret service during the World War whose value to her government surely surpassed that of a division of fighting men. The French, who were her chief adversaries, began calling her *Mademoiselle le Docteur*; and though her activities are now history and her ruthlessness a grim legend, only by that curious title is she known to this day. She came to be the directing genius of the German secret service headquarters that had moved from Brussels—where it had flourished under Cuers and Thiesen for many years before the war—to Antwerp after the capture of that city on October 9, 1914. She was there in charge of German espionage in what is known as the Zone of the Interior, which, in time of war, is that portion of a combatant country which lies well behind the fighting front. Thus, to the Allies, all of Germany was a zone of the interior during the World War. And *Mademoiselle le Docteur* was responsibly in charge of a corps of agents who gathered military and naval intelligence and all manner of information in those departments of France lying beyond an imaginary line which may be drawn from Boulogne to Paris, to Épinal, Belfort and the Swiss frontier.



Great Britain from Cornwall to the secret naval bases in the north was another zone of the interior, and the spies controlled by the woman in Antwerp were also aimed in that direction. But much spying upon the British was manipulated from Amsterdam, from Scandinavian cities, and directly from the German secret service headquarters in Charlottenburg. To complete the picture it may be added that the Mediterranean espionage of the Germans was directed from Barcelona and Madrid, in close accord with Antwerp, while German espionage in the Zone of Combat, which comprised the military sectors directly behind the trench lines from the Yser to the Vosges in Alsace, was controlled in the main by spy-masters located in Berne and other Swiss centres.

*Mademoiselle le Docteur* not only recruited and trained spies and sent them on their secret missions, a momentous job for man or woman, but also she devised new methods for their use and a new manner of operating a corps of agents. She put her individual stamp upon every one of them that set forth from the Antwerp headquarters. Intelligent, clever, intrepid, efficient, she was also terribly feared, and seems to have dominated all with whom she came into contact in her work, whether officer and nobleman, renegade, dupe, or common informer.

She arrived in Antwerp on a confidential mission soon after the German administrative forces had followed the army into the city. Possibly from the first she was clothed with some formidable authority, for the men of the secret service deferred to her even before they feared her. French and Belgian agents sent to watch over her say that she was

neither young nor personable, though some professed to note indications of former beauty; but if Mata-Hari was the Eye of the Morning, the reputation of *Mademoiselle le Docteur* would translate her name to Tiger Eyes. None who ever saw her omits mention of her curious optical distinction; she dominated with a glance, and her directorial characteristics of boldness and ferocity were easily to be read in the flashing, frigid blue of her eyes. Among the renegade agents and spies and informers whom she ordered about, she let it be rumoured that she had a *von* to her name and concealed her aristocracy for the duration of the war. That German spy and very pretty woman who posed as the Baroness d'Aspremont, the Countess of Louvain—a singular choice of pseudonym after the invasion of Belgium—and had other aliases of pretended nobility, was really titled, with family connexions of authentic grandeur. But everything discovered about *Mademoiselle le Docteur* and her work discredits the imposing past claimed for her, and makes plausible the opinions of French and Belgian secret agents, that she had been a *demi-mondaine*, the mistress of a Prussian general connected with the imperial Military Intelligence, who, when his own duty called him to the Western front, in order to keep her amused, arranged for her induction into the German secret service. He understood her, true—but how he under-rated her! The amusement of *Mademoiselle* became one of the most fearful innovations of the war.

She soon discovered that the sort of spies she would be expected to manage were a poor lot. Already the arrest of Ernst, Lody, and more than a score of others had decided

the German espionage directors to begin employing mercenaries, instead of the patriots who eagerly and bravely if clumsily had undertaken the most perilous kinds of missions for the Fatherland. *Mademoiselle le Docteur* investigated the character of the professional agent, unreliable, wanting the maximum pay but a minimum risk, failing in courage at the first threat of danger, and always eager to change sides when cornered and caught. Almost exclusively in charge of such specimens, she began solving her problem - with calculated ferocity. To get any result whatever she had to make them more afraid of her than of the French or British or American counter-espionage organizations. At the first indication of the betrayal she was ever on guard against, she unhesitatingly cut the suspect off with the bleak precision of a guillotine. Her method of discipline was simplicity itself. The spy, still believing himself useful to her, was sent out on a mission of no importance. New instructions were sent to the spy after he reached enemy territory in a code that the enemy understood. *Mademoiselle's* doomed agent would then, of course, be "covered" by the counter-spying officers of the Allies. Presently he would be bound to betray himself. Arrest, court martial, conviction, and execution would follow. *Mademoiselle le Docteur* merely prescribed the punishment. She allowed her opponents to take all the trouble of dealing with the condemned.

The French secret service has admitted capturing fourteen German agents thus flung to them, either by the woman of Antwerp, or a disciple of hers acting according to custom. The French knew the trick of it, but the spies they

gathered in were real enough, and quite unaware of the fatal futility of the errand on which they had come; and so, however to be pitied, they had to receive a penalty in keeping with the work they had undertaken. In time the spies that *Mademoiselle* or her imitators sacrificed in this way came to be called fool-spies. And, having ruthlessly devised this measure of discipline, *Mademoiselle's* formidable talent for intrigue enabled her to apply it as an espionage stratagem in her war upon the Allies.

The fool-spy now was purely a dupe, enlisted for the job of getting himself into trouble. *Mademoiselle* often had agents valuably operating whose position was so hazardous they might be detected at any moment. On strategic grounds it seemed to her important to let the enemy counter-espionage detect and arrest a spy at a certain point near where the valuable spy was secretly at work. In short, the disclosure and downfall of the fool-spy screened, according to her scheme, the continued activities of the trustworthy agent. But the Allied secret services were too experienced to be baffled by such subterfuges. They quickly learned to distinguish the fool-spy; and such unfortunates were not shot but were put out of harm's way in a military prison or internment camp. And the pursuit of *Mademoiselle's* other emissaries vigilantly continued.

She sent a certain Joseph Marks to England, much against his natural inclinations; for poor Marks was so scared, so unsuited to the enterprise engaging him that he could not even get past the British port authorities. Being questioned, he broke down immediately and confessed. He described himself as a reputable business man of Aix-la-

Chapelle, but said he had been three times arrested and accused of spying for the French. He was sent to Antwerp and "the terrible Miss Doktor" there told him he must prove his loyalty by becoming a German agent.

Patriotic blackmail of this sort was a commonplace with *Mademoiselle*. She wisely entrusted no secrets to Marks, but gave him a passport making him out to be Dutch, a sum of money, elaborate instructions—and a stamp album. She was exceedingly clever in originating new methods of secret communication which would pass the enemy censors. Marks was to be a naval spy. He was to visit the many British ports, take note of the warships in the harbours and then send a set of stamps to a certain address in Holland. Thus, seven Peruvian and four Mexican postage stamps sent from Portsmouth would mean that seven cruisers and four battle-ships were there in port at the date of the British postmark. This was an unexpected dodge and Marks was forwarded to Scotland Yard for additional interrogation. He eagerly told all he could, which was not much, and when informed that he would be interned for the duration of the war he wept for joy. He said that a British prison was the only place where his life would be safe after failing to serve "that woman."

Marks did not exaggerate, for witness her method in dealing with another blunderer. The spy, Van Kaarbeck, was a Hollander who had once enjoyed wealth and considerable distinction, but he had foolishly squandered the former and tarnished the latter. Reduced to working at any odd job he was nearly destitute when a German agent picked him up and took him to Antwerp as a likely recruit. Van

Kaarbeck was no coward; he was well educated and widely travelled; *Mademoiselle* took great pains with his instruction. However, she could not eliminate his vices which had pulled him down from a loftier place before. Arriving in Paris, Van Kaarbeck began to spend the money she had allowed him, and once removed from sobriety he talked too much. He talked to a cabaret girl in Montmartre, who was allied to the French secret service, and she promptly reported him.

But still another secret agent was reporting upon this man's monstrous stupidities. One of *Mademoiselle le Docteur's* spies had come into touch with him and saw at once how dangerous he was to the German undercover organization. This spy, after warning Antwerp, fled from Van Kaarbeck as if from typhus. It was certain the French counter-spying officers would cross his voluble trail. He had told the cabaret girl he was a German agent and invited her to work for him. The French, in fact, were covering him but were not ready to arrest him, hoping that he would lead them to other and more secretive employees of the ruthless *Mademoiselle*. This Van Kaarbeck failed to do, as all of the others had been swiftly warned to avoid him. Then it was decided to gather him in, as he had already convicted himself; but the night before he was to be arrested, gendarmes found Van Kaarbeck lying in an unfrequented street in the old part of Montmartre, stabbed through the back. His assassin had impudently left the dagger behind as a warning to the loquacious. Its blade was of German make.

Hoegnagel, also a Netherlander, who was executed in

August 1917, was a more pitiable dupe. *Mademoiselle* asked no more of this commercial traveller than that he deliver several Dutch newspapers to friends of hers in the French capital. Innocent and clumsy, Hoegnagel attracted the attention of vigilant counter-espionage agents. They questioned him, and examined two of the newspapers he still had in his possession. The margins of these were discovered to contain a quantity of secret writing. Hoegnagel was really bringing questionnaires to German spies, indicating what information the Antwerp headquarters was most anxious to obtain. One of his remaining two papers was obviously intended for the notorious spy, Suzette. Hoegnagel seemed a proper bait for the trap which would finally land that troublesome young lady. But again he blundered and Suzette was warned away. Hoegnagel, having confessed, was put on trial. The death penalty inflicted seems today to have been needlessly severe in his case.

But *Mademoiselle le Docteur* continued inflicting it as she chose, once at least by her own hands. The Allies had made strenuous efforts to blind the spy service she had developed against them. As a crowning triumph a Belgian, who professed to sympathize with the German invaders, was introduced into the headquarters of the woman in Antwerp, and by his cleverness and diligence came to be her trusted assistant. As she was constantly sending out new spies and likewise receiving cunningly masked communications from those operating in enemy countries, the young Belgian's chance to checkmate her was unrivalled. But in combating the devices of such a woman the most cautious and subtle manoeuvres were necessary. She dispatched a

spy from Holland to Scotland, intending him to make his way deviously into France. The Belgian reported this, perceiving the threat of the spy's assignment. Unfortunately, the day he landed in Dunkirk an overzealous police official, notified of his coming, took him into custody and charged him directly with espionage.

In the miraculously swift way that she had, *Mademoiselle le Docteur* learned only two days later that her new man was doomed. She summoned the Belgian, it is said, and told him of the agent's impossibly quick detection. And she observed that only two people knew of that agent and his destination—only two!—herself, and the Belgian. Then she took a revolver from her desk drawer and shot him dead. . . .

And even this episode is not the climax of her merciless efficiency in the work that she loved and performed with such skill. *Mademoiselle* tyrannized over her German associates regardless of what influential connexions they might have. For a time her technical adviser was a nobleman with the title of count and the military rank of lieutenant-colonel. When spies sent in details of new artillery or any other mechanical contrivance it was this officer's duty to pass upon the technical importance of the item thus revealed. *Mademoiselle le Docteur* was even smart enough to know her own limitations. But she never allowed herself to fail. There was always a *bona fide* culprit associated with her mistakes.

The Allies were secretly at work upon the new tanks, an innovation expected to sweep the Germans from the field. *Mademoiselle's* agents—despite the impressive secrecy—got



wind of the military invention. She had three separate reports about the tanks, the last one even describing what sort of mechanism it would prove to be. Each report she referred to her technical adviser, who pronounced the thing fantastic. Such weapons of war might be built as a stunt, but what good would they be in the field—against an artillery barrage, high explosive shells? *Mademoiselle* had him initial each spy's report, and after the third one she had him file a memorandum of his official opinion. Tanks were possible, but of no importance—of no conceivable military value!

Very well! Byng struck at Cambrai with tanks and went through the German lines so fast and so far that he was unprepared for his success and failed to consolidate large gains. A report of this British victory reached *Mademoiselle* at once. She understood its significance, but her adviser's report upon her spies' reports was on file. She simply sent him the official version of the Cambrai attack and a revolver. He knew what she advised in cases of failure, and he committed suicide.

' ' '

§ 2. Of the spy Mata-Hari, so much romantic nonsense has been composed about her dancing and harlotry and spying, her villainy or martyrdom, that it remains only to separate established facts in her remarkable case from persevering legends. She was a picturesque figure; but not a great spy. She was born at Leeuwarden in Holland on August 7, 1876, and was therefore forty-one years old

when at dawn on October 15th, 1917, she was executed by a French firing squad at Vincennes. Her parents were Adam Zelle and Antje Van der Meulen, both Dutch. In the great years of the notoriety of her exotic dancing and muscular bravura, she cultivated a popular belief that she had been born in Java and was a half-caste with a Javanese mother; and also that she had been a temple dancer in Malabar with a resulting talent displayed upon the Parisian stage. Actually she had been married in March 1895 to a captain of the Dutch colonial forces, who immediately left Holland for Java and took his bride with him. Of Scotch descent, his name was MacLeod; and he appears to a surpassing degree to have been brutal and besotted. Mata-Hari never had a very valid reason for trying espionage, but through the best years of her life she seems to have had a most prepossessing motive for murder. Why she ever refrained from killing MacLeod, who beat her when he was drunk, and was never sober, and dragged her about by the hair when inclined toward domestic exercise, will hardly be explained by the character she afterward revealed.

But at length—in 1901—after six degenerating years in the tropics, Margaret Gertrud MacLeod *née* Zelle returned to Amsterdam with a daughter, Marie Louise, and her formidable spouse. A son had been born to them at Demarang, but this child, it was said, had been poisoned in infancy by a native servant revenging himself upon MacLeod. Mata-Hari, it has even been alleged, took the law into her own hands and shot the murderer of her child; but this is not the sort of act to be attributed to the woman she was in Java. There she endured MacLeod's debasing mas-

tery, and in such considerable leisure as his infidelities and drunken stupors would allow she devoted herself to studying the erotic manuals and ritualistic dances of the East. Javanese dancing girls she must have seen perform hundreds of times; for, when the moment of her own stage debut came, she was able to persuade those familiar with the Orient of her childhood dedication as a temple dancer and sacred courtesan of Siva.

Meanwhile, from 1901 to 1905 her personality was changing from weakness to strength, her life from tears to triumphs and good fortune of a kind. Bitter experience and longing were the solvents in which Margaret Zelle vanished and from which the Java-born artiste, Mata-Hari —Eye of the Morning—emerged. She made several attempts to separate herself from MacLeod, and was alternatively encouraged and rebuked by a rather preposterous set of relatives. In August of 1902 MacLeod thrashed her once more and left her, taking with him the six-year-old Marie Louise; but giving almost her first demonstration of spirit and energy, she obtained a court order restoring the child to her and requiring MacLeod to support them both. He countered with calumnies and her aunt, who had come to her aid financially, for she was penniless, believed the man and soon turned her out. Her father had prospered from his small shopkeeping days; he helped her, but also stood somewhat in awe of MacLeod; and so, all legend to the contrary, it was by her own initiative that she at last cut loose from the—to her—intolerable boredom of Dutch village life and went to Paris seeking a theatrical engagement.

Celebrated performers have failed to recapture their pub-

lic or their best artistry after a professional suspension of four years. It is all the more remarkable, then, that this woman, at twenty-nine, who by her own acknowledgment had never before appeared on the stage, and who since 1901 had been remote from all things Javanese, save her bitter memories, could be presented at the Musée Guimet in Paris in 1905 and score an instantaneous success. Imagination, desperate resolve, and an instinct for showmanship—witness the name she chose for herself and the stories she helped to circulate about her birth and romantic upbringing—were the true causes of her challenging metamorphosis. She became a courtesan, which would seem to have been almost obligatory in a career launched from nowhere as was hers. Without sentimental apology, it is safe to say that MacLeod had schooled her well for this easy step from the drab-world of an abandoned wife in Holland to the gay half-world of an abandoned woman in the capital of France. Her husband, however, if deserving her damnation, achieved instead a pleasant enough place in the legends: he was the handsome young Scotch officer of the British Indian service who had seen her in the temple and effected her escape from it, married her and cherished her bravely, until his sudden death from fever compelled her to resist a meagre widowhood by dancing nude at the most fashionable parties in Paris. MacLeod had by example and cruelty prepared her for anything, including prostitution; but it was again her own cleverness and initiative that made her for a decade the foremost courtesan of Europe.

She exacted immense fees and, though her spying after 1914 brought her more than a hundred thousand marks,

she was fascinating to men until the day of her death and had therefore no diminishing access to her former, and far safer, livelihood. But the French have said that her number in the German espionage service was H.21, and that its agents were not assigned the letter H after the outbreak of the war. She professed no patriotic inclination toward the Netherlands, or France—though her success had begun there—or any other land. She was Javanese; it was both her stock-in-trade and her obsession, and she may merely be presumed to have spied for the Germans because her German admirers were the only ones who had asked her to be a spy. She preferred living in France, and in that circumstance the German arrangement must have seemed perfectly logical to one having her catholic tastes for adventure. On the night that war was declared, she dined with the chief of police of Berlin. But that event can have scarcely the significance which some have tried to pin upon it. The German official was an old friend. Upon her first professional engagement in the Kaiser's capital he had called upon her, acting upon the published complaint that she wore no costume; and, finding it true, had remained to suggest how she might oblige the law. Likewise has it been insinuated that her downfall was promoted by the brother of an influential French cabinet minister, to whom she had refused her favours.

Mata-Hari was a conspicuous person; she had many of those qualities which go to make a dangerously successful spy; but she had one uncompromising fault, she was far too easily noticed wherever she went for her own self-preservation. Enlisting her, the German secret service chiefs

may well have congratulated themselves, since for their own purposes she was perfect. But if they gave these matters any objective consideration, which, to judge by some of their results, they seldom did, they must have known the dancer could never work for them and get through the war alive. French counter-espionage officers were already accounting her a suspect by the summer of 1915. In three months' time there was not a man among them but would have taken oath that she was a German agent, securing information about transport crossings in the Mediterranean and other war secrets nearly as precious to enemy Intelligence. But no proofs against her impressive enough for a civil or military court had yet been described; and since she was a very well-known woman—a personage almost—whose confidential relations with the Duke of Brunswick, the German Crown Prince, M. Van der Linden, the Dutch premier, and with numerous others of almost as much influence in Europe, were a matter of record, it seemed peculiarly necessary to build up an ironclad case for the prosecution.

Not until 1916 was it learned, and very cleverly, how she transmitted the information she was getting from a variety of military and official acquaintances whom she had been cultivating since turning spy. She was sending all her private correspondence through a friend, numbered among the enchanted, in a neutral legation. Diplomatic immunity covered her messages; but French soldiers were dying because of her espionage and, even at the risk of exposure and a serious affront to the neutral state, the mail of its legation had to be intercepted and her contributions

to it examined. But here was a blind alley; for she wrote in cryptic phrases that represented an inviolate code. At about this baffled moment the French counter-espionage learned she had applied for a pass to visit Vittel upon the pretext that one of her former lovers, Captain Maroff, a Russian, permanently blinded in battle, needed her care. Her affection for this unfortunate officer would hardly have been questioned, except that a very important aerodrome was just being established near Vittel, and the French secret service had lately intercepted cipher instructions to other German spies directing them to get information about it. In the belief that she might definitely betray herself on this errand, the pass was issued to her. But she anticipated the trap, and conducted herself during a brief stay at Vittel with almost derisive circumspection.

The French authorities, certain of her menace, but unable to convict her, decided upon deportation. When she was notified of this decision, she proved herself a professional spy by acting like the meanest hireling caught during the war: she vowed she had never worked for the Germans but was eager to aid the French. She vaunted her influence over many powerful German leaders and offered to go to Great Headquarters then at Stenay and obtain any secret intelligence the generals of France might desire. Captain Ladoux of the French counter-espionage service, unsurprised by her impudence, affected to trust her. She was invited to go to Brussels and learn whatever she could, since she had said von Bissing would be her helpless victim at a glance. And she was given the names of six agents in Belgium with whom she might co-operate, all of them

being listed at Paris as doubtful because of the absurd inaccuracies discovered in all their reports. Thus did the dancer work her own undoing, for, arriving in Belgium, she reported the six to the Germans and one of them was presently tried and shot.

This execution puzzled the French, for they had not had anything from the man which they valued, and had believed his reports doctored in the German behalf. If, however, the Germans had convicted him of espionage, he must be a double agent, submitting accurate intelligence to some other belligerent. In time the British confirmed this, saying that a resident agent of theirs had been betrayed to the Germans in Belgium by a woman. Their secret service even had her description; but she herself already had slipped through their hands. For, very soon tiring of the pretence of spying for France, she had set out for Spain via Holland and England. British port authorities, warned against her by their counter-espionage agents in the Netherlands, allowed her to land and proceed to London only upon the certainty that she would be invited to New Scotland Yard. So it turned out, and, exceeding her effrontery when interrogated by Ladoux, she there admitted to Sir Basil Thomson that she had come to spy in England—but for the German secret service, no—for the ally of Britain, France! The British chief of criminal investigation very generously urged her to abandon all international intrigue, and allowed her to continue on to Spain. She had thanked him for his excellent advice, but Madrid soon saw her in touch with Major von Kalle, the German military attaché, and the naval attaché, von Kron.



Like so many hired spies, she seems now to have become a burden both to the budget and the patience of the managers of German espionage. Von Kalle communicated to her his wireless orders telling her to return to Paris, and adding that she would receive an instalment of fifteen thousand pesetas for her work in Spain payable through her friend in the neutral legation. So Mata-Hari re-entered France for the final chapter, went directly to Paris and to a small hotel in the Avenue Montaigne. On February 13th, 1917, she was arrested. After her examination she was removed to the prison of Saint-Lazare, being assigned, it is said, to the cell formerly occupied by Mme. Caillaux and Mme. Steinheil. In July she was tried by court martial, on the 24th and 25th, convicted and sentenced. Maître Clunet, her counsel, defended her magnificently, but she was the only person present who expected an acquittal. She admitted she had been a courtesan and claimed that the large sums paid her from Germany were usual and in return for her favours; but the evidence presented was overwhelming and other admissions of hers destroyed Clunet's defensive argument. In one instance she appeared to advantage, protesting against the reading aloud of a letter written to her by a married man whose family she said might thereby be caused needless mortification. But the letter was read; and so was the military verdict. Against this Clunet appealed in vain, and enormous private pressure was, of course, exerted in her behalf. She refused to gain a further postponement of her execution by claiming, under a provision of the French law relating to capital punishment, that she was pregnant.

France at this time was still staggering from the blows of the defeatists. Spies and other sinister foes of the Republic were being very roughly handled. Had it been otherwise, Mata-Hari might have escaped with a prison sentence; for never did any condemned alien go to Vincennes with so many strong influences working to save her. President Poincaré declined to consider a pardon or reprieve. M. Van der Linden, at The Hague, implored the Queen to sign an appeal, but that lady, who had heard about the dancing, firmly refused her prime minister's petition. On the morning of October 15th, Mata-Hari rose and dressed herself bravely. She accepted a glass of brandy from the prison doctor; she appears to have been more composed than the nuns who attended her. At the final moment she had again that courage which had extinguished the forsaken wife of MacLeod and produced the fabulous Javanese nautch-girl. She vigorously refused a bandage for her eyes. She faced twelve riflemen and eleven bullets struck her. Defiling before her body one soldier of the firing squad fainted.

It has been related that she had been told only blank cartridges would be used; but eye-witnesses report nothing of boldness or insolence in her manner that morning which the comforting lie might have revived. She was resigned and she was unafraid; she gently shook a weeping nun to quiet her. It has also been said that she was a great spy, and this is untrue. Others did as much or more harm than she contrived, and were not caught, and their names are not even known. She was doomed from the start by her love of display and by the very circumstances of masculine attention which supplied her the secrets she sold to the Germans.

## XV

### NOTABLE SECRET AGENTS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

§ 1. It would be impossible to say which spy or secret agent among the many whose extraordinary careers are known was the greatest of them all. One of the first in history, Delilah, who, apart from her tonsorial specialty, was simply a secret agent for the Philistines, achieved a complete espionage triumph, in that she located and put out of action the largest effective force of the enemy. Another woman, the brilliant and beautiful Louise de Keroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth and of Aubigny, excelled in point of personal gain. It was she who spied upon the court and government of Charles II for Louis XIV and became for a season the dominant mistress of the former monarch. From the royal treasuries of England and France in the year 1681 her annual allowances reached the staggering total of three million dollars, estimated in purchasing power today. King Charles rewarded her far more lavishly than did Louis, whose agent she was, and allowed her to influence him in the negotiation of the secret Treaty of Dover, probably the most humiliating document which any British ruler ever consented to sign. The French expected that a Protestant insurrection would be provoked in Britain by the publication of the terms of this treaty, and even added to

it a provision by which Louis XIV agreed to send assistance to Charles in quelling such an outbreak. Obtaining the royal signature was doubtless a stroke worthy of the highest paid spy in history.

Some secret agents achieved success in other pursuits than espionage, and the most notable of these was a literary genius, Daniel Defoe. In 1710 when Lord Godolphin was forced out of office by the Queen and yielded up the administration of English affairs to his successor, Harley, he personally recommended Defoe to the consideration of the new ministry, naming him as a most enterprising and trustworthy political spy. The creator-to-be of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Journal of the Plague Year* had done so well as an agent of the Whig government—particularly in Scotland, where he frequently journeyed in disguise—that the incoming Tories were well-advised to make use of his skill, experience, and undoubted imagination. Defoe was forty-nine when *Crusoe* brought him his lasting reputation. His earlier years he had packed with adventures. It is known that he had been twice imprisoned; he experienced the pillory in 1703; and acrid contemporaries even claimed that his ears had been officially cropped. And why did the gifted hand that depicted *Moll Flanders*, the pirate Avery, and the highwaymen Sheppard and Jonathan Wild never turn autobiographical and give us a narrative of secret service? His reticence, deplorable to a posterity of readers, is proof enough of Defoe's rank among espionage agents. The best of them, working and living discreetly for years, never get over an habitual cautiousness or forget their faith in the virtues of discretion.

Commentators in the past who have dealt with international secret service have given a great deal of attention to that Chevalier d'Éon who also was a professional spy in the eighteenth century. He was never so noted for his subtle achievements or any military coup, but mainly because he affected feminine disguise for months at a time and was perhaps the most versatile female impersonator who ever lived. In disguise d'Éon made a handsome woman. Several celebrated portrait painters of the day in good faith begged him to pose. And he did—as a woman—without impairing his confidential mission at whatever European court he and the artist had happened to meet. The Tsarina of Russia, who had repeatedly employed the spy with success, was so sure she had dealt with a notably daring and adroit woman that she refused to believe the Chevalier was a man disguised. When the Chevalier d'Éon died abroad, with sceptical resolution the Tsarina ordered an autopsy performed, requiring the doctors to report under oath.

The notorious Thomas Beach, who called himself—with the true spy's usual megalomania—Henri Le Caron, was formerly remarked to be the perfect example of the professional spy. Nowadays Le Caron is never mentioned, unless it is in Ireland, where memories are long and where his self-chosen French name was corrupted to "carrion" and formerly spoken with all the feeling of a compact, vituperative public opinion. Le Caron was abominated by the Irish because he worked his way into their secret councils both at home and abroad for periods of months and years, and the intelligence he submitted to the British Home Office—his wife writing it in ordinary letters posted

to a woman in London—was largely instrumental in the quiet frustration of popular conspiracies relating to Fenian agitations and the formation of the powerful Irish-American brotherhoods. The man was brave enough; he fought with both infantry and cavalry in the American Civil War, was promoted and employed in scouting, and being discharged with the rank of lieutenant began styling himself Major Le Caron in the expansive manner of the epoch. But as a British secret service agent he never rose much above the arts of the common informer, and he said of his own successes as a spy that they were due in the main to a constitutional ability to stay sober in hard-drinking company.<sup>1</sup> He loved hymns and organ music from his boyhood days in a choir, and was seemingly one of those predestined intriguers who are stimulated by the trust they betray.

Before they discovered the prowess of Wilhelm Stieber the French execrated another enemy spy-master, the British agent of the Napoleonic era, John H. Barnett. Believing the Corsican susceptible to women, Barnett had sent a number of enchanting young creatures against the French leader whom England had decided was the most to be feared. But this campaign was in vain. Bonaparte sailed on the Egyptian expedition. The wife of a young officer, Fourés, also succeeded in sailing in masculine disguise. Bonaparte heard of her exploit and interviewed the lady. Officers' wives were not welcome on this adventure; but Mme. Fourés proved that there could be an exception. Bonaparte's attentions became more obvious, and very soon

<sup>1</sup> Le Caron, *Twenty-five Years in the Secret Service*.

Fourés was aboard ship "carrying important dispatches" back to France.

Barnett's spies in Cairo kept him well informed. He heard of Mme. Fourés and of her husband's official departure. A British cruiser overhauled the vessel on which Fourés was returning to Toulon. Barnett was himself darting about on H. M. S. *Lion* and presently he was interviewing the prisoner. Barnett conveyed to this husband the news of his wife's preoccupation with the commanding general. Fourés asked only to be allowed to return to Egypt and avenge his honour. Barnett supplied both permission and transport; but after this the impromptu conspiracy broke down. Fourés, arriving in Cairo, found that there had been no scandalous exaggeration. His wife was Bonaparte's mistress; he even encountered them together. But Fourés was a patriot, aware of the army's need for its best leader upon this foreign adventure, and likewise aware of Great Britain's stake in his affair. Barnett had expected him to kill Bonaparte, and Fourés had every impulse to kill him. But instead he declined to be the tool of international intrigue and a domestic dupe as well. He resigned his commission and returned alone to France.

§ 2. Secret service employment has attracted so many vain and villainous and stupid men and women that it would be difficult to nominate the greatest blockhead and the greatest rogue among the spies. But one may have candidates, and here are a pair of them:

The Marquis de Besignan was a rash and hare-brained Royalist of France who in 1792 first attracted attention by fortifying his château, arming his people, and sustaining a siege against the army of d'Albignac. The General had to bring up artillery to reduce this hold, and then generously allowed Besignan two hours in which to disappear. The Marquis was defeated but not dismayed. He raised a troop of vagabonds and prepared to smash the whole French Revolution. He went to Rome and asked the Pope for aid; he importuned Royalist leaders wherever he could catch them; and finally obtaining funds from a British agent in Geneva, he set out for Lyons. He proposed to arrange a vast insurrection in Lyonnais, Velay, Auvergne and Provence; and he took with him in his luggage more than five hundred letters and memoranda addressed to Royalist chiefs—"constituting the most remarkable collection of documents relating to the counter-revolutionary crusade, with an interminable list of the secret numbers of the party." The Marquis neglected to remind himself that the French customs would examine his luggage. It is said that the inspectors were amazed by the mass of incriminating documents. They seized them and forwarded them to the Directory in Paris; and Besignan's insurrection thus came to a blank demise. His attempt to cross the frontier so encumbered was one of the jokes of the day. D'Avary described him as "the sort of imbecile who would get the Almighty Himself into trouble."

Besignan for champion blockhead, and for the superlative rogue, the Comte de Montgaillard, his contemporary.

This nobleman and émigré of infernal duplicities was of



the stripe of that diplomatist declared to be so untruthful it was not even safe to believe the opposite of what he said. Montgaillard was alway conspiring, always overwhelmed with debt, and for twenty years he sold out all those who paid him his spy's wages. Renegade, hypocrite and pretender, he betrayed Condé, destroyed General Pichegru, and persuaded such a constitutional dupe as Fauche-Borel to turn secret agent, only to denounce him to Bonaparte when Fauche's prosperity exceeded his own. He was an informer under the Directory, and a Royalist as well; he took money from the English backers of the Bourbon cause, but simultaneously stooped to do the vilest tasks for the French police to gain the favour of Bonaparte as First Consul. He wrote to Réal denying his own kinsmen and mentioning his "having blushed more than once in that I was born in a class to which all my enemies belong, because I have never been guilty of their vices." When Napoleon had paid his debts to the cool sum of seventy-eight thousand four hundred francs and, granting him a pension of fourteen thousand francs a year, engaged him as a political spy, he indicated himself as being "only too happy to devote his life to that august service." Yet he reappeared as a lifelong Royalist at the time of the Bourbon Restoration, explaining that, from 1801 to 1814, he had "been the captive of, or under the almost immediate supervision of, the man who had seated himself upon the throne of France."

Schulmeister might ensnare an Austrian army, and Fouché and his agents keep the Emperor from harm, but it was one of Montgaillard's most abominable treacheries that

first cleared the way for Napoleon, then "a little ragamuffin of a general" campaigning in Italy and himself ripe—in the opinion of the Royalist agent—for a bribe.<sup>1</sup>

It was at that time being said everywhere that the French Republic would "end with a soldier." But among the victorious republican generals Bonaparte was still a poor third, with Moreau and Pichegru the leading candidates. Charles Pichegru, the victor of Menin and conqueror of Holland, enjoyed great popularity and all parties were looking to him for some manifestation significant or decisive. A man of simple tastes, not at all ashamed of his humble origin, he lived modestly, avoiding the pomp and circumstance of his celebrity, and seeming actually to despise the advantages to be derived from it. Apart from his career in the army, he was never disposed to thrust himself upon public attention; yet even the members of the Directory who were hostile to him, treated him with caution and marked respect. Pichegru was a victorious soldier and a man of the people, and his hour drew near.

Montgaillard had always advocated the purchase of the republican leaders. He had submitted to the Prince of Condé, who commanded the Royalist army encamped on the Rhine, and to the British paymasters, his estimates of the "price" Pichegru and others would expect. Montgaillard wrote of himself in 1810: "Above all, His Majesty (Napoleon) loves men of honour, and I am all honour." It would appear that he had no conception whatever of honour, and therefore easily discovered it abounding in himself. He believed that the services of any man were a commodity, with

<sup>1</sup> Clément de Lacroix, *Souvenirs du Comte de Montgaillard*.

allegiance thrown in. The cost might be high if the man were influential, but that some held integrity to be priceless simply did not occur to him. Pichegru he considered worth a king's ransom. The currency of the Republic being worthless, the republican armies were desperately poor, impoverished officers even having to sell their equipment to buy food. Montgaillard had golden guineas to offer, and he opened the negotiations by circuitous and subtle approaches. Nothing in any degree beneficial to him came of it; a great deal of money was spent, but little enough reached his pockets. The Republic was hardly endangered for an hour.

Finding that the affair he had instigated brought him less profit than he hoped, he withdrew from it—professing to have been cured of his love of intrigue—but not until he had attempted to reap a final harvest by denouncing the whole conspiracy. Pichegru was soon afterward relieved of his command and exiled to Cayenne. Escaping miraculously, he found refuge in London. He and Moreau, the victor of Hohenlinden, both were still very popular with the army; and efforts were made to bring them together and effect a reconciliation between them, in order to oppose the growing prestige of Bonaparte. Montgaillard hung on the flanks of this strategy with other Consular spies. An inconsequential agent of Louis XVIII attempted to hang himself in the Temple, and being cut down in time, from gratitude or breathlessness, yielded up what he knew of a vast intrigue. Literally hundreds were straightway arrested by Fouché's men, including Moreau and Pichegru. The latter presently committed suicide in prison, while

Moreau remained under guard; and Napoleon's path to empire had been swept and garnished.

Montgaillard never let himself be attached to any person or party. His temperament required a loose rein. But Réal and Desmarest distrusted the man so thoroughly in the later years of their contact with him that they fixed him within reach of the long arm of the imperial secret police; and nothing that he was obliged to do for them might be pursued without the closest surveillance. When Napoleon had been definitely beaten by the Allies, and the new Bourbon monarch reached Compiègne, Montgaillard was among the first to welcome him. With diabolic impudence he remarked to Louis XVIII, whom he had so often slandered and ridiculed: "Your Majesty has too much sense of humour not to have understood me." He now devoted himself to lauding the King even as he had exaggerated his praises of the Emperor who discharged his debts; and he was given immediate employment and was well paid so long as Louis XVIII occupied the throne, being untouched by any form of reprisals and freely permitted to boast of his fidelity and sacrifices as a Royalist.

With the King's hearty approval he wrote a pamphlet or manifesto regarding his efforts in behalf of the Bourbons. In it he spoke affectionately of Moreau—who had died the year before—and of Pichegru whose destruction he had accomplished almost single-handed. He mentioned having "staked the honour of my name"—avowed that the only way of getting rid of Bonaparte had been to "urge him towards the excessive," and thus made it plain in a word why he himself had seemed to be attached "inseparably to the

cause, the purpose and the dynasty of the Usurper." M. de Lacroix, to whom we are indebted for a vivid account of Montgaillard and his perfidious industry, suggests that between the Comte and Louis XVIII there may have existed the bond of an "unconfessed complicity." This most odious of spies had learned so many secrets and had interested himself in so many intrigues—perhaps "his quiver still held some terrible shaft"—perhaps he had been "the intermediary in some shady and dubious plan which it would be impolitic and scandalous to reveal." It is possible, too, that Napoleon would have been less severe in measuring his rewards to Karl Schulmeister for really daring military espionage if he had never known a Montgaillard.

, , ,

§3. After reckoning with the Comte and his kind, one turns eagerly to more recent secret service exploits, hoping for a spy whose impulses were patriotic and whose craft and courage were more uniformly displayed.

Shortly after the outbreak of the World War young Carl Wassmuss, who had been a German consular officer in India, accepted his passport and then transferred himself to southern Persia, where he began industriously organizing the tribesmen to oppose the British. At the start he received assistance from Berlin in the person of three subordinates, two Germans and a hired Swiss, and also a substantial sum of money. And thereafter he managed to keep several British warships in the Persian Gulf and a body of troops devoted entirely to overseeing his ventures. His

nuisance value was estimated to be at least thirty thousand pounds; and this generous compliment was paid him publicly by a reward being offered for him—dead or alive! Yet, though an alien and to the tribesmen an infidel, they never betrayed him to get the reward, not even after his own funds were exhausted. Spies heard it argued that the sum offered was too great; the Persians were convinced that nobody would be fool enough to pay thirty thousand pounds for just one young European.

The British, however, would at last have cheerfully paid sixty thousand. Different in many ways from Colonel Lawrence, the young German possessed something like Lawrence's energy, assurance, and courage; he blew up no seventy railroad bridges, nor did he win great desert battles or sieges, but his incessant plotting and his system of intelligence were immensely valued by Liman von Sanders. Finally he was cut off and left alone, but after his years of living among uncivilized and unclean nomadic tribes, he seemed to have hardened himself to it. With no chance of obtaining further cash resources from Berlin, he persuaded those he had formerly subsidized to grant him a salary in his turn. He married a Persian girl, it is said, and continued as an anti-British influence over a wide area until hostilities in the East subsided with the Turkish collapse.

On the other side there was in Jaffa during Allenby's Palestine campaign a lad of nineteen, belonging to a well-to-do Jewish family, who in his bitter hatred of the Turk made a genuine contribution to the British attack which he hoped would liberate his own people. Aronson and his sister, who shared his patriotic and anti-Turkish ardour,

could turn themselves into spies without effort, for an important German officer had been quartered in their home; and each of them had friends whose opportunities for espionage and secret service were hardly less enticing. Having observed all that they thought important in regard to their German lodger, a method of informing the British had to be devised. Aronson solved the problem of communication with becoming simplicity, for he owned a boat and out he rowed in it and along the coast until he had come abreast of the Turco-German right flank which rested on the shore. A good deal of caution and a little more pulling on the oars and he had come to the British left flank. He landed and gave himself up for questioning.

British intelligence officers admired his pluck and were glad to obtain the information he had brought. Aronson became after a while their chief spy in that vicinity. His base was now with the British. He had seemed to vanish from his home, but he still used the boat and rowed out and around behind the Turk's trench system; while the young sister acted as collector for all their ranging lesser spies, and met her brother at night and informed him of what she had heard. Jaffa fell to the British and their allies on November 17, 1917. Jerusalem surrendered twenty-two days later. But before their final expulsion from Palestine the Turks became viciously alert. Colonel Lawrence has described some of the brutalities they visited upon Arab and Jew as their retirement broke into a rout. Aronson's sister lucklessly was captured by the Turkish police at the end of October. Because the German staff officer had lived in her home, she feared to involve her brother, their friends,

and her whole family. The Turks tortured her, but she would not talk. And finally they killed her as Jaffa was being evacuated. The brother learned of her fate and is said to have borrowed a machine-gun from his British friends. One time more the little boat carried him around the lines; he landed at Jaffa in the midst of a terrific turmoil and added to it; for he located a few youthful comrades and they went Turk-hunting.

Aronson has since been a trusted and useful member of the British Syrian administration, but there is an Old Testament flavour to the vengeance he sought for the girl who had helped to win what she could not live to enjoy. Turkish interrogators had pulled out her finger nails one by one when she refused to incriminate her own people. Aronson and his squad of irregulars shot Turks till their ammunition had been exhausted, stragglers and prisoners, sick and wounded—the Ottoman uniform was all the target they asked. Gendarmes, it was known, had beaten the young Jewess till she could not feel the finishing stroke. Her brother's retribution upon the gendarmes and soldiers was as terrible as that; but rather it is the masterly espionage contrived by these youngsters that gives to them both heroic honours.

'       '       '

§ 4. It is customary for Americans to speak of Nathan Hale when discussing military espionage as it relates to the history of their own country. But Hale, though a hero and a martyr and a most appealing figure of noble young



manhood, was completely a failure as a spy, and it is not the American habit to concentrate upon the careers of those that fail. Other Americans who engaged in notable exploits of secret service and espionage are almost unknown.

There was, for example, in 1811 the unwanted versatility of one, George Matthews, a political agent whom President Madison sent down into Florida. Matthews took it upon himself to start a war with Spain, and was besieging St. Augustine when officially repudiated. He had been ordered to spy out a promising land, but also to present himself to the Spanish government in eastern Florida as the American commissioner authorized to take over that territory if the Spaniards desired to surrender it.

In Spain the Peninsular War was in progress and the colonial office in Madrid had neither funds nor power; but the Spanish governor declined to be overcome by Florida's isolation, and openly resented it when Matthews endeavoured to stir up revolution among former Americans now residing in his domain. Whereupon Matthews returned to his native Georgia, raised a private army, and proceeded to invade the Spanish province, capturing several small towns on his way to take the capital. From Madison and Monroe, his Secretary of State, there came at last the announcement that Matthews had misunderstood the intentions of the government. He was dismissed, but his successor seems not to have had clearer instructions. The force which Matthews had organized and led did not retire from Florida for fourteen months, and then—in May 1813—went to join the army of Andrew Jackson, who himself later was ordered to renew the invasion and march upon Pensacola.

But a Congressional uproar checked him and he moved to the timely protection of New Orleans.

It is known that Matthews reported regularly to the State Department in Washington. He was in no sense a private plotter or filibuster acting from selfish and unpatriotic motives, but rather typified the land-hungry American frontiersmen of his day, who believed that no boundary of the United States was final until it vanished into sea, gulf, or ocean. As a government commissioner, the conduct of Matthews was indefensible; and it is easy to understand why his exploit has no forward place in contemporary annals. Historians then preferred to ignore him as one who added only another note of apology to the record of events surrounding the War of 1812. However, it may be suspected that Matthews would have continued in the confidential service of Madison and Monroe but for the national excitement in 1812 caused by the exposure of John Henry, a British secret agent, who operated in New England. Henry was revealed by his own letters, which were delivered to the President and which indicated that he had subsidized the press, endeavoured to foment inter-sectional discord, and had energetically cultivated the pro-British sentiment already existing among New England Federalists.

When Madison communicated this correspondence to Congress, unseasonable heat, hysteria and horror swept over the land. A British spy active in Boston in time of peace! The chief sufferer was George Matthews, who had to be disowned because of his resemblance to John Henry and his abominable improvement upon the heavy-handed

intrigues of the Britisher. Whatever his crime in diplomacy, as a spy and secret agent the enterprise and expansive industry of this Georgian command him a high rating in biographical records of espionage. Matthews was much too aggressive for military intelligence duty; like Schulmeister, whose contemporary he was, he burst the seams of ordinary spying and became the stroke of conquest he was merely instructed to prepare.

Alan Pinkerton in America was a pioneer detective and his name is remembered for the agency he founded. But Pinkerton, a remarkably able man, began with counter-spying and had not Matthews' unscrupulous haste. Pinkerton enjoyed the confidence of no less a judge of men than Abraham Lincoln, and he planned, managed, and protected Lincoln's first perilous journey to Washington after his election to the Presidency. Pinkerton and his agents covered every mile of railroad leading to the capital where Southern sympathizers were expected to grow belligerent. Similarly they safeguarded Lincoln at his inauguration. Thereafter, when the Civil War was on, Pinkerton obtained for the President much invaluable news of conditions in the South by instituting a system of spies as pack peddlers dispersed throughout the vital regions of the Confederacy.

Possibly greater than Pinkerton was Lafayette C. Baker, an authentic American pioneer in organized military secret service, an artful officer that may be said to be the only spy or manager of spies in America whose career and methods have engaged the studious appreciation of experts in Europe. Baker attained to the rank of Brigadier-General during and after the Civil War. But he began his spying for a

Union commander without any enlistment or regularized army position whatever. Like a true Yankee salesman, he submitted a sample of his goods before naming his price or asking for a contract. He approached his military career exactly according to a plan afterward in vogue with the heroes of G. A. Henty and his imitators: he presented himself to none other than the commander-in-chief and at once attracted that soldier's favourable attention.

The gallant old veteran, Winfield Scott, sat in his tent wondering what Jeff Davis and Beauregard had in mind. McDowell was then in the field or on the edge of it with a Federal army which included most of those untried regiments that were to run away from their first battle not once but several times. Young Baker announced to Scott that he would like to go into Richmond as a spy. He believed himself capable of posing as a resident of Nashville and a Southern sympathizer, and he would attempt to learn all about the Confederate positions and preparations in northern Virginia. Needing just such intelligence so badly, General Scott must have looked for the Heavenly postmark on this unsolicited espionage offering.

Scott gave Baker some gold coins for his expenses and added his blessing, but he made it clear also that Baker was not yet considered even a private in the army. Baker accepted the money—which ought to have aroused Confederate suspicions when he was searched, but never did—and set forth at once. It was his own idea to disguise himself as an itinerant photographer. He bought a camera and tripod second-hand, and included whatever accessories the crude photography of that day had to provide. During the

World War a camera in civilian hands within cannon range of the front was deemed as menacing as an enemy air raid. Several correspondents during the first days in Belgium came close to being shot because they had tried to take pictures of German patrols.

However, Lafayette Baker's choice of impostures turned out to be perfect. He had a difficult time getting past nervous Federal pickets; he was fired at and challenged and chased, and twice he was taken up as a Southern spy. He managed to appeal to Scott and the commanding general's intervention set him free to start all over again. At last he gratefully found himself a prisoner of Confederate cavalymen, and his inherent skill in espionage began immediately to manifest itself.

He had on him about two hundred dollars in gold, but he was mistaken for a poor man. He had with him a camera which was broken and useless from the start, yet no inspiration of enemy counter-espionage tested his photography. He claimed to have trudged wearily from Nashville; and he even managed to bluff his way around that unfamiliar city when interrogated by suspicious officers who happened to have been born there.

After a day or two of captivity and questioning he was accounted so interesting a specimen, he was passed back from command to command, always meeting higher officers, always progressing, until he actually came to be interviewed in Richmond by Jefferson Davis, by A. H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederate States, and by every important Southern general up to and including Pierre Beauregard. Baker seems to have toured the regiments of the

Confederacy at that time training on Virginian soil, ostensibly taking those group pictures so dear to all organizations of men, and to newly uniformed officers and men especially. He snapped his defunct camera in front of brigade headquarters, carefully pretended to record the countenances of bearded generals and their bearded staffs, and promised fine results in taking a sort of panorama of a regimental mess at luncheon on some courthouse lawn.

It is not known whether Baker asked a small advance payment on all these photographs, or agreed to collect only after developing his plates. The added swindle would have been entirely in character. No spy may venture his life or the success of his mission by introducing scruples where they do not belong. But quite apart from his own resources or cunning, he was everywhere benefited by that aristocratic attitude of the South which would regard a travelling photographer as no more than an odd type of pedlar, a shade better possibly than a tinker, cobbler, or cutlery grinder, but near kin to the strolling musician, actor, book-seller, itinerant farrier, and such petty tavern clientele.

Baker, technically under arrest almost all the while he spied and tarried south of the Potomac, was less often entertained in taverns than in jails and guardhouses. In Richmond the provost was his guardian and kept him safely behind bars. He only escaped when President Davis wished him sent forth to have a talk with General Beauregard, then commanding-in-chief. Of course, Baker did not hesitate to submit information he had supposedly picked up while passing through Washington; and hence, the Confederate leaders were as eager to detain him and continue question-

ing him as he was eager to be among them and perceive what strength in war they were making ready.

Very gradually he won the confidence of army men in Virginia and permitted himself more latitude in his espionage. Yet his failing ever to deliver any of his pictures was remarked at last, and in Fredericksburg he was accused directly of being a Union spy. Baker's crisis had come. He must go on trial, or return to Winfield Scott. He used the remainder of his gold in obtaining certain implements which might aid him to escape. With astonishing ease, considering the gravity of the charge against him, Baker contrived his own immediate enlargement. The jail where he had been confined was a crude and rural edifice; he discarded it as blandly as he did his trusty camera outfit.

Travelling by night, indirectly and with caution, Baker approached the Union lines. One zealous young sentry nearly shot him dead. Taken prisoner, he at once demanded an audience with General Scott. It is difficult to imagine a similar suspect being thus obliged in the World War and straightway carried to the headquarters of Foch, Haig, or Pershing. But again Baker's powers of persuasion brought him through; and Scott and his officers welcomed every scrap of intelligence the ex-photographer was able to deliver. He was commended for his daring; his memory was prized as a vault of hidden treasures; and if he admitted subterfuges which then seemed dishonourable, the shrewd dispatch of his spying could not be overvalued by the badly informed Federal command.

Winfield Scott paid Baker according to his expressed desires—got him a commission, and placed him in the way

of rapid promotions. He came to be Provost Marshal, and eventually he controlled his own corps of espionage agents. The influence of Lafayette Baker and his spies was never more considerable than in those scandalous and extensive prosecutions of government fraud cases that followed after the Civil War. It is well known now that Baker's secret service even participated, and very disingenuously, in the impeachment proceedings which were brought against President Andrew Johnson.

During the winter of 1863-4 the Washington authorities were very anxious to learn the exact condition of the fortifications around the Confederate capital. But Baker himself was too well known to make a second journey into Richmond. John Sobieski, a young Pole of distinguished ancestry, exiled from Europe as the great-grandson of John III, King of Poland, was chosen for the mission. He had been fighting in the Union army and had been wounded at Gettysburg. It was decided that he should call himself Count Kalieski, and the scars that he could show would further convince the Confederate authorities that he was what he claimed to be, a Polish nobleman who had disastrously engaged in the revolt of the Poles against Russia.

Sobieski received four thousand dollars to carry his visit through in proper style, and came to Richmond by way of Halifax, Havana and Mobile. He spoke English with a Polish accent, and his manner and appearance were so in keeping with his story about himself that he was made welcome as a distinguished personage. Confederate officers politely showed him the fortifications in detail, and ar-



ranged for him to have personal conferences with President Davis and Vice-President Stephens and other notable officials of the government. From Richmond he was even escorted to the front, so that he might dine with General Lee. He ventured to return to the capital, and at a dinner party he was recognized by a young woman he had known while stationed near Washington. The spy departed immediately, counting upon it that she would not denounce him until his absence was remarked for its suddenness. Using his money liberally Sobieski managed to get to a Gulf port and proceed thence to Havana. When he reported in Washington he had \$332 left out of his \$4,000, and he had obtained invaluable information.

He was offered a captain's commission or a cash reward and he chose the latter. A soldier of fortune more than a professional spy, he subsequently served in Mexico under Juarez. The substance of his report about the fortifying of Richmond was to the effect that the capital of the Confederacy could be taken by direct assault. In every respect he had excelled Baker in discharging his mission for where the alleged photographer had had to spy and observe as best he could, Sobieski was so impressive he had inspired them to show him what he had come to investigate. His superiors disagreed with his findings about the fortifications around Richmond, and a different plan of campaign was undertaken in the spring of '64. Afterward many came to argue that had full advantage been taken of this spy's military intelligence, the war might have been brought to an earlier close, with consequent saving of bloodshed.

A famous American spy of an earlier day was James Rivington, a New York bookseller, whose successes have been curiously overshadowed by the more tragic failures of Captain Hale and the engaging Major John André. Rivington had been a Tory, or was supposed to be one. His precise state of mind will never be known, for when the victory of the colonies began to seem assured, Rivington ardently if secretly devoted himself to the Revolutionary cause. New York was the British headquarters, and all expeditions were being directed from there; and as Rivington's Tory allegiance was by now taken for granted, he enjoyed the confidence of the British officers and was able to communicate to General Washington many invaluable pieces of information. Washington's formidable descent upon Cornwallis at Yorktown, while the British in New York were kept in readiness for an attack and so sent no aid to the harassed general in Virginia, was contrived by using Rivington and others, who helped to build up the rumours of the impending American attempt on the principal British base in the colonies.

In the Revolutionary War a band of Rhode Island militiamen led by Colonel Barton disguised themselves and penetrated the British lines and made prisoner a British major general. If captured these men would have been shot as spies. And many decades later another daring American, Frederick Funston, had that same penalty in mind, when, with twenty volunteers he penetrated the jungles of Luzon to capture the leader of the Filipino insurrection, Emilio Aguinaldo. Funston, then a subaltern of Kansas volunteers,

and all his men were disguised as natives, and expected death if they fell into the hands of the enemy.

With almost a century and a half of military secret service exploits to inspire them, much might have been expected of American spies and secret agents in the World War. It is known that individual Americans were brilliant performers in espionage and secret service work for all of the Allies before the entrance of America into the war. After that, with an expeditionary force headed for the front, the organization of spies and military intelligence went ahead with rapidity, even while the reports of the widespread agents of the French and British were made available to the American staff. Yet it was rather in counter-espionage that during the World War the more outstanding achievements of American officers and secret agents occurred. Long before the American declaration of war in April 1917, the country had been aswarm with German agents and aggressive sympathizers. Yet recall that none of these enemy agents accomplished any single great act of espionage or of destruction as a military measure. A huge army was ferried across the Atlantic, and no German spy achieved that which may be said to have delayed the army movement by as much as one day. In France co-operating with the Allies, Americans ran to earth a dozen very dangerous spies, and also joined with the French in capturing certain homicidal deserters from their army who were murdering civilians to get their passports, which they sold to the enemy for use in introducing new spies into France. The brave and skilful men who did this work have not

been officially revealed, but no account of American secret agents should omit mention of their activities.

Whether spy or counter-spy, the cost of being contemporary is to be unknown.

THE END



## INDEX

- AGUINALDO, Emilio, 313.  
 Akbar, 188, 189, 190.  
 Alam, Shah, 190.  
 Albert, King of the Belgians, 146.  
 Albignac, General d', 295.  
 Alexander the Great, 170.  
 Alexander I, Tsar of Russia, 264, 267, 268.  
 Alexander II, Tsar of Russia, 238, 244.  
 Alexeieff, General, 69, 185.  
 Alfred the Great, 44.  
 Allenby, General, 71, 85, 301.  
 Altschuler, 83, 84, 164, 167.  
 André, Major John, 66, 162, 313.  
 Angèle, 150.  
 Anne, Queen of England, 291.  
 Aristagoras the Ionian, 101.  
 Arnim, General von, 23.  
 Arnold, Benedict, 162.  
 Aronson, 301, 302, 303.  
 Aspremont, Baroness d', 273.  
 Avary, d', 295.  
 Avery, 291.  
 Auerbach, Dr. Leopold, 245, 246.  
 Aurangzeb, 190.  
  
 BADEN, Margrave of, 260.  
 Baden-Powell, Sir Robert, 47.  
 Baker, Lafayette C., 258, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312.  
 Barnett, John H., 115, 116, 293, 294.  
 Barton, Colonel, 313.  
 Baucq, 147.  
 Baumann, Captain, 117.  
 Bazaine, Marshal, 13, 249.  
 Beach, Thomas (*see* Le Caron).  
 Beatty, Admiral, 41.  
 Beauregard, General Pierre, 307, 308, 309.  
 Beiliss, 183.  
  
 Berthier, Marshal, 99.  
 Bertrand, 193.  
 Besignan, Marquis de, 295.  
 Big Bertha, 25.  
 Bismarck, Prince, 47, 137, 195, 231, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 246, 247, 249, 250, 251, 255.  
 Bissing, Governor-General von, 150, 286.  
 Black Cabinet, 70, 180, 181, 182, 185, 186.  
 Bobrinski, Count George, 69.  
 Bolo Pasha, 210, 219, 222, 223.  
 Book of the Forty-Seven Thousand, 198, 199.  
 Bourbon Pretender (*see* Louis XVIII).  
 Boyd, Belle, 116, 117.  
 Brandon, Captain, 68.  
 Brass, 239.  
 Bressieux, Caroline, 116.  
 Brunswick, Duke of, 129, 285.  
 Brussiloff, General A. A., 84.  
 Brussiloff, Mme., 69.  
 Bull, Dr. T., 147, 151.  
 Bülow, General von, 35, 147.  
 Bülow, Major von, 67.  
 Burchard, Adolf, 60, 61.  
 Buschman, Fernando, 81, 82, 83.  
 Butignies, Mme. Louise de, 117, 118, 119, 120.  
 Byng, General, 280.  
  
 "C" (*see* Müller).  
*Cabinet Noir*, 180.  
 Cadorna, General, 216.  
 Caillaux, Mme., 288.  
 Calles, Plutarco Elias, 80.  
 Capets, the, 260.  
 Carroll, Lewis, 199.  
 Casement, Sir Roger, 208.

- Catherine the Great, 180.  
 Catinat, Marshal, 44.  
 Cavell, Edith, 120, 147, 148, 151, 152, 210, 225.  
 Cellemare conspiracy, 192.  
 Charles II, King of England, 171, 290, 291.  
*Cheka*, 199, 200, 201, 207, 208.  
 Chesterfield, Countess of, 171.  
 Churchill, General, 157.  
 Cilley, General de, 251, 252.  
 Cinq-Mars conspiracy, 192.  
 Clary, Desirée, 116.  
 Clemenceau, 225.  
 Clinton, Sir Henry, 66.  
 Clunet, Maître, 288.  
 Cockerill, Brigadier-General G. K., 15, 16.  
*Comitadjis*, 154.  
 Condé, Prince de, 296, 297.  
 Cornwallis, Lord, 313.  
 Cox, General, 30.  
 Croy, 147.  
 Cuers, 147, 271.  
  
**DARIUS**, 101.  
 Davis, Jefferson, 307, 308, 309, 312.  
 Decker, General von, 191.  
 Defoe, Daniel, 291.  
 Delcassé, 159.  
 Delilah, 290.  
 De Robeck, 27.  
 Desmarest, 127, 137, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 192, 195, 196, 299.  
 De Witt, 65.  
 Diderot, 266.  
*Dossier*, 197.  
 Dreyfus, Alfred, 202, 252.  
 Dubois, Alice (*see* Butignies, Mme. Louise de).  
 Dubois, Comte, 194.  
 Dupont, General, 264.  
  
**ECKHARDT**, Minister von, 42, 43.  
 Elizabeth, Queen of England, 189.  
 Enghien, Duc d', 259, 260.  
 Éon Chevalier d', 292.  
 Erfurt, Congress of, 267.  
  
 Ernst, Karl Gustav, 54, 56, 58, 62, 152, 273.  
 Esterhazy, 203.  
 Eugene, Prince of Savoy, 173, 192.  
 Eva, 77.  
 Everett, 135, 136.  
  
**FABIAN**, Colonel, 98.  
 Falkenhause, Colonel, 121.  
 Fauche-Borel, Louis, 140, 141, 142, 144, 296.  
 Fauche, François, 141.  
 Favre, Jules, 250.  
 Foch, Ferdinand, 35, 216, 310.  
 Fouché, Joseph, 127, 140, 142, 143, 144, 153, 192, 193, 194, 195, 200, 259, 267, 268, 296, 298.  
 Foudras, 193.  
 Fourés, 293, 294.  
 Fourés, Mme., 293, 294.  
 Francis, Emperor of Austria, 265.  
 Francks, 85, 86.  
 Franz Josef, 207.  
 Frederick the Great, 12, 45, 46, 47, 48, 52, 53, 127, 231.  
 Frederick William, King of Prussia, 233, 237.  
 Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia, 285.  
 Frowde, Sir Philip, 171.  
 Fryatt, Captain, 225.  
 Funston, Frederick, 313.  
  
**GIBBS**, Lieutenant-Colonel, 147.  
 Globatcheff, General, 203.  
 Goethe, 268.  
 Godolphin, Lord, 291.  
 Gough, General, 30.  
 Goutchkoff, 165, 168.  
 Green House, 255.  
 Grotius, 47.  
 Gusander, Konrad, 183.  
  
 H. 21 (*see* Mata-Hari).  
 Hahn, Peter, 175, 176, 177.  
 Haig, Earl, 310.  
 Hale, Captain Nathan, 66, 73, 74, 303, 313.  
 Hall, Lieutenant Bert, 92, 93.

- Hall, Sir Reginald, 38, 39, 42, 43, 221, 222.  
 Hanseatic League, 254.  
 Hardack, Eduard, 183.  
 Harley, 291.  
 Hausen, General, 35.  
 Hawkins, Sir John, 189.  
 Helvetius, 266.  
 Henry, John, 305.  
 Hensey, Dr., 45.  
 Henty, G. A., 307.  
 Hickes, James, 171.  
 Hindenburg, Field-Marshal von, 70, 71.  
 Hoegnagel, 277, 278.  
 Hochberg, Prince Otto, 56.  
 Hoffmann, General von, 112, 113, 166.  
 Hohenlohe Ingelfingen, Prince Kraft zu, 56.  
 Hohenzollern, 129.  
 Holbach, 266.  
 Holzmann, 161.  
 Howick, Lord, 142.  
 Humbert, Senator, 223.  
 Huss, John, 205.  
 Hutier, General von, 30.  
  
**IGNATIEFF**, 181.  
 Inglis, Charles A., 59.  
 Ivanoff, General, 185.  
  
**JACKSON**, Andrew, 304.  
 Jackson, General "Stonewall," 116.  
 Jacobi, 235.  
 Janssen, 100.  
 Jeannes, Armand, 148, 149, 153.  
 Jellicoe, Admiral, 41.  
 Joffre, Joseph, 35.  
 John III, King of Poland, 311.  
 Johnson, President Andrew, 311.  
 Joseph, Father (*see* Tremblay).  
 Juarez, 312.  
  
**K.**, Russian Lieutenant, 166, 167, 168, 169.  
 Kalle, Major von, 287, 288.  
 Kaltenbach, 245.  
 Karl, Emperor of Austria-Hungary, 207.  
 Kaulla, Baroness de, 251, 252.  
 Kerensky, 25, 202.  
 Keroualle, Louise de, Duchess of Portsmouth, 290.  
 Kitchener, Lord, 17.  
 Kluck, General von, 35, 55, 147.  
 Koeniger, 129.  
 Kohr, 129.  
 Kossuth, Louis, 203.  
 Kouliabko, Colonel, 184.  
 Kourloff, General, 184.  
 Krivosh, 84, 85, 167.  
 Kron, Captain von, 287.  
 Krupp, Frederick, 32.  
 K  pferle, Anton, 88.  
  
**LACROIX**, 149.  
 Lacroix, Cl  ment de, 300.  
 Ladoux, Captain, 286, 287.  
*La Libre Belgique*, 227.  
 Lannes, Marshal, 264.  
 Lasalle, General, 267.  
 Lawrence, Colonel T. E., 71, 85, 86, 301, 302.  
 Le Caron, Major Henri, 292, 293.  
 Lee, General Robert E., 312.  
 Lenglet-Dufresnoy, Abb  , 192.  
 Lenin, 215.  
 Lincoln, Abraham, 306.  
 Lody, Carl Hans, 58, 59, 60, 61, 88, 273.  
 Louis XIV, King of France, 290, 291.  
 Louis XV, King of France, 45, 193.  
 Louis XVIII, King of France, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 298, 299, 300.  
 Louise, Queen of Prussia, 268.  
 Ludendorff, General, 30, 156.  
  
**MACHIAVELLI**, 47, 232.  
 Mack, Marshal, 262, 263, 264, 265.  
 Mackensen, Field-Marshal von, 113.  
 MacLeod, Captain, 281, 282, 283, 289.  
 MacLeod, Marie Louise, 281, 282.  
 MacMahon, Marshal, 13, 48, 245.  
*Mademoiselle le Docteur*, Chapter XIV, pp. 271-280. *Also* 82, 114.  
 Madison, President James, 304, 305.  
 Maklakoff, V. A., 184.



- Maria Louisa, Empress of France, 268.  
 Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, 45.  
 Marks, Joseph, 275, 276.  
 Marlborough, Duke of, 173.  
 Marlowe, Kit, 175.  
 Marmont, Marshal, 264.  
 Maroff, Captain, 286.  
 Marx, Karl, 233, 235.  
 Masaryk, 205.  
 Mata-Hari, Chapter XIV, pp. 280-289. *Also* 114, 120, 273.  
 Matthews, George, 304, 305, 306.  
 Mazarin, Cardinal, 192, 232.  
 McDowell, General, 307.  
 McParlan, James, 131.  
 Metternich, Prince, 232.  
 Meyer, 129.  
 Miasoyedoff, Colonel Sergei, 164, 165, 167, 168, 169.  
 Miller, Shipwright E. C., 39, 40.  
 Mithridates VI, King of Pontus, 75.  
 Mocarrub Khan, 189.  
 "Molly Maguires," 131.  
 Moltke, Field-Marshal Count Helmuth K. B. von, 13, 48, 240, 241, 243, 246.  
 Moltke, General Helmuth J. L. von, 35.  
 Monroe, President James, 304, 305.  
 Montesquieu, 266.  
 Montgaillard, Comte de, 193, 258, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300.  
 Moreau, General, 297, 298, 299.  
 Morgenthau, Henry, 28.  
 Morland, Sir Samuel, 171.  
 Moses, 48.  
 Mueller, 83, 84, 167.  
 Müller, 174, 176, 177.  
 Murat, Marshal, 264.  
 NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, 6, 47, 61, 99, 115, 116, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 144, 145, 193, 194, 195, 232, 258, 259, 261, 262, 263, 264, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 293, 297, 298, 299, 300.  
 Napoleon III, 48, 236, 243, 244, 245, 246, 249, 269.  
 Ney, Marshal, 44, 264.  
 Nicholas, Grand Duke, 165, 167.  
 Nicholas II, Tsar of Russia, 184.  
 Nivelle, General, 22.  
 Nodier, 195.  
*Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, 239.  
 OGPU, 199, 200.  
*Okhrana*, 84, 167, 180, 184, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 208, 209, 239.  
 Ondedei, Bishop of Fréjus, 192.  
 Oras, Lieutenant, 8.  
 Orloff, Prince, 84, 85.  
 Otrante, Duc d' (*see* Fouché).  
 PAGE, Walter Hines, 42.  
 Papen, Colonel von, 88.  
 Pearse, 208.  
 Pepys, Samuel, 65, 172.  
 Perlet, Charles-Frédéric, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 193.  
 Pershing, General, 310.  
 Persigny, Duc de, 249.  
 Petain, Marshal, 29.  
 Philien, Advocate-General, 149.  
 Philistines, 290.  
 Pichegru, General Charles, 296, 297, 298, 299.  
 Pierrefeu, Jean de, 219.  
 Pinkerton, Alan, 306.  
 Pléhvé, 183.  
 Poe, Edgar Allan, 98.  
 Poincaré, 289.  
 Pompadour, Marquise de, 45.  
 Preusser, 85, 86.  
 RADET, 267.  
 Rasputin, 185, 203, 204.  
 Ratibor, Prince, 56, 57.  
 Réal, 127, 137, 139, 140, 195, 196, 296, 299.  
 Redl, Colonel, 3, 4, 5.  
 Rennenkampf, General, 11, 70, 165.  
 Reuters, 242.  
 Reynal, de, 249.  
 Richardson, 90.

- Richelieu, Cardinal, 171, 192.  
 Rivington, James, 313.  
 Robinson, 45.  
 Rohan, Marie de, 192.  
 Roon, General von, 13, 241, 243.  
 Roos, 100.  
 Rosenthal, Robert, 178, 179, 180.  
 Rovigo, Duc de (*see* Savary).  
 Rulski, 263.  
 Rupprecht, Crown Prince of Bavaria, 68.  
 Roussky, 165.  
 Routzinsky, 167.  
  
 SAINTE-BEUVE, 195.  
 Samsonoff, 11, 70.  
 Sanders, General Liman von, 27, 301.  
 Sarraill, General, 121.  
 Savary, 144, 194, 259, 261, 266, 267, 268.  
 Scheer, Admiral von, 41.  
 Schloeffel, 232, 233.  
 Schopenhauer, 231.  
 Schulmeister, Karl, his career, Chapter XIII, pp. 258-270. *Also* 6, 85, 144, 296, 300, 306.  
 Schultz, Max, 183.  
 Schurz, 235.  
 Scotland Yard, 60, 62, 178, 179.  
 Scott, General Winfield, 307, 308, 310.  
 Secret Committee, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 195.  
 Sheppard, 291.  
 Siegel, Franz, 235.  
 Sims, Admiral W. S., 39.  
 Sobieski, John, 311, 312.  
 Sommers, von, 129.  
 Sophie, Queen of Greece, 120.  
 Soukhomlinoff, General, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 168, 169, 185.  
 Soukhomlinoff, Mme., 163, 164.  
 Soult, Marshal, 264.  
 Spee, Admiral Count von, 216, 217.  
 Steinheil, Mme., 288.  
 Steinhauer, Major, 13, 57, 62, 115, 160.  
 Stieber, Wilhelm, his career, Chapter XII, pp. 231-257. *Also* 13, 35, 38, 47, 48, 49, 50, 53, 57, 77, 114, 115, 136, 137, 153, 171, 195, 258, 261, 270, 293.  
 Stephens, A. H., 308, 312.  
 Stewart, Bertram, 128, 129.  
 Stolypin, 184.  
 Suzette, 278.  
  
 TALLEYRAND, 192, 260.  
 Thiesen, 147, 160, 271.  
 Thomson, Sir Basil, 179, 287.  
 Tolstoy, Count Leo, 202.  
 Tremblay, Father Joseph du, 171, 192.  
 Trench, Captain, 68.  
 Tyrant of Miletus, 101.  
  
 UNGER, 259.  
  
 VAN DER LINDEN, 285, 289.  
 Van der Meulen, Antje, 281.  
 Van Dieman, Colonel, 157.  
 Van Doren, Eugene, 227, 228.  
 Van Houtte, Mlle. Léonie, 118.  
 Van Kaarbeck, 276, 277.  
 Varevoda, 184.  
 Veyrat, 193.  
 Vitel, Charles, 143.  
 Voltaire, 45, 266.  
 Von der Goltz Pasha, 27.  
  
 WANGENHEIM, von, 56.  
 Washington, George, 313.  
 Wassmuss, Carl, 300, 301.  
 Wellesley, Sir Arthur, 143.  
 Wend, 263.  
 Wermuth, 236.  
 Werres, Mme., 154.  
 Wild, Jonathan, 291.  
 William II, Emperor of Germany, 106.  
 Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, 289.  
 William I, Regent and King of Prussia, Emperor of Germany, 237, 238, 239, 241, 242, 249, 255.  
 Wilson, Woodrow, 42.  
 Witte, Count, 181.  
 Wolff bureau, 254.

Wolff, Dr. B. W., 242.

Wolsey, Cardinal, 192.

ZELLE, Adam, 281.

Zelle, Margaret Gertrud (*see* Mata-Hari).

Zernicki, 245, 250.

Zievert, Erich, 185.

Zievert, Karl, 69, 70, 183, 184, 185, 186.

Zimmermann, 42.

Zubowitz, Colonel, 3.

















14 DAY USE  
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

## LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

21 Apr '62 JW

REC'D LD

APR 10 1962

3 Aug 62 JCT

REC'D LD

AUG 1 1963

8 May '62

16 Mar '65 AA

11 Jan '63 JH

REC'D LD

APR 16 1965

JAN 10 1963

WONG

MAY 15 1965

JUN - 15 - 65

JULY - 15 - 65

REC'D LD

JUN 18 1963

REC'D LD

JUN 29 '65 - 3 PM

REC'D LD

JUL 5 1963

LD 21A-50m-3, '62  
(C7097:10)428B

General Library  
University of California

YC 02815



